

deathlessness {DISCONTINUED}

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Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP
Relationships:	Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Other Relationship Tags to Be Added
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Other Character Tags to Be Added , Kristin Rosales Watson
Additional Tags:	Starvation , Hypothermia , Jschlatt is Toby Smith Tubbo's Parent , Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism , Implied/Referenced Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism , Past Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism , Fireworks , Drugs , Psychotropic Drugs , LSD , Marijuana , Suicide Attempt , Suicide , Abusive Parents , Historical References , Historical Inaccuracy , Historical Accuracy , Slang , Dead People , Talking To Dead People , Ghost Hunters , Clay Dream is Not a Villain (Video Blogging RPF) , Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending , Fluff and Angst , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Hurt/Comfort , Fluff , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , TommyInnit-centric (Video Blogging RPF) , Ghost TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Dead TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Ghost Toby Smith Tubbo , Dead Toby Smith Tubbo , Ghost Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Dead Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Traumatized TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Traumatized Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Traumatized Toby Smith Tubbo , WE GOT A DISCORD BABYYY , this WAS tommy-centric but uhh nope not anymore , consistent pov , whats that , Ranboo-centric (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo-centric , tubbo less so but im workin on it , we are having many conversations in the discord , come join us , it has not been a week this discord is cursed save yourself , Goddess of Death Kristin Rosales Watson , when the fuck did this get 70k words
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of deathlessness (the series)
Stats:	

deathlessness {DISCONTINUED}

by [OldeScratch](#)

Summary

He'd had a favorite cow--Henry--and made sure to milk and brush her every day. Ever since Henry was a calf, he wanted to learn how to care for her hooves so they wouldn't grow out too much.

He hadn't been alive for the Great War. It had ended two years before he was born, but he heard horror stories, and was more than thankful he wouldn't have to deal with getting drafted.

His life wasn't the best, but it certainly wasn't the worst! His parents weren't overly strict, and the worst punishment he ever got was being sent on outhouse duty, which was typically reserved for his father. He was sure he'd have gotten worse if he touched a drop of anny before he turned 15.

(Didn't even taste that good when his father offered him a drink at the age of 16. He supposed it tasted better the more you drank.)

Then the Great Depression hit.

(Or, the ghost fic where Bench Trio each die in the same house ~30 years apart. SBI move into the house, and the ghosts are not pleased.)

[We have a Discord now!! Still active tho the fic's discontinued. JAN 1ST 2025 WE'RE STILL KICKIN]

DO NOT USE AI TO FINISH THIS I LEFT THE NOTES FOR A REASON (THAT REASON IS SO YOU CAN WRITE MORE IF YOU WANT)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

[Tommy D. K. Innit]

Chapter Notes

main title from Deathlessness by AJJ

(see end notes for the layout of the house/farm, along with an index of all the slang tommy uses!)

[cw for killing dogs, implied consumption of those dogs, and mentions of wwii]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In the end, it wasn't the hunger that got him.

Tommy Danger Kraken Innit had been the only surviving child of Mother and Father to make it past two years. He was all they had to fill the two-story (plus attic), three-bedroom house (bleached wooden walls and pale blue roof Tommy had no desire to see up close) they'd made for a big family, the dining table big enough to lay a cow and a half on, and he did a damn good job at that.

As a consequence of being an only child, he had more work to do than any other farmboy that went to school. He'd accepted this from a young age, and relished in the sound of the animals as he worked alongside Betty and Walter==his favorite dogs==while his mother did housework and went out to pick fruit from the tres, and his father took care of the heavier chores (getting firewood, preparing meat, etc etc).

He'd had a favorite cow==Henry==and made sure to milk and brush her every day. Ever since Henry was a calf, he wanted to learn how to care for her hooves so they wouldn't grow out too much.

He hadn't been alive for the Great War. It had ended two years before he was born, but he heard horror stories, and was more than thankful he wouldn't have to deal with getting drafted.

His life wasn't the best, but it certainly wasn't the worst! His parents weren't overly strict, and the worst punishment he ever got was being sent on outhouse duty, which was typically reserved for his father. He was sure he'd have gotten worse if he touched a drop of anny before he turned 15.

(Didn't even taste that good when his father offered him a drink at the age of 16. He supposed it tasted better the more you drank.)

Then the Great Depression hit.

Some called it the Slump, or the Great Slump. His friends from school==Wisp, Deo, Bitzel, Luke, Eryn==started showing up thinner, and stopped showing off new clothes. They got quieter as time went on, and more ravenous with every meal.

(They'd met before Tommy had to drop out only a few grades in to help with the farm. They still met up, just mostly on weekends.)

They were quite poor, anyways, after farm costs, but Tommy always defaulted to his favorite clothes==some light brown shorts that went past his knee, a white button-up, a red jacket that reached just below his fingertips and a green bandanna tied around his neck.

(His father gave it to him and said that a very close friend from the war had given it to him, before he died.) His friends always teased him that he didn't have shoes or socks, but Big Man Tommy Innit had skin as thick as that damn teacher's skull! He didn't *need* shoes!

Then it started getting colder... And money started getting thinner.

Livestock got more and more hungry.

(The chickens began trying to eat each other, more than before, and would pick clean the bones of any mouse unlucky enough to find itself in the coop.)

The people began to show skin and bone.

(Tommy couldn't remember a time before he could see his mum's bones in her wrists when she pushed her sleeves up to do dishes.)

Stomachs growled in the middle of the night.

(Tommy's dad, well on the ribs, pushed his servings to one of the other two, sometimes offering it up to the dogs when they refused.)

The temperature started declining.

(All five of them==Mother, Father, Tommy, and Betty and Walter==curled up with each other on the floor, the beds all too small.)

They tried to sell their livestock for money to buy food, but no one spared them a glance.

(Tommy cried himself to sleep the day they had to eat Henry.)

The grains ran out soon after, most having been sold, the rest going into preserves.

(Their stomachs growled in protest as they fell into bed, having had naught but wheat products for the past few days.)

Until, finally, they had to resort to the last living things in the house.

("No! No, you can't! You can't kill them! I can't eat them! We can find animals in the woods, the dogs are not dying!" Tommy tried to protest.)

Tommy almost threw up when he was served the remains of his dogs.

He didn't have enough energy to cry anymore.

He refused to join his parents in bed that night.

In the end, it wasn't the hunger that got him.

It was the cold.

He was found the next day in the snow outside, curled up by his dog's graves in his favorite red jacket.

The next time Tommy opened his eyes, it was to his parents' devastated faces.

His mum reached out to shake him, but as she did, he didn't move.

Oh! he realized pretty quickly. *Oh.*

Oh.

Tommy sat up carefully, expecting his mother's hand to retract.

Her eyes stayed focused on where he once lay, his father already bawling at her side.

"Tom? Tom?! Tom, please==Tommy! Thomas Innit! Tom==! Tommy, please! Tom, no==!"

Tommy looked down at where his body lay, the muted horror almost disconnected from him.

He moved off his body and to the side, looking over his parents as they wept and mourned til the sun was high in the sky.

Tears froze to their faces as his dad went to get the shovel.

Tommy felt joy when he saw his dogs' barely-decayed corpses, stripped of their meat and buried in the same way they used to lay during chilly Autumn nights.

His parents lowered his body in with them, positioning him like he was laying overtop them after a hard day in the fields.

They covered him with dirt and snow, forever putting him to rest with two of his best friends.

He tried to leave the farm the next day, after laying in bed for hours and unable to sleep. He'd ran into an invisible barrier at the edge of their land, preventing him from checking on his friends.

So, he'd been stuck in the farm ever since then. He stood beside his mother as she washed dishes, and lazed around the woodpile as his father chopped away their supply.

His parents survived the winter of 1937.

His father was drafted two years later for World War II.

His mother received the letter about his death three after that.

Tommy stood by as his mother curled into a ball in their living room. He'd wrapped himself around her and kept telling her that he loved her, that she'd figure it out, that she'd find a way to get past this.

She sold the farm mere months later to someone who Tommy only saw once, and he never saw her again.

The plants in the farm grew unchecked, much to Tommy's annoyance. He tried to pick out the weeds and pick up the hoe and interact in *any way possible* with the seeds, but he just phased through them.

So, he watched as the fields *grew* and *spread*. Vines began creeping up walls, fences stopped working to keep animals out and became more as rough guidelines for where the plants started before they were unattended.

Two ladies bought the farm and talked about tearing out the plants in the crop field and making more living quarters in that and the animal field, for Jews left decimated after the war.

As poggers as that idea was (*pog* being a word Tommy made up), they wanted to get rid of Tommy's field. *His* field! Not theirs, his!

In a fit of rage at first hearing that, Tommy slammed his hands on the table they sat at, beginning to shout that they could build their houses *somewhere else*, that no way they were turning *lovely fields* into an ugly fuckin' *hamlet* so they could fulfill their savior complexes==

He'd waved a hand and knocked over one of their glasses, startling the two.

"I must have hit it," said one, immediately running out for a towel to sop up the water. "I'll get something to clean it up."

Tommy stared in awe at the glass, poking it again to see if it rolled.

His finger phased through the glass.

Tommy glared at it. "Go fuck yourself," he told the glass.

The glass didn't respond.

Tommy screeched during the night as talks of tearing the field went to uprooting the trees for resources and space, intent on making them take stoppo.

He kicked walls and slammed doors, but the two just ignored him and blamed it on the wind, or an animal in the walls, or the house settling.

He unlocked doors and opened windows. ("I must have forgotten last time I was over here!")

He stole whatever he could and placed it elsewhere days later. ("That's where I put it! I must have left it here.")

He screamed and wailed during the night, threatening that if they *dare* touch that field==if they lay a hand on the trees==if they so much as made a move to replace the flowers with wooden floors==that they would be *dead where they stood*==!

("I slept well last night, how about you?")

He figured he might have scared them away, or they were forced away by something else. Regardless, he returned to loneliness, the new owner not bothering with showing up.

Good riddance, Tommy huffed as the fourth day passed and no one came to challenge him.

People popped in and out during the years that followed, never taking care of the fields, sometimes sleeping in the house only to leave as Tommy went bump in the night. They tossed out Tommy's furniture==the oven, the sofa, the small dining table, the *chairs*==

They painted the walls as they yellowed. Fashion styles changed, along with slang and the understanding of how a farm fucking worked. *Of course they kept cows in there, shit-for-brains, how else would they have had cheese and butter*==

Some people came in one day and added an extension to the house with a toilet, a bathtub, and a sink. They removed the outhouse, which Tommy was all too happy to see go, even if he was a bit of a prick about it.

They also removed his and his parents' beds, along with adding a weird, cylinder thing in one of the downstairs closets. They practically tore down the walls to fit what looked like pipes in them only to build them back up.

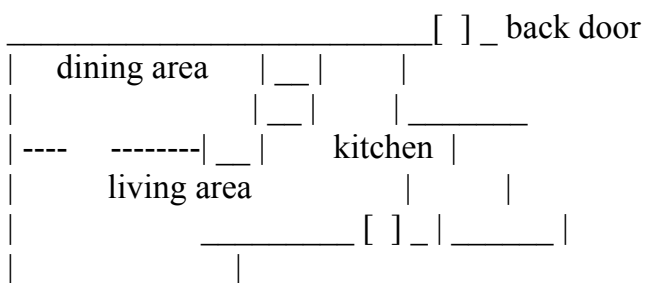
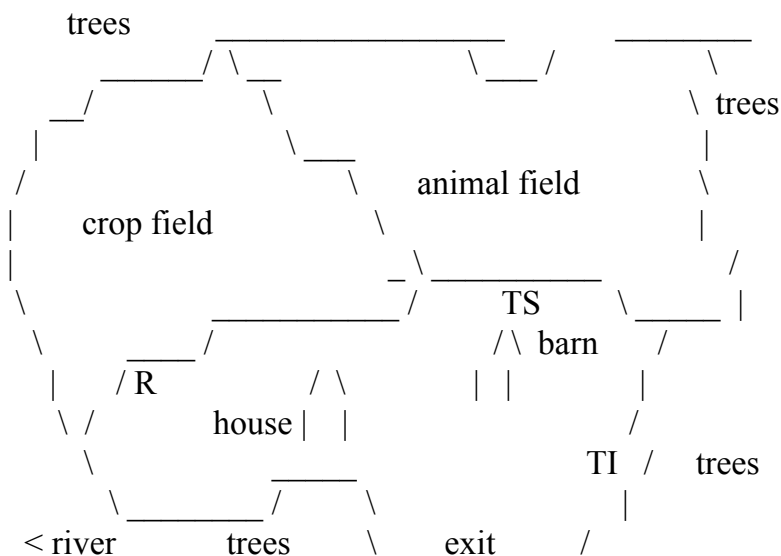
Tommy screamed at them as they worked, but eventually gave up when he noticed they just kept coming back. (He'd try again soon, he swore, he just had to let them get comfortable, first==)

Eventually, the plants had grown over the fence. They were creeping into the yard when a recovering alcoholic and his son walked in Tommy's front door.

Chapter End Notes

there's something to be said about tommy dying in canon in a place surrounded by heat and dying in this fanfic surrounded by snow, but I'm not gonna say it.

btw i picture the farm & house like this (initials are where they're all buried)



| Tubbo | | _ _ _ _ | _ _ _ |

+closet		Tommy
		Ranboo
storage		

it's not exact but you get the idea (the lined area is the stairs, they're supposed to make an L shape but they didn't match up properly). I also dk if the formatting works on mobile sorry.

[1930s slang](#) (couldn't find a list specifically for England, so I had to use one for London instead. Idk if Tommy would even know these words, so if anyone knows of a better list, I'll re-edit this!)

link w/o formatting: <https://www.georgeharley.com/slang>

- Anny | Gin
- Great War | Name for WWI before WWII happened
- On the ribs | To show ribs due to starvation
- Take stoppo | To oblige to run away/flee

[Tubbo U. Schlatt]

Chapter Notes

(see end notes for an index of all the slang tommy and tubbo use!)

[cw for alcohol/alcohol abuse, mentions of burn scars]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo Underscore Schlatt had moved three times in his entire life. The houses he lived in were nice, don't get him wrong, but he'd never been on a *farm* before. He couldn't help but wonder if anyone ever kept cows in that barn and if bees had taken up residence there instead.

"You got all your bags from the car?" J. Schlatt asked as he dropped his luggage by the kitchen doorway. "Cept for the--the fuckin'..." He snapped his fingers, staring off into space at the pale green wall. "The things we left. You know."

"The clothes?" Tubbo asked, despite knowing the answer. "Yeah, everything else is here." He placed his bags to the side, adjusting the jacket of his suit. "The people you hired were still getting shit ready when we left. I've got my school books in that bag, and that one's the extra stuff."

"Good." Schlatt reached over and ruffled his hair. "Hey, how 'bout this. I'll give you a few days off so you can adjust to this house. Damn place is fuckin' *hairy*."

"Really?!" Tubbo asked.

"Yeah, sure." Schlatt shrugged, looking out the door. He screwed his nose up. "Those motherfuckers drop the sauce, they're getting fired on the spot... Tubbo, go pick your room."

Tubbo wordlessly hefted his bags back up and ascended up the stairs, hearing Schlatt begin complaining about the couch. At the top of the stairs were four doors, two on each side, with a window at the end of the hall.

He peeked in the closest room to the left, finding a medium-sized room that looked about as big as his old one. He advanced to the next one to find it much bigger, with a door he assumed lead to a closet, and the final door on the left side of the hall being the same as the first.

Tubbo took the biggest one in the middle of the hallway, peeking into the final door before he did so to find a very big closet.

He set his things to the side and popped open the window, sighing at the cool Spring air that flooded into the room.

The trees look so much smaller from up here, he mused, eyes scanning the leaves. Maybe he could get his dad to hire a gardener. He'd be able to turn that barn he saw on his way in into something else, he was sure. His dad was a politician, not a farmer==there was no way they'd be able to raise any livestock.

His eye caught sight of what looked like a clump of light brown and black buried in the trees

"Are those bees?!" he asked himself, leaning over the sill to get a closer look. He leaned out just a bit further, intending on looking to see if any were outside of the nest.

He gasped when he saw a honeybee float by, barely close enough to see its colors.

Tubbo yanked himself back inside, rushing out the door and calling excitedly for his dad.

Tommy turned his nose up at the bee nest outside, confusion lacing his movements as the boy's eyes seemed to light up.

The boy==Tubbo?==flung himself out the room, rushing down the stairs to call for his dad.

Tommy let his crossed arms fall. He let out a loud sigh and turned back to the window. Tubbo had come in with *shoes*==lucky motherfucker==but seemed less than excited about the fancy whistle he'd probably been forced into.

He'd probably change later, Tommy figured, but whistle or not, he was still in Tommy's house.

At least he wasn't staying in Tommy's room. And his dad would either take the guest bedroom or deal with Tommy fucking up his shit a whole lot more than he was going to do, anyways.

He wondered where Tubbo's mum was.

Tubbo had only been staying in the new house for a few hours, binging all the bee books he could, when the movers finally left.

Dad's gonna get drunk again, he sighed as he heard the last "*Have a nice day, Mr. Schlatt!*", followed by the door closing.

He shifted on the mattress the movers had brought, the frame having been delayed til tomorrow.

The TV downstairs turned on, static announcer voice filling the halls.

He would have loved to flop onto the bright red couch beside his dad, to tune into the news and hear about the nuclear bombs England had been making progress on, but he would rather not deal with a sauced Schlatt—not so soon after the move, anyways.

Tubbo turned his head down to his books, the letters swarming his head as he tried to make out what they said.

Summer rolled around a lot quicker than Tubbo thought it would. He could have sworn it was only yesterday that they'd moved in, but it had almost been an entire school year since they'd arrived.

"Dad," Tubbo began at breakfast, which was when Schlatt was the least sauced, "do you wanna celebrate the Fourth of July later this week?" At his father's confused look, he continued, "You said you used to do it with your dad, when you lived in the States, so..."

Schlatt gave a chuckle, nose wrinkling, corners of his mouth turning up bitterly. "The Fourth of July is a white capitalist bid to sell more fuckin' *products* to the public, push aside the struggles of minorities, and traumatize pets and people all across the nation."

Tubbo faltered.

Schlatt's face softened, offering a more genuine smile. "If you wanted to spend some time with your dad, then you coulda just asked! I saw this really cheap place to buy fireworks on the way over, and if anyone complains...?"

"Then we hire a hitman!" Tubbo chirped, causing Schlatt to bark out a laugh. "And we get away with it, cause we're rich."

"I've taught you too well," Schlatt murmured, reaching over and ruffling his hair again. "Fuckin' menace."

"Are you sure that's how you set it up?" Tubbo asked, the both of them stood before a rather large, cheesy-looking firework angled to the sky. "It looks different on the paper."

They stood a bit inwards of the field, close enough to the house to run for cover, but far enough away that Tubbo couldn't make out details inside the windows. A few days ago, when they first bought the fireworks, they'd cleared out the flowers and weeds beneath them in a wide berth, as a preparation. (They'd avoided the part of the field likely used for crops, instead choosing the clearer one, probably used for animals.)

Tubbo had put on his favorite blue jeans, combined with his green button-up. He'd added a brown jacket, to protect against mosquitos, and pulled on some regular white shoes.

Schlatt was still in his work clothes, but he'd taken off the tie and jacket. He waved a hand. "It'll go higher this way. Used to do these every year, Tubs, don't doubt me."

"And how long ago was that?"

"Shut the fuck up." Schlatt picked up the matchsticks he'd laid on the ground by them, the other fireworks stored a good bit away in case they had to move because of their shoddy cleanup. "You wanna light it?"

Tubbo nodded eagerly, taking the matches and plucking one out. "Where do I do that?"

Schlatt walked him over to the wire, showing him how to get the firework to go. "And as soon as it catches, you back the fuck up with me, okay? You don't wanna get firework burns, they suck. You got the match? Don't goof it up."

Tubbo took a deep breath. He lit the match and lowered it to the trail of gunpowder, quickly backing up and waving out the match as he went.

The small fire traveled up the firework, Tubbo grasping his father's sleeve in anticipation.

The flame disappeared at the end of the wire.

Tubbo thought, *Aren't they supposed to go up firs*

Tommy turned his head away as the firework exploded, shock and horror clouding his senses.

Tubbo and J screamed as the light engulfed them, the former's being cut off far too quick for Tommy's liking.

He didn't know fireworks could explode.

J's shouts of Tubbo's name quickly overtook the field, Tommy sinking down into the ground to muffle them.

"Oi, bitch! Get the fuck off my field!"

Tubbo blinked his eyes open and sat up abruptly, shouting in surprise. "What...?"

A blond boy with a green bandanna around his neck glared at him, his arms crossed. A red jacket hung over his white shirt, both stained and thin.

"You're on my field, bitch." The boy kicked him.

Tubbo flinched as his foot made contact. "You don't have shoes."

"Big man Tommy Innit don't need no *shoes*," he proclaimed, kicking Tubbo again. "Get up."

Tubbo pulled himself to his feet, glancing around at the circle of missing plants, the torched ground...

Oh, *fuck*==

Whatever the boy==Tommy?==had said was lost to the wind as Tubbo sprinted back to his house. He flung open the door==

His hand slipped through the doorknob.

Tubbo tried again, this time pushing his hand against the wood.

He slipped through the door, stumbling into his living room.

Schlatt was sat at the dining table, scribbling at papers. A beer bottle sat to his right, surrounded by its overturned siblings. Sniffles escaped into the room, his sleeve scrubbing at his eyes.

"Dad...?" Tubbo tried.

Schlatt didn't respond.

"Dad! Dad, I'm okay!"

Schlatt reached for the bottle.

Oh, no, Tubbo thought, rushing forward and reaching for his dad. *Oh, fuck*==*Oh, shit, no*==

His hand slipped through Schlatt's arm.

Schlatt shivered and slammed the bottle down, shoulders shaking.

Tubbo was dead.

Tubbo. was *dead*.

A loud voice caused him to jolt.

"You can't just run off like that!" the boy complained, stepping through the door. "What the fuck, man? That was incredibly not poggers. I was trying to explain that you've been gone for a few days, but you just up and left! I was pretty certain you weren't coming back for a bit there=="

"How do I go back?" Tubbo asked, voice shaky. He looked up at the blond, vision going blurry.

The boy stared at him. "What do you mean *go back*? You're dead. You can't go back from being dead."

"But I==" Tubbo cut himself off to hiccup. "But I can't==But Dad==I=="

The blond carefully took a few steps forward. "He's working on suing the people who made the firework," he offered. "And the people who sold it. He had the funeral yesterday and had you buried in the==just outside the field."

Tubbo shook his head. "No==no, I'm not==I can't==" He felt a tear roll down his cheek. "I=="

The boy hesitated. He held his arms out. An offering.

Tubbo collapsed to the floor, sobbing as frail arms closed around him and bundled him in a too-thin jacket.

Tommy watched Tubbo shout as he saw the news coverage, screaming his lungs out when people toting cameras and microphones showed up in the lawn, held back only by the security officers Schlatt had to hire.

Tommy watched Tubbo storm around the property, cussing out reporters and positively fuming as they bombarded the security with questions and demands.

Tommy watched Tubbo wail into the late hours of the night, unable to cry himself to sleep like his father. He sat beside Schlatt as he filled out paperwork, or cried while covered in blankets, or drank himself half to death when the pain became too much.

Tommy watched Tubbo knock a beer bottle out of Schlatt's hand, spilling liquor over the floor and furniture.

He watched Tubbo sniff as Schlatt broke down in drunken ramblings, apologizing to Tubbo for being a shit dad, for letting him die, for drinking so much after he'd promised to cut it down and stop.

He left as Tubbo wrapped himself around Schlatt, reassurances and apologies of his own spilling from his lips.

Tommy sat down above his grave, near the edge of the forest, and imagined he could hear barking instead of security officers standing watch in the woods.

Tubbo screamed his horror when he caught sight of himself in the mirror, his face covered in burn scars.

"*I thought it was just my hands!*" he cried out when Tommy basically flung himself into the room in a panic. "*I==*"

Tommy lead him away from the mirror, avoiding his own frostbitten reflection.

Tubbo cried when Schlatt left a month later in the Autumn of 1953, unable to stomach seeing his dead son's door every day. He slammed his books to the ground when movers stacked them up to transport them out. He closed doors on people's heels, dropped items on shelves on their head, and flicked lights in Morse code.

Sometimes, they spelled *G-E-T-O-U-T*, or *S-T-O-P*, or (most commonly) *F-U-C-K-Y-O-U*.

Despite all his struggles, his dad left.

Tubbo followed him all the way to the car, trying to get him to stop and *turn around and look at him, goddammit and stop fucking moving, listen to me, I'm right here, look at me, stop, stop! STOP! STOP AND TURN AROUND PLEASE FOR FUCK'S SAKE I'M RIGHT HERE, DAD, PLEASE==!*

He ran into the barrier, jerking backwards as his pleading was interrupted.

Tommy blocked out his screams and cries, sinking below the earth and closing his eyes.

Tubbo and Tommy sat on the roof, overlooking the empty field.

"I don't know what you find appealing about this," Tommy admitted. "'S too high."

"I like it up here," Tubbo said, voice thick. "If I can't *fly*, this is the next best thing."

"My parents would have put me on outhouse duty for *months* if I found a way up here," Tommy laughed. "Then again, I was never allowed in the attic, so I bet they'd have known if I climbed out."

"Do you miss them?" Tubbo asked.

Tommy let out a deep sigh, gaze flicking over to where he was buried, a single dead leaf laying atop it.

Where he lay with his dogs for the rest of eternity.

The dogs his parents had...

Tommy cast his eyes downwards, to the hands in his lap.

"Yeah."

A few people came and went throughout the years, kids whispering about the boy who blew up in the field. They left quickly, however, when their parents realized how *old* everything was. Sure, Tubbo's furniture had been tossed, but...

("I am not fuckin' old!" Tommy screeched as the child tilted their head at the furnace they had just dubbed as old, their father showing it off to them while their mother stared dubiously at said furnace. "That thing's a brand new furnace, ex-fuckin'-scuse you, I helped me dad put it in when I was thirteen, you motherfucker==!")

(That family quickly left when the child began complaining about an angry blond man made of bones that screeched at her during the night.)

For the most part, the property remained unoccupied, realtors showing off the house only to be politely told that they wouldn't like the rotting house, after all, thank you, they just remembered that a child died here, faulty fireworks, you know? Son of Jonathan Schlatt, the politician that died of a heart attack in '55? Bad luck to stay in a house with such misfortune hanging over it==

So, Tommy D. K. Innit and Tubbo U. Schlatt were left to run rampant.

Tubbo taught himself how to fly, and how to empty the bee nest of honey, so they wouldn't have to move when it got full. He didn't have to worry about being stung, so even if it upset the bees a bit, he was fine.

Tommy learned how to make flowers bloom and fruits blossom, which he used when it started getting colder so that the bees had enough to get them through the winter. Not that he told Tubbo, of course; he had a reputation to uphold. Bitch.

(Tubbo dared call him *soft* like he didn't get teary-eyed when a new bee exited the nest for the first time.)

The two of them played hide-and-seek in the vast expanse of property, the only rules being no moving spots outside the general area of their first hiding place, and no going underground. They found a bench by a nearby river while playing, with enough room to fit three people.

Tubbo told Tommy that when he was younger, he'd had a pet cat named Rocky that died when he was still a kid. He'd also had a pet swan called Benson at their old home. *But*, Tubbo hummed as they walked on the fences, *my dad never liked Benson, because he kept trying to drink his liquor.*

Tommy fell off the fence from how hard he laughed.

Tommy and Tubbo worked together to get a chessboard that had been left by the women Tommy had scared off, and its adjoining pieces. Tommy never quite got the hang of chess, but Tubbo laughed every time Tommy lost and began spluttering excuses, so it wasn't like he had a choice.

(He definitely didn't have a choice shut the fuck up.)

They didn't have time for Tommy to actually learn the rules of the game before the next people moved in.

Three people walked onto the property, carrying two or three bags each.

"Their clothes hurt my *eyes*," Tubbo complained as his eyes landed on the bright colors, "and why is that one so damn *tall*?"

"Look at his *hair*," Tommy mused, walking around the family to look at their hair. "The tall fucker's got half-and-half shit."

"It's not on his skin, though, so it might be dyed," Tubbo mused, abandoning the older two and joining Tommy in looking at him. "Oh! I've heard of this before. It's pol==poli==polia==pal===" Tubbo tried to sound out.

"Whatever it fucking is, they're in our *home*, Tubso," Tommy interrupted, venom seeping into his tone. "And we need a plan to get them *out*."

Chapter End Notes

hehe fireworks go boom :]

(fun little note: i was gonna have schlatt say "spend some time with your old man" instead of "dad", cause that sounded better, but "old man" wasn't used to describe someone's dad until the 1960s. o well.)

1930s slang
- Whistle | Suit

[1940s slang](#) (again, couldn't find a list specifically on England, but I assume since Schlatt's spent most of his life in the States in this fic, Tubbo's picked up more American slang? And also older slang since Schlatt hasn't been there in a bit and wouldn't have been up to date anyways? Idk man-)

link w/o formatting: <https://grammar.yourdictionary.com/slang/1940s-slang.html>

- Cheesy | Cheap (as in poorly-made or tacky)
- Goof | An error or mistake
- Hairy | Outdated
- Sauce/Sauced | Liquor/Drunk

[Ranboo M. Beloved]

Chapter Notes

this chapter is dedicated to technosupport. not because techno's in it, but bc i want to do something other than a tumblr post and a few twitter likes. get better soon pig man. subscribe to technoblade, technoblade never dies, etc etc.

(see end notes for an index of slang that tommy, tubbo, and ranboo use!)

[cw for drug usage, implied attempted suicide, implied attempted self-harm, accidental suicide, parental negligence, probably poorly written panic attacks]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo My Beloved did not appreciate being moved to a farmhouse in the middle of the woods in *England* of all places when his parents bought it on a whim. He'd asked how the heck they had afforded it and they'd brushed him off.

("Old money," his mother had explained as she lit up a joint. "*Been saving it for, like, the perfect investment.*")

He dragged his suitcases behind him as the three made their way to the house==an old-looking, white thing, with a brown roof and screenless windows. The walls had likely been repainted, one of the living room walls a lime green while a bright red couch==bought only days after their plane landed==sat against it.

"Ranboo!" his father called from the kitchen. "Go pick your room, okay? We'll be up there in a bit."

Ranboo looked up the thin staircase, wondering if his bags would fit up there. He glanced down before putting them to the side. "I'll bring my stuff up one at a time," he told them.

His mother looked around the corner, bellbottom jeans hitting the wall as she rounded it. "Why can't you take up...? Oh, nevermind."

Ranboo nodded in understanding as she saw the stairs, taking his bag of books and trinkets up with him.

"Moving company will be here in a while," she continued, messing with the sleeve of her plaid-and-flat-color checkered shirt, "so, like, think about where you want your bed, okay?"

Ranboo sent back a hum of acknowledgment, ascending the stairs with a single bag clutched in his arms.

("I carried *four* bags up these stairs," Tubbo commented from where he sat on the top of them.

"*Ranboo*?" Tommy asked. "More like *Crawled*boo."

Tubbo snorted, devolving into laughter. "*Weak*boo.")

Ranboo felt a gust of wind at his legs as he arrived at the top of the stairs, through his pants. He supposed his jacket (one of his favorites, with thick, black/plaid/and off-white stripes going horizontal across his body) protected his upper half. He peeked into the room closest to the stairs, on the left, finding a good-sized bedroom with a window looking out to the forest.

The second closest door, this one on the right, was the biggest room, so Ranboo left that one for his parents. The next room was just like the first, and the final door was a large closet.

Ranboo selected the last room and put a bag down in it to signify it was his. He reached in and pulled out a book, quickly scribbling in it about his day.

Tubbo and Tommy laughed at him as he struggled with the largest suitcase.

"Weakboo!" Tubbo taunted. "Weakboo!"

"These *new generations* have gone all squishy, Tubbo," Tommy complained with a shake of his head. "No hard days on the farm or... whatever it was you did."

"Politics, big man," said Tubbo.

Ranboo finally got to the top of the stairs and brushed through the two of them with a shiver.

"Do you think that's how everyone dresses now?" Tubbo gestured to the downstairs, indicating Ranboo's parents.

Tommy barked out a laugh. "Oh, Prime, I hope not. Did you see their *jeans*? The bottoms are all wide n' shit."

"Like a bell," Tubbo agreed. "Very ugly. It's gotta be a new subculture of some sort."

"*Sub-cul-ture*," Tommy sounded out. "That's one of your fancy book words, innit?"

"It's been a word for a while," Tubbo corrected. "You seriously didn't hear about it at school?"

Tommy threw his head back in a groan. "For fuck's sake, man, all you ever talk about is *school* like you didn't have a private tutor and shit."

Tubbo gave him a light shove. "Because school is important, even if the system isn't shaping up to be the best! It teaches you shit like maths and writing."

"*Me-me-me-me-me*, look at me, my name is *Too-bo* and I like *school*=="

"*Shut the fuck up*=="

"*WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU WANNA TURN IT INTO A POT FARM?!'*"

"*YOU LAY A FINGER ON THOSE FIELDS AND I WILL SLIT YOUR FUCKIN' THROAT, YOU FUCKING ASTERBAR*=="

Their furniture had arrived about a week after they moved in, quickly filling the house with colorful curtains and bright cushions and *drugs! Drugs!* If Tommy could vomit at the stench, he would.

(Well, if he could smell, he would. He was sure it smelt like shit.)

Ranboo had been living in that farmhouse for a few months by the time his grandparents finally got ahold of them. It wasn't bad enough that the house settling caused sleepless nights and knocked-over-items, he now had to deal with *them*.

"*Hippie scum*," his mother parroted in the front yard as they sat around on the ground. "*Corrupting your boy with long hair and peace*."

"That's *bogue*. Do I have to go?" Ranboo asked as his father held out a blunt for him. He took it with a quiet thanks.

"They'll be coming here next weekend," said his mother. "But I'll try to get them to meet somewhere else. You still got that suit?"

Ranboo nodded as he exhaled out a cloud of smoke. He gave a quick cough and passed it to his mother.

"God, when you get back, you're gonna be all, like... anxious," said his dad. "I'm sorry about them, really. I wish I could get a restraining order. When you get home, we'll have some shit set up for you."

His mom nodded before sitting up abruptly. "We can make flower crowns!" she gushed, gesturing to the alliums underneath the windows of the house.

Tommy began to squawk at them, yelling about his precious flowers that he'd planted himself and left to thrive as Tubbo protested them using too many, so there were some left for

the bees.

Their shouts fell on deaf ears as the three of them plucked out the purple flowers.

"You look... nice," said his dad with a wince as Ranboo arrived at the bottom of the stairs.
"Can ya dig it?"

"It's kinda comfy," said Ranboo with a shrug. "I definitely prefer sweaters and jeans, though."

His mother adjusted his tie, pulling it tighter so it rested nicely under his collar.
"Remember, if you need us to, like, come pick you up, we'll be waiting by the phone, okay? You remember the number." She gestured for him to bend over--even though he was already hunched--and gave him a quick kiss on his cheek.

"Hurry back," his father instructed, giving him a quick side-hug. "We'll be clearing out a portion of the fields tomorrow, and we need your help."

Ranboo nodded, straightening back up. "I meet them by that gas station, right?"

The two hummed in agreement, waving him out with twin smiles and good lucks and try to have a good times.

Book and pen in hand, Ranboo left the property.

Ranboo... did not have a good time with his grandparents.

He returned to the farm later that day, hands shaking as he recovered from his attack. His eyes brimmed with tears, hiccups shaking his shoulders. The book was nowhere to be seen.

He stumbled into the house, his parents immediately ushering him to the couch.

"Did you have another attack?" his father asked softly, taking one of his hands in his own. At the nod, he sighed. "I'm sorry we weren't there to help you... Here--this'll help."

Ranboo barely thought about what he was doing as paper-covered plants were raised to his lips, smoke quickly clouding his vision.

"It's okay," his mother cooed. "You're home now. We'll tuck that suit away into, like, the depths of the attic if it makes you feel better. And we'll hang up if they call back, and they'll

be trespassing if they come near the pad."

Ranboo nodded, coughing as a tear finally fell. His cheek lit up in pain, the familiar burning sensation of water on his skin making him wince.

He heard his father ask him something, but he couldn't make out what it was through the haze

"Hm?"

"LSD," he repeated. "We got it a few days ago. You wanna try it?"

"S it bad to mix with weed?" he managed out.

"Would we offer you it if it was?" his mother shot back, holding out a small rectangular strip. "You put it on your tongue."

Ranboo took the strip with little hesitance, joining his parents in laying the strip on his tongue. He wrinkled his nose as he felt it dissolve. "S like cotton candy," he murmured, face screwed up in response to the new sensation. "But without the sugar."

Someone hummed in response.

Tubbo pressed his lips into a thin line. "I don't think that's safe for==how old is he again?"

"Who cares?" Tommy asked. "They're gonna get themselves too fucked up to do shit, so I say we wait until tomorrow to mess with them."

Tubbo glanced over the three before he shrugged. "I kinda wanna watch what they do."

"Boob boy's out of it already," Tommy said. "Look at him, not a thought behind those eyes."

"Have you ever seen anyone on an LSD trip?"

Tommy paused. "Might've been some kids in the woods a few years ago, but I dunno what they used. How do these people even get ahold of this shit? Isn't it illegal?"

"Maybe? I dunno, laws might have changed."

Ranboo blinked around at the room around him, pupils blown wide.

"Do you think he can see us?" Tubbo asked. "Like, do you think drugs are a way to see into the ghost realm?"

Tommy sent him an unimpressed look. "You are so fuckin' stupid."

"I just wanted to know!" Tubbo protested.

"M' face hurts," Ranboo slurred, dragging his sleeve over the trail of water.

("I... really don't like how he's trying to get into the roof," Tubbo worded carefully.

Tommy stared on, unaffected, as Ranboo clumsily pulled down the ladder. "He'll be fine.")

When Ranboo came to, he realized he was looking at the morning sky, the light dulled by red and green sunglasses.

He also realized there were two people standing over him. A blond and a brunet. The blond wore a red jacket and a white shirt while the brunet had a green shirt and a brown jacket.

"Hello!" chirped the brunet.

Ranboo blinked. "What?" A mask was over his mouth, hooked around his ears.

"My name's Tubbo," said the brunet. "That's Tommy. How are you feeling, big man?"

Ranboo opened his mouth to reply, only to shut it again. "Huh?"

The blond groaned. "I can't believe we're fuckin' stuck with you."

"Well, *you* didn't help me stop him from getting into the attic," said the brunet shot back, "so he's here now."

"Attic?" Ranboo asked, throat scratchy. "What?"

"You fell off the roof, Ranboo," he explained gently. (How did he know his name?) "You took some LSD and went up to the attic and... sorta walked off. You're dead."

Ranboo blinked, eyes narrowing as he processed it. Then he shot up. "What do you mean I'm dead?"

("Here he goes," Tommy muttered.)

"I can't be dead!" Ranboo protested. "I==no==there's gotta be some kind of mistake. I'm not..." he trailed off as he looked down.

That was a hand.

That was *his* hand.

But also not his hand because his hand wasn't there it was *next to him* and his hand wasn't next to him that but was his hand it had the scars on his knuckles from when he fell off his bike when he was a kid but it couldn't be his hand because his hand wasn't over there==

Ranboo followed the arm up==*that was his jacket, that's the sleeve of his suit jacket*==to a shoulder, to a chest, to a neck, to a face.

That was his face.

Ranboo wanted to run, to throw up, to do something==but he was frozen.

That was his face.

His face, twisted in *pain* beneath the broken sunglasses.

("Ranboo?")

His hands began to shake, his breath catching in his throat. His chest began to hurt, constricting his lungs.

("Wait==*fuck*==Tommy, *help*==")

"*I don't know what's going on!*")

Ranboo scrambled away from the body (his body, his body, his body) and buried his hands in his hair.

("Hide the body, maybe?")

"*Tubbo, it's a whole body, how the fuck*==")

Ranboo curled in on himself pressing up against the wall of the house.

Breathe, he reminded himself. *Four*==

Tubbo threw his jacket over the top half of the corpse, hiding it from view. He glanced back at Ranboo to find him curling in on himself into a ball. "What did his parents do when this happened?!"

Tommy shook his hand violently, his jacket being caught on his wrist. "I don't know! Give him drugs?"

"We don't have drugs, Tommy!"

"*I know, Tubbo!*" Tommy finally tore off his jacket and tossed it over Ranboo's lower half.

Tubbo nodded approvingly at the jacket. He turned back to Ranboo and carefully approached him, taking a seat in front of him. "Ranboo...?"

Ranboo sucked in a breath, held it, then let it out.

"I think he's still out of it." Tommy knelt beside Tubbo, marveling at how *small* Ranboo had made himself. "Give him a bit, I think? I don't even know if he could hear us."

"Will he be okay?" Tubbo asked. "I know it's happened before, but... he wasn't dead..."

"He'll be fine, Tubso," Tommy reassured. "When he calms down, we can ask him how to help if this ever happens again. Okay?"

Tubbo nodded. "Yeah, okay. What did his parents call them? Attacks?"

Tommy hummed. "Or fits. I think the drugs were supposed to help calm him down to prevent them."

"Does that mean we can't prevent them anymore?"

Ranboo gave a final exhale, finding it easier to calm down with the distraction provided by the two of them talking. He peeked up from his knees to find them jacketless, the blond crouched beside the sitting brunet.

"Why don't you have any shoes?" Ranboo felt himself muttering before he could stop it.

The blond startled, whipping his head around to face him. He quickly stood up with a groan. "What is up with you people and *shoes*?!"

"Ignore him, he's a yuck," said the brunet. "I dunno if you got our names earlier. I'm Tubbo, that's Tommy. Are you okay now?"

Ranboo uncurled his arms from his head. "I, uh==yeah. Yeah, I think so. I, uh. I'm... I don't... But I can't be... No..."

"What do we do if you have an attack again?" Tommy asked. "We don't have drugs, like your parents."

"My==" Ranboo went stock-still. "My parents. Oh, *no*==" He shot to his feet and ran from the two, whipping around the house.

"How long do you think it'll take for him to realize he can go through doors n' shit?" asked Tommy.

Tubbo sighed and trudged over to the nearest wall. "I give it two seconds. Front door was closed last I checked."

"I thought they left it open?"

"Wind closed it."

Tommy followed Tubbo through the wall with a quiet "*oh*" of understanding.

Ranboo pressed his hand against the handle and tore it open==

He tore it open==

He *tore*==

He==

Why wasn't this working==

Ranboo halted. He pressed a hand against the door and pushed, eyes shutting as he literally *phased through the door*.

He shivered as he arrived on the other side, finding his mother laid on the couch with a throw pillow tucked under one of her legs and the coffee table a mess.

His father was nowhere to be seen, likely either upstairs or in the bathroom. (He could have seen him from the front door if he were in the kitchen.)

"Mom...?" he called, approaching her sleeping figure. "Mom?"

His mother didn't stir, though he could see her chest move with each breath.

Ranboo heard the end of a quiet "*oh*" come through from the hallway, prompting him to abandon his mother on the couch and check the bathroom.

The backdoor at the end of the hall was open, he realized, which did not inspire hope.

The bathroom was empty.

He ascended the stairs. "Dad?" he called. *There are two kids claiming I'm dead*, he bit back. *They've got a decoy body and everything. I phased through the door.*

Was this because of that strip he'd taken last night?

(No, it couldn't be, Ranboo admonished. Last time he hadn't had someone tell him he jumped off the roof. He'd grabbed a knife because his stomach hurt==)

His father was asleep in the upstairs closet, snoring loud enough to be heard from the top of the stairs. A colorful blanket lay on the ground, as if tossed there by something.

Ranboo breathed a sigh of relief at the sound, stepping past the clutter on the ground and around the staircase to the attic.

"Dad," Ranboo said, crouching beside him. "Hey==" He reached out for his father's shoulder, to shake him awake==

He phased through him.

Ranboo jerked his hand back, making his father's snoring halt.

He woke up with a startle, blearily looking up and rubbing the shoulder Ranboo had touched.

"Hi!" Ranboo chirped. "I, uh—I don't think we should take anymore LSD. Or, I shouldn't, anyways. I'm—I'm, like, hallucinating I'm, like, dead, or something. I had an attack earlier, and there were these two boys, and I, like, hallucinated my own *corpse* in front of me, and I imagined going through a door—like, a closed one. I'm still feeling the effects. I mean, I feel fine—" He tried to protest as his father clambered to his feet.

"—but I'm obviously not! Cause of the—the whole *being dead* thing. Cause I'm not dead, obviously—dad?"

His father stumbled out of the room, obviously still a little out of it. He muttered about being certain he'd fallen asleep in a bed.

Ranboo paused before springing up after him. "I remember climbing a ladder to fight a god," he laughed, trailing behind him. "I donned armor and stuff. I don't know if I won, but—crazy, am I right?"

Ranboo's father continued down the stairs without acknowledging him, making Ranboo wring his hands together.

He glanced over at his sleeping wife, blinking slowly. He grabbed a tie-dye blanket from an armchair and draped it over her.

"Good idea," Ranboo congratulated. "She's probably cold. The backdoor was open, so it's probably chilly in here. I'm not cold, but—"

"He can't hear you," Tommy interrupted, stood by the kitchen entrance.

Ranboo didn't spare him a glance. "I wonder what she experienced last night. How was your trip, by the way? Or do you wanna wait until Mom wakes up to talk about it?"

Ranboo received only silence.

"You're so fuckin' annoying, you know," bit Tommy. "Back in my day, you realized you were dead and accepted it. No drugs to blame it on, no ignoring the ghosts that were already here long before you moved in—"

"Tommy, shut up," interrupted Tubbo. "Poor thing's going through the five stages of grief."

"The what?"

Tubbo went on to explain the five stages of grief to Tommy while Ranboo stared down at them.

He wasn't dead. He was just—He was still tripping. That must have been it. It had to do with the weed—maybe it had made the LSD last longer, or something. That wasn't how Ranboo thought it worked, but one could never be too sure...

"Sounds like bullshit, if you ask me," Tommy claimed. "I just cried a whole bunch when something died. None of this *denial* or *bargaining* shit."

"You know how to cry?"

"Not anymore, Tubso! Big men don't cry. They play it all cool 'n shit, like it doesn't hurt."

"I cried when I first found out I died."

"That doesn't count."

Ranboo supposed he could have hallucinated worse companions. He'd almost be sad when they left.

"Whatever you say, big man."

"Yes, whatever I say, because I am the biggest man ever and I will shout it so that all can hear!"

Tubbo began protesting. "You almost made me deaf last time you did that!"

"Ooh, wittwe Tubbo can't handwe heaving damage, ooh=="

"I hate you so much!" Tubbo screeched, lunging at him.

Tommy squawked and kicked out at him, begging and pleading for him to stop.

Ranboo allowed himself to laugh at their behavior.

A groan echoed up from the couch.

Ranboo's father stood from where he'd gently shaken his wife awake. "Hey, baby. How was your trip?"

She huffed out a laugh. "Mm, groovy to the max." She stretched, ruffling the blanket draped over her. "Where's Ranboo?"

Ranboo bounded over to kneel beside his dad. "I'm here=="

"I dunno," said his dad, "but, like, he wasn't in either of the upstairs bedrooms, or the bathroom. I was gonna let you sleep a bit longer, but I wanted to, like, go looking and didn't want to leave you here alone."

His mom leaned up to give him a quick kiss. "Mkay. Gimme a few minutes for me to wake up."

"Mom?" Ranboo called. "Mom, I'm==I'm right here. Dad?"

His dad walked through him, a shiver barely noticeable. "Chilly in here today."

His mom hummed, dropping her head back onto the couch.

Ranboo didn't move from where he was, practically frozen.

He didn't move when his mother swung a leg through him.

He didn't move when his parents double-checked the upstairs, someone climbing up the stairs to the attic.

He didn't move when his mother called out that the attic window was open.

Ranboo didn't so much as *breathe* as footsteps ran down the stairs, flinging themselves out of the back door.

Paramedics and detectives walked around and through him, asking questions to his mourning parents, who seemed all too stoic for Ranboo.

Tommy and Tubbo sat around him, trying to get him to talk, or move, or acknowledge them, or do *something*.

Late that night, as they talked nonsense to each other, it finally clicked.

Ranboo was dead.

Ranboo was dead, and he was sat on the floor beside a blond in a red jacket and brunet in green.

Ranboo was dead, and he was crying on his living room floor, tears burning against his skin as Tommy and Tubbo rushed to find a way to comfort him.

The kitchen lay silent, the only sound being the TV from the living room, turned on low.

"We're gonna be charged with negligence and abuse," his mom murmured into her cup of coffee.

His dad hummed.

Ranboo stood to the side, stock still. "Why don't they care?"

Tommy looked up from the TV. "Hm?"

"They don't..." Ranboo tried. "They don't care. Why don't they *care*? I thought they *loved* me...."

"They do!" Tubbo reassured. "They're probably just... overwhelmed with grief. You know how it is sometimes. You're so sad, you have to take time to process shit before you feel."

Ranboo didn't respond.

"No more pot farm," his dad muttered.

"No more pot farm," echoed his mother.

Ranboo's fists clenched. He glared at them from behind his glasses. "No more pot farm. *No more pot farm*--that's all they care about?!"

Tommy jolted, surprised by the sudden scream.

Ranboo stalked over to the table they sat at. "Not *no more Ranboo, no more son, no more child*--no more fucking! pot farm!" He slammed his hands on the table, which didn't do much. "Do you *care*?! Did you *ever care*?! Was I just a housemate to you?!"

Tommy and Tubbo shared a glance before sinking through a wall, leaving Ranboo by himself.

"Was I just someone you sent to school and smoked weed with?!" He smacked the cup out of his dad's hands, sending it into his lap. "Am I replaceable to you?!"

His father swore, standing up and cursing his clumsiness.

"Is that why you didn't care when I almost *killed myself*?!" he shouted. "Is that why you gave me more?!"

The sink turned on, a cloth being run under the tap.

"I almost *cut my fucking stomach out*, and you shrugged it off!" he screeched. "I could have *died* and you didn't *care*! I wish I'd done it sooner, so I could have learned how shit you were before we came to this *fucking house*!"

("You can't move the pawn there," Tubbo said, though he made no move to correct it.

Tommy didn't seem to hear him, staring at the board with a faraway look in his eyes.)

Unexplainable bruises and scratches began popping up on the living Beloveds, the two of them tormented by vivid nightmares and malicious presences hovering in their room.

Ranboo was buried near the edge of the forest, on the opposite side of the house as Tommy.

His parents were charged with negligence and child abuse on top of possession of illegal substances and began serving their sentence in the Winter of 1975.

Ranboo's grandparents showed up to the funeral, placing a bundle of flowers on his gravestone.

A large fence was set up around the property, and it was made illegal to access the grounds unless you owned the place. Despite that, people still managed to sneak in, claiming a demon haunted the place.

Despite that, the three of them began talking, and were more than happy to have each other for company.

("You are the only pog American, Ranboob.")

"Aw, thank you. You're still short, y'know."

"Fuck-you-you-stupid-fucking-bitch-I-swear-to-Prime==")

"How old are you guys?" Ranboo asked one day, sat in a tree. "Like==how long have you been here?"

"I died in '53," Tubbo answered, scooping honey out of the next. "Tommy?"

"I've been stuck here since '37." He shifted from where he lay on the ground. "How old were you all when you died? I just turned seventeen a few months before, in that Spring."

"I turned seventeen in the December of '52," Tubbo said. "Which makes me older, since I'm physically older than you."

Tommy whipped his head around. *"What?"* No."

Tubbo grinned down at him. "I lived longer than you, bitch!"

Tommy made a noise of offense. "Boob boy, you're younger than me, right?!"

Ranboo chuckled.

"Ranboo?"

Tubbo removed his hand from the beehive, having successfully extracted the honey.

"Ranboo, say you're younger than me!"

"So, what all... what all do you sorta... specialize in?" Ranboo asked, sat to the side during one of their chess games.

"I can shout," Tommy claimed. "And I can help plants. I've been workin' on lowering temperatures and shit. Not that I can feel it, but I think it'll be a good way to get people to fuck off."

"I can fly," Tubbo chirped as he clicked his king into a different spot, "like a bee. I would say object control, but we can all do that. Guess I just learned it quicker. I'm good at causing physical harm, like with your parents."

"What about you?" Tommy asked, eyes flicking over the board. "You leanin' towards any certain thing?"

Ranboo hummed. "Uh... I guess controlling people's dreams, y'know. Nightmares. I want to start seeing if I can make illusions."

"That's on the *beam*, big man." Tubbo gasped. "That reminds me! Do you think we'll be able to make ourselves physically appear? You've heard people talking about the house being haunted."

"That would be so poggers! But it's not gonna be useful unless someone moves in," Tommy said. "People aren't allowed in here, remember? Anyone enters without permission from the government and they'll be put in the stir."

"Word. But only if they get caught," Ranboo corrected. "Which, y'know, probably doesn't happen for, like, everyone we see."

Ranboo soon confided in the other two that he'd used that book he'd lost as more than just a diary. He'd gotten into an accident when he was younger==Ranboo couldn't remember what exactly it was==and suffered brain damage. He'd thankfully been deemed physically okay, and was released with the knowledge he would be good as new.

He was *not* good as new.

Ranboo's memory hadn't returned to what it was before, causing him to require a memory book to help with his short-term memory loss. The last clear memory he had was from years ago, not counting the emotional whirlwind that was his death.

("We'll be your new memory book," Tubbo decided after Ranboo had finished his tale. "You ever forget something, just ask, and we'll remind you!")

"Even if you ask about the same thing fifty times in an hour," Tommy added. "Your limit's fifty-one. Bitch.")

The three sat on the roof, the browning tiles==redone time and time against since the house had first been sold==hard beneath their feet, two sets with pairs of shoes and one set bare.

"I feel like I shouldn't want to be up here," Ranboo murmured, eyes focused on the setting sun over the trees. He flicked his gaze down. "That's where I died. I jumped, or fell, from *right here*. But I don't... I don't feel like I shouldn't be here."

"I died over there," Tubbo said, nodding his head to a part of the field. The place where the explosion happened had grown out by now, and wasn't visible unless you knew where to look. "I was the one that lit the damn thing that killed me. But I don't feel bad when I go over there."

Tommy's gaze landed on where he was buried. "I died right there. And I don't feel bad when I go over to it."

"So it's not weird...?" Ranboo asked.

Tubbo shook his head. "Mm-mm. And it wouldn't be weird if you felt bad later, or if you feel bad in a different part of the house. For a while, I couldn't stand going upstairs."

"And you only went up there later to piss off the movers," Tommy said with a huff of laughter. "It was funny, seeing you storm up after them. Widdle Too-bo, cussin' like a sailor at people barely as tall as me."

Ranboo laughed at the imagery, the three of them falling into easy conversation after Tubbo hit Tommy in the back of the head.

The three of them had it pretty good after the Beloveds had left. A few more people moved in and out, but with Ranboo there with his dream-nightmare shit, none stayed long enough to cause any trouble.

Tommy and Tubbo showed Ranboo the river, but he seemed weirdly averse to going near the water. It wasn't much of a problem overall, just disappointing that he couldn't join in on their water fights.

("You still haven't explained why you don't have shoes," Ranboo said one day as the two of them collapsed onto the bench beside him.

"Yeah I did," Tommy said. "I said it's cause you're a dick."

"Are bare feet actually more helpful on a farm?" Tubbo asked, nose scrunched up. "I'd think boots, or even socks would be better."

"Of fucking course not!" Tommy squawked. "You've just been brainwashed by the wronguns who think having shoes is the bare minimum for human survival=="

Point was, they had fun. Sure, some people showed up every now and then, claiming they were gonna "capture the demons", but that was bullshit, so they just scared them off.

Never before, however. Never before had Tommy Innit seen such a *wrongun* as the green bitch and his two box- and bag-toting white and blue friends that had just trespassed onto their property.

Chapter End Notes

Ranboo's parents when Ranboo falls off the roof and dies: oh no. anyway-

i just wanna say i have nothing against hippies ranboos parents are just shit

1930s slang

- Asterbar | Bastard
- Stir/The stir | Prison

1940s slang

- On the beam | Cool/On the right track
- Yuck | A foolish or stupid person

[1970s slang](#) (I figured I could use an American list since Ranboo lived in the USA before he moved into the farmhouse, and it was a lot easier to find resources for this one!)

link w/o formatting: <http://zombiesites.com/timewarpmemories/70slang.html>

- Bogue | Bad or Terrible
- Can ya dig it? | Are you comfy?/Do you like it?
- Groovy/Groovy to the max | Cool/Really cool
- Like | Filler word
- Pad | House/Home
- Word | Used to signify agreement

[The Dream Team]

Chapter Notes

(see end notes for an index of slang that tommy, tubbo, and ranboo use!)

[cw for nothing i think]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo kicked out at Ranboo, struggling and shouting. Ranboo took a step back, hefting Tubbo higher on his front.

Ranboo sucked in a breath, arms tightening around Tubbo's waist. "Stop kicking me!"

"No!" Tubbo kicked him again, making Ranboo stumble.

"*I'm gonna drop you==!*"

"There's a green bitch and his friends coming to the house!" Tommy fumed, nearly crashing into them as he tried to stop.

The two halted, their fight forgotten as Ranboo released Tubbo.

Tubbo quickly recovered from being let go, brushing himself off briefly. "How many of them are there?"

"Three in total," Tommy reported. "They're coming from the side, where that river we found is. They've got small boxes they're talkin' into. You guys have been practicing, right?"

Twin nods went up from Tubbo and Ranboo.

Tubbo added, "As well as I could be. Can't exactly practice hurting the living if there's no one around to hurt."

"I'll go keep nix. Ranboo, make it look all *eerie* 'n shit! Tubbo, come with me to check if there's anyone else around." Tommy disappeared back into the forest, Tubbo on his tail.

"Wasn't it sunny a few minutes ago?" asked a man in a green jacket with no zipper, with spiky blond hair, a white mask with a black smiley face on it pushed up over his head, the

strap made loose from the position. Black fingerless gloves poked out from his hoodie. His American accent surprised Ranboo, but it certainly wasn't unwelcome.

Another man in a white croptop with a flame decal on it and a black undershirt panned the box in his hands across the sky, a white bandanna tied across his forehead (though his black hair still seemed ready to fall over his eyes if he let it grow out any longer. He scratched the scruff on his face, lips pressed into a thin line.

"It wasn't even supposed to rain today," complained another, stepping over a root. He adjusted his white-rimmed glasses, the lenses dark in the sun. He wore a light blue shirt with a red rectangle, and adjusted the pack on his back, hefting the box he held--almost identical to the one the other held--into a better grip. "If I get water on my glasses, I'm going to kill both of you."

Tommy and Tubbo emerged from the forest behind them.

"It might not rain," said the man in the croptop, another American accent making Ranboo furrow his brows. "But if it does, I say we do a wet t-shirt contest."

The green one smirked at his friend. "Sapnap, you can just say you want to see us naked, we're all friends here."

"We've literally changed in the same room for years," Sapnap said, "I've already seen everything."

"Can you two stop flirting and get ready to record?" complained the one with glasses.

The green one wheezed. "Don't police who I can and can't flirt with."

"Yeah, George, that's toxic," said Sapnap. "You can't tell Dream what to do."

"You're both idiots," George said with an eyeroll. "Dream, get in front of the house. I'm pressing record. I'm actually pressing record."

Dream pulled the mask over his head as he got in front of the other two, ending up in front of the house.

"What the fuck are they doing?" asked Tommy.

"Talking into weirdly shaped boxes, it looks like," Tubbo answered. "They look like tiny cameras."

Ranboo shrugged. "Maybe. I dunno how long it's been since we've been, like... less than alive."

"No, no--*more* than alive," Tommy corrected. "Being dead is so much better than being alive. No farmwork when you're dead."

The other two fell into silence, contemplating Tommy's claim.

"==two kids *died* here." Dream sniffed behind the mask, pointing out at the field. "Son of Jonathan Schlatt, Tubbo Schlatt, died out in the field. We don't know where. And R. Beloved fell off the roof. We don't know the names of the kids, but I wanna see if we can find a gravestone."

"Won't it be all... overgrown?" Sapnap asked. "We won't be able to see them."

"Well, we can still *look*," Dream defended. "I never said we'd find them."

"Let's get some B-roll first," George said. "While it's not raining."

"I wanna see that barn," Sapnap said as he angled the front of the box at the decaying barn. "Thing looks like it's gonna fall over."

"It is perfectly structurally sound!" Tommy protested loudly.

"That's been up since before you were born," Tubbo said. "I think one good kick is all it'll take."

Tommy began shouting at him, saying that the harshest tornado wouldn't be enough to take down that barn, that it would survive the longest storm, that fire wouldn't dare touch it==

"I have an idea!" Ranboo chirped, interrupting him. "We can use them to test our visibility!"

They blinked at him.

"Like==" Ranboo glanced between them and the group. "While they're in the house, Tommy can pretend to be working in the field or something! And if they see you, one of us can shout to go invisible again before they point the boxes at you!"

Tommy tilted his head, seriously looking like he was considering it.

"Tubbo can..." Ranboo paused, "do something. Uh."

"I can crawl on the ceiling."

"He can crawl on the ceiling," Ranboo nodded. "Terrifying. And when one of them's alone, I can stand outside the door to the room and make myself visible, and then one of you can close it so I can go invisible again while they're on their way over."

Tommy gave a loud laugh. "Ranboo, you are the greatest American."

"Tell me when!" Tommy shouted out to the house in the loudest voice possible==the one Tubbo forbid him from using around him. (It wasn't even a ghost thing==he was just. really

good at shouting. He guessed it had something to do with the animal fields and calling the animals in? His father was good at shouting out for them.)

(Those same fields seemed to be overtaken by trees and bushes, covering the old fences that had been used to keep the livestock in and pushing the border in further)

A shout of "go!" put him into action, forcing himself to materialize as he pictured himself back in his field, tilling the ground with his dad in preparation for the spring.

Tommy pictured a hoe in his hand, just as he and Ranboo had agreed on. He could almost feel the sanded and polished wood in his hand as Ranboo manifested the tool. He brought it down into the earth, almost able to ignore the way nothing happened to the plants. He shut his eyes and allowed himself to fall into a rhythm.

He brought the hoe up and shuffled a bit, bringing it back down. He dug it into the dirt to make rows for the seeds and shuffled a bit more. He repeated the process again, then again, then again...

He was almost able to hear paws running across the ground==

"Now!"

Tommy startled, feeling himself flick back to being invisible. the hoe disappearing from his grip. He blinked a few times before shaking himself back to reality. "Did it work?!" he called, beginning a sprint across the field.

He dashed up the stairs, finding Tubbo and Ranboo cackling while the living muttered amongst themselves.

"You're *sure* there wasn't a third kid?" asked George, box still angled at the field.

"I'm certain!" Dream protested, eyes likely wide under his mask.

"Dude, that was literally a child," Sapnap said. "What the fuck. Did someone kill a child here?"

"No," Dream immediately shot down. "No, I don't... Well..."

George shot a look back at them. "Let's just get back to filming. Sapnap and I can check out the barn while you're doing your alone-in-the-house-thing."

"Awesome!" Ranboo cheered. "I can scare him then!"

"I'll close the door for you, big man," Tubbo offered. "Tommy, you can see his reaction since you missed it last time."

And so, Dream was left alone in the house.

"Alright, ghosts," he muttered once the door was closed, holding a small box he'd called a "go pro" when George handed it over, "hit me with all you got." He pushed his mask above his face, revealing a determined glint in his eye. He caught sight of the couch and wrinkled his nose. "Ew, velvet."

"He's gonna regret that," Tubbo said smugly.

Dream pulled out a small box from his jacket pocket. "My name is Dream. This is a spirit box. When I turn it on, it's gonna be loud. But it'll allow you to communicate with me using radio waves. I'm gonna put it here==" He set it on the coffee table. "--and flick it on."

Tommy jerked back as his ears were suddenly assaulted by the loud noise of static. "Oh==*fuck*==is this how you feel when I scream?"

"*Suffer*," Tubbo hissed at him.

Dream panned the go pro around the room. "I've been using it for years, and I'm still not used to it," he laughed. "Um. So, if you can hear me, can you say, like, a full word? Into the spirit box?"

"*FUCK!*" Tommy shouted.

Dream wheezed. "Okay==yeah, good word! Uh, can you tell me your name? Or names?"

The three glanced around at each other.

"No," Tubbo said, leaning closer to the box.

Dream paused. "How old are you guys?"

The three glanced around, this time puzzling over what to say.

"Old enough," Ranboo answered hesitantly.

"So, you *are* teenagers," Dream said with a nod.

"Fuck you!" Tommy shot back.

"Chill!" Dream laughed. "I'm only 21, that's basically still a teenager."

Tubbo walked over and knocked the spirit box off the table.

Dream jerked back like he'd been burned. After a stunned silence, he whispered, "Okay then." He reached down and turned it off, tucking it back into his pocket. "Pretty sure I heard two voices," he said to nothing. "It sounded like three, but... I wanted to ask about the kid in the field."

"I'm not a fuckin' kid!" Tommy shouted. "I am decades older than you, you green bitch!"

"Think I'm gonna check the kitchen next," Dream went on. "I think if anyone's bound to be in here, it's R. Beloved. Who was your friend?" he asked as he moved into another room. "Was it the kid from the field? Or was it Schlatt?"

"We're both kids from the field," Tubbo said.

"Someone should whisper into the box," Ranboo added. "Maybe it also acts like that spirit box thing from before."

Tubbo bounded over to the box, saying a quick "hello!" to it.

Dream didn't respond.

"Maybe it stores it for later?" Tommy suggested, as stupid as it was. The thing was way too small for that. "Maybe it keeps the sounds we make to be heard some other time. Like a television."

"That would explain why he's using it! What did he call it again? A..." Ranboo trailed off.

"A *go pro*," Tommy repeated.

"That name's cockeyed," Tubbo said. "I'll go wait for him upstairs."

"End of the hall," Ranboo immediately said when Dream began to make his way to the hallway. "That's the room we'll scare him in. I'm taller than the doorways, so I won't have to make myself taller."

"Do you think Tubbo's gonna crawl on the ceiling?" Tommy asked. "or do you think he's just gonna leave the scaring to us?"

The two shared a look, neither finding the latter idea plausible.

"He's probably getting ready now," Ranboo said.

"Guys!" Tubbo yelled as he popped in from the ceiling. "I have a brainchild!"

(Tommy and Ranboo blinked up at him before both collapsed into wheezing laughter.

Tubbo pouted down at them. "What now?"

"What the *fuck*," Tommy struggled out, "is a--a fuckin' *brainchi*--" He devolved into further laughter, Ranboo clutching his own sides.)

Dream stepped upstairs, preparing to check each of the rooms. Two kids (three?) meant they all probably used at least two rooms. Tubbo Schlatt and RB died, like, twenty years apart from each other, so... He sniffed. "Dusty in here."

He ducked through the first three rooms with ease, finding nothing on the spirit box. He commented on the nice view from the hallway window and turned into the fourth.

"Storage room," Dream guessed. "Or closet, maybe? Anyways, spirit box. You got anything for me?"

He turned it on and held it out in an attempt to save his ears. "Hello?"

Static rang out, uninterrupted.

"Is anyone there?" He glanced around, back kept to the door. "Can you hear me?"

Nothing.

Dream sighed and brought it closer to turn it off. "Guess it's just downstairs." He turned to leave--

Someone in the doorway.

Dream felt his breathing halt briefly at the sight of someone in a suit, stood before the too-small doorway.

Their hands were clasped in front of them, hovering around their navel.

Dream's free hand pulled a pocket knife out of his hoodie pocket, glancing at the GoPro to make sure it was catching the suited figure.

The door creaked as it moved, Dream frozen in disbelief.

It clicked shut.

"What the fuck," he whispered. "*What the fuck.*"

Dream slowly approached the doorway, armed hand reaching for the doorknob. He tossed it open, knife angling to fight anyone out there.

The hallway was empty.

Dream stepped out into the hallway, only to freeze.

The ladder to the attic had been pulled down.

Dream had had no intention of going into the attic. He didn't know if any animals were hidden up there, didn't know what sort of shit he'd find tucked away==didn't want to encounter a ghost and have people in the YouTube comments calling it cliché.

So he... edged around it. And quietly walked to the stairs, eyes kept on the hole into the attic.

He was silent during the whole thing, focused only on not disturbing whatever the fuck had opened the attic.

Dream made it to the stairs, still staring at the dark gap, almost expecting one of his friends to jump out with a loud scream.

A hand reached out, quickly followed by a body==crawling along the ceiling, *coming towards him*==

Dream *booked it*.

(The three ghosts just about died again from laughter as Dream sprinted down the stairs, throwing the door open and running to his friends.)

(When he returned with Sapnap and George, the attic was closed.)

("We need to come back," Dream decided once the sun was low in the sky. "We can't release *just* this. We need more. We *need* to come back.")

Chapter End Notes

bench trio really went dudududu on getting the dteam out huh

1930s slang

- Keep nix | Keep a lookout

1940s slang

- Brainchild | A creative idea

- Cockeyed | Crazy/Impossible/Stupid

1970s slang

- Awesome | Cool

- Like | Filler word

shoot him again // i can see his soul dancin'

Chapter Notes

chapter title from Coffin Dance by AJJ

chapters where new main characters are introduced are gonna have their name or group name as the title while regular chapters are gonna have song lyrics or another name. (no this is not bc i realized the flaw in my naming scheme while editing this chapter i swear you gotta believe me-)

(see end notes for an index of slang that tommy, tubbo, and ranboo use!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Why are they back?" Tommy groaned.

"We didn't scare them good enough," Tubbo concluded. "I really thought my ceiling-walking would scare them off."

"Maybe you were *too* scary," Ranboo suggested. "People like too-scary things."

"That's gotta be it," Tubbo said with a nod. "Do I have to hurt them to make them leave?"

"Probably. Tubbo, kick their ankles."

"On it, boss man!"

Ranboo caught Tubbo by the waist and hoisted him up. "Don't kick their ankles."

Tubbo seemed to measure the effort of a struggle before ultimately deciding it wasn't worth it. He kicked Ranboo's ankle, to make a point, but didn't protest otherwise.

"Do you think the ghosts like us better alone?" asked Sapnap. "We've already got enough B-roll, but if you need an excuse to go in alone..."

Dream scoffed. "Oh, no. This time, we're all going in together, and we do *not* split up."

"Dream, I swear, if I have to encounter that ceiling-crawler," George threatened, "I am going to trip you two and run ahead."

"Why both of us?" Sapnap asked, sounding offended. "Gogy, do you not love me anymore?!"

"Cause there's the guy with the suit!" George protested. "I'd rather take my chances with a farmer than a ceiling-crawler and someone taller than a doorway."

"I could take the guy in the suit," Sapnap boasted. "Single-handed. While also fighting the ceiling-crawler."

Dream looked up again, nose twitching at the sky. "Did it just get darker?"

Sapnap looked up and made an "*I dunno*" sound. "Wasn't it already overcast?"

"Well, yeah, but... whatever. You two got the cameras ready?"

George held the box up, looking through one side. "Yep."

"Those *are* cameras?!" Tubbo asked, looking amazed. "Those are *recording* cameras?"

"No way," Ranboo dismissed. "They're too small."

"It's been a while, though, so maybe..." Tommy asked, staring in awe at the boxes.

Dream pulled down his mask. "Let's do this."

The two began the trek into the house.

"Do we scare them again?" Ranboo asked. "Or do we do nothing and hope they give up?"

"I wanna get the gravestones this time," Sapnap said, "since we left early before. RB was buried around the left of the house, and Schlatt between the fence and the house?"

"Yeah," George agreed. "Do you think that kid in the field has a grave?"

"If it hasn't already been found, then it probably doesn't exist," Dream dismissed. "We can check the perimeter, but I think we'd have to really dig to find any evidence of them. If there is any."

"Let's get the graves first," Sapnap said. "We can get B-roll and extra audio."

"What the fuck is a *bee role*," Tommy deadpanned.

"Like a queen and a worker?" Tubbo guessed.

"Hey, guys...?"

"Yeah, Sap?"

"Do you..." Sapnap faltered and hummed. "What makes a ghost?"

George stepped over a tree root. "A dead person."

"Well, yeah, but--I mean..." He paused. "What do all ghosts have in common? Like--they can't *all* be murder victims. They can't *all* of been disgraced in some way. *Age* doesn't matter,

neither does religion or ethnicity. So. what makes a ghost a ghost? Or a demon? Or... y'know. Like when they die, I mean."

Dream faltered. "That's a good question... Maybe it's just something that happens? Like, randomly? Or are certain people, like, predestined to become ghosts, do you think?"

"Maybe... Hm." George stopped himself. "I dunno. I was going to say it's got to do with how many people remember you, but that wouldn't make sense. Maybe it's gotta do with *where* you die?"

"If I die here, I'll ask the field kid what's their deal and then report back to you," Snapnap reassured.

"Aw, thank you, Snapnap."

"Dream, I swear--"

"What makes us ghosts?" Tommy murmured, brows furrowed.

"What?" Tubbo asked.

"Why did we become ghosts?" Tommy asked. "What's the connection between us and every other ghost out there?"

The three were silent.

"It must do with how we died," Ranboo guessed. "Right?"

"I lit a firework, which blew up," Tubbo said. "Ranboo died because he took some drugs and walked off the roof. Tommy, how'd you die?"

Tommy felt his throat go dry, flooding with cold air as he recalled laying in the snow.

He shivered involuntarily, almost feeling the numbness that came with the hypothermia.

His arms crossed over his ribcage, clutching his elbows.

He curled over himself, gaze falling to the floor.

"I--" Tommy began, only to halt. "Um."

"You don't have to say anything, big man," Tubbo reassured, popping up in his field of vision. "Look, they found Ranboo's grave!"

Tommy looked up with a shudder.

"Did it just get colder?" Dream asked, knelt on the ground a bit away.

"Died 1975," read out George. "So he was, what, 17?"

"Younger than Schlatt," Sapnap said. "Schlatt died... I think mid or late-summer? And his birthday was in December. Beloved died early summer, and his birthday's in... I think that says August...? No--I can't read it."

"It's all grimy," Dream complained. "We should touch it up before we leave. Respect, y'know" He got to his feet with a grunt. "Let's go find Schlatt's."

Tommy gave a full-body shudder, feeling returning to his fingers.

They'd found and inspected Tubbo's grave before deciding to go back into the house and go into the attic.

"I don't wanna go up there," Dream said, mask on and boxes pointed at him.

"You've said that," George agreed as Sapnap opened the door. "Which is why we're working our way up to it."

"Gogy, spirit box, please."

George held up the small box after fishing out the box. "You all remember this, right? If you're still here? Don't knock it off this time. I'm George, that's Sapnap. You've already met Dream."

"Beloved was the one that made this place violent, right?" Sapnap asked as George set down the box.

Tubbo strolled up to them and took a seat between the couch and the table. "Turn it on, big man. I'm ready."

Tommy moved to the hallway leading to the backdoor. "I'm *not*. Tubbo, you do all the talking for us."

Ranboo stayed near the door, shaking his head at the two.

"Should we do the EMF reader?" Dream asked.

"The what?" Sapnap asked. "Oh, yeah. Gogy?"

"I'm not your workhorse," George said, but still took it out. He took out a white box that lit up, facing it towards the kitchen. He turned to the other two, only to pause. He angled it downwards, posture going stiff as the box began beeping.

All eyes turned to Tubbo.

"Does that thing allow you to see me?" he asked, confused.

"Hi," George began. "You are very close to us."

"Yeah--"

"Could you maybe not be so close to us?"

Tubbo scoffed, but got up and took a seat on the couch a few feet away.

"Thank you," George said.

"Is that Beloved?" Dream asked, eyes glued to where Tubbo had been.

"Doubt it." Sapnap gestured to the rest of the room. "Scan the rest of the room."

George scanned the rest of the room, pausing when he angled it at Tubbo. He jabbed it at Dream, who gave him a shove. He went to scan past the front door--

"Oh. fuck," he whispered.

"Should we get the heat signature thing?" Sapnap whispered.

"I'd rather not know if that's the one that's taller than the doorway," Dream decided. "Ignorance is bliss."

George did a quick sweep of the rest of the room, clearly not expecting to find something.

He stopped, pointed towards Tommy.

"What the fuck," said Dream.

George whipped both the white, blinking box and the black box towards Tubbo, the white one beeping. He turned it to Ranboo, still beeping. He turned it back to Tommy, still beeping.

"Is that the field kid?" Sapnap whispered.

"One of them is," George whispered back. "Do we spirit box it, or...?"

"I don't know!" Dream whisper-shouted back. "We've never been cornered by ghosts before!"

"Do you think they know we can hear them?" Tubbo asked.

"Knock the spirit box off the table," Tommy said.

"They might take that as you not wanting it to be turned on," Ranboo interrupted before Tubbo could do so. "Just move it closer to them."

The three lapsed into silence as their spirit box was slid closer to them.

George reached down and turned it on, wincing at the loud burst of sound. "Hello?"

"Hello!" Tubbo said loudly, voice echoing from the box.

"Are you the one on the couch?" George asked, pointing the white box over to him.

"Yeah."

"Are you Beloved?"

"No. But he's here."

Ranboo gestured frantically at Tubbo to make him stop.

"Is he?" Sapnap flicked his gaze between Tommy and Ranboo. "Is he the one at the door, or the hallway?"

"Door," Tubbo answered. "Come say hi!" he instructed Ranboo, only to get furious headshakes.

Dream nearly jolted. "No!" he suddenly shouted. "No--no. We don't--we don't need to say hi to RB. Are you the field kid?"

"You've gotta be more specific, big man," Tubbo complained, furrowing his brows when only around half his words got picked up.

"Um--the one from yesterday," Dream answered. "With the farming tool. Or is he in the hallway?"

"He's in the hallway," Tubbo answered, grinning at Tommy. "I'm sure he'd love to say hello."

"Don't you fucking dare," Tommy hissed at him.

"You don't need to," Sapnap assured the hall entryway. "You--You can just stay over there. That's actually preferable. So, you're Schlatt?" he added to Tubbo.

Tubbo nodded. "Mhm. Yes," he repeated when the spirit box didn't pick up his first agreement.

"Were you the one that crawled out of the attic?" Dream asked.

Tubbo chirped a yes, which made Dream's posture stiffen.

"Can you turn that thing off now?!" Tommy asked. "My hearing's going all buzzy!"

"Field kid doesn't like the box," Tubbo said. He repeated it slower when only some of his words were picked up

George asked if that meant they should turn it off, and did just that when Tubbo responded with an affirmative.

Tommy rubbed his ears.

"Should we do the ouija board?" George asked.

Sapnap groaned. "But I *hate* the ouija board. It's too easy to fake and there's so many stupid movies about it."

"We don't *have* to do it," George shot back. "It was just a suggestion."

"I think we should head to the attic," Sapnap said. "Maybe we'll find a dead body."

"We'd smell it," Dream dismissed.

"Unless it's so rotted that the smell's gone," George added, packing the white box and the spirit box back into his pack. "Come on. Let's open all the doors, too, all the way. For the light from the windows."

They'd set up a box near the stairs to the attic, facing it towards the stairs. He still didn't know what the boxes were for, so Tommy shrugged and followed them up.

"Should we reveal ourselves to them?" Tubbo asked.

Two sets of eyes turned to him, both wide with disbelief.

"What?!" Tubbo asked. "They've technically already seen us. It would make communication easier. Plus, I wanna see how they react. Maybe they'll go running."

"That is the worst idea you've ever had, Tubso," Tommy said.

"I think he's had worse," Ranboo protested.

"I didn't know water *hurt* you!" Tubbo immediately defended, throwing his arms up. "And I said I was sorry!"

"I'm gonna scare them again," Tubbo decided.

"Watch out for the, uh, camera," Ranboo warned. "And we'll tell you if they start anything."

"Got it, boss man."

Mere seconds later, as the living were pulling out the spirit box again, the stairs creaked.

They all went quiet as Tubbo creaked up the stairs, taking painstakingly slow steps up.

Sapnap reached over and angled the second box--set up to look at the board they had been using to try and communicate with them--towards the attic entrance.

The creaking stopped.

"*Is that RB?*" Dream whispered, voice barely audible even in the silence.

"*Get the salt,*" Sapnap urged, prompting George to scramble for his pack.

George yanked a packet of salt out from his bag, quickly scattering it in a third of a circle behind him. He handed it to Dream, who did another third (also behind him, joining it up with the first part), and then to Sapnap, who completed the circle with him inside.

"*Is it safe to burn something up here?*" Sapnap asked.

Dream shook his head. "*Not until we can open the window.*"

The house went dead silent.

The first step of the ladder creaked.

Dream hissed a quiet curse and reached for Sapnap and George.

Ranboo huffed a laugh. "Tubbo, are you almost done?"

The second step creaked.

Eyes flicked to the trail of salt, searching for imperfections.

Another step.

Knuckles turned white.

No one made a sound.

Tubbo stepped back down.

Footsteps left the attic ladder.

A door--the one closest to the stairs?--clicked shut.

Tubbo appeared from the floor, eyes searching for the living. He laughed at the sight of them, prompting the other two to join in.

"You should have seen their faces!" Ranboo managed out. "That was sick!"

"They're so fuckin' milky, look at 'em!" Tommy cackled.

Tubbo pulled himself all the way through the floor. "I never thought ragging on the living could be this fun! Why didn't we do this with everyone else?"

"Cause no one else believed in us!?" Ranboo guessed, still catching his breath. "If we knock over a pile of books with someone else, they'd just think it's a weird occurrence, but we can make some creaking noises and they do that!"

Tubbo wiped away a fake tear. "Oh, this is beautiful. What are they doing now? Leaving?"

The living grabbed their spirit box and board, quickly packing it up.

"If they go into the room you closed the door to, I'm gonna make it so fucking cold," Tommy decided, already grinning evilly at the thought.

"Wait!" Ranboo interrupted. "I can do the same thing I did when just Dream was here, but, like--I'll wave at them! Then someone can shut the door again!"

Tubbo nodded. "I wish these doors had locks. Tommy, why aren't there any locks?"

Tommy crossed his arms. "I don't know! Maybe back in 18-whatever, people didn't need locked doors!"

"This house was built in the 1800s?" Ranboo asked.

Tommy nodded, glancing around. "Well, yeah! Been in my family for generations. Don't know why you're shocked," he added at their astounded expressions. "There are still houses here from the Tutor Times. Heard the green bitch talkin' about old buildings when he first got here, before I told you two about them."

"Tutor?" Ranboo repeated. "Like... for school?"

Tommy shrugged. "Maybe they were stupid."

"I think you mean Tudor," Tubbo corrected.

"I am never wrong, Tubbo," Tommy dismissed. "Big men are never wrong."

Sapnap picked up the box after the three finished their whispered deliberation. He reached into his pocket and pulled out three t-shaped pieces of metal, handing one to each of them.

"Let's go," Dream murmured, sounding reluctant.

The three left down the ladder, halting at the bottom to collect the box they'd set up.

They advanced towards the room, Tommy darting past them in anticipation. He waited excitedly for them to open the door and step in.

George held out the white box from before, angling it into the room. It didn't beep. He put it back into his pack.

They stepped in.

Tommy nearly jumped in after him, feeling his own body temperature lower.

"Oh, shit," Sapnap murmured.

George shivered, curling into himself from the sudden temperature drop.

Dream yanked off his hoodie and handed it over, revealing his gloves were actually a black, long-sleeved shirt.

George pulled off his pack and handed it and the box to Dream, gratefully putting the sweater on. He took the pack back as Sapnap turned back to the doorway.

Ranboo waved, slowly, Tubbo preparing to close the door.

Dream and George followed Sapnap's gaze, halting in the transfer of the box back to George.

Tubbo began creaking the door closed.

Dream rushed forward.

Tubbo shut the door as quick as possible.

Dream yanked it open and angled the box upwards, probably intent on getting Ranboo's face--

Ranboo was already incorporeal again, staring (probably wide-eyed) at Dream.

Dream glared at where Ranboo was, pulling open the door and frantically gesturing his friends out.

("I don't want to sleep here," George said, voice shaky, once they were safely out of the house. "I know that we sleep in places with this much activity, but I just--I..."

"You don't have to," Dream reassured. "You can stay home. We can just keep ourselves up with energy drinks and coffee. Or, I can. If you don't want to go, Sap."

"No!" George protested. "No, I don't--I'd rather not wait until morning to know if you two are safe. I'm not getting any sleep regardless, so..."

"You don't have to, George," Sapnap reassured. "We can send you texts every half an hour, if--"

George shook his head. "I'm not leaving you alone. I don't want to do it, but I can't stay home while you two are here.")

("WHY ARE THEY COMING BACK!?" Ranboo screeched.

"I DON'T KNOW!" Tubbo shouted back as the other three left the property.

"WHAT DO WE HAVE TO DO TO MAKE THEM LEAVE?!" Tommy thundered, almost making Tubbo wince.

"I DON'T KNOW!" Tubbo repeated.

"DON'T SHOUT AT ME!"

"FUCK YOU!")

Chapter End Notes

they can touch/go through objects depending on the substance the object has to them. by default, they'll go through it (like tommy w the bottle) but if they concentrate, they can touch them (like how tommy knocked it over).

tommy and ranboo will always go through the living if they are incorporeal. tubbo went corporeal in the scene where he was walking up the stairs, even though he could have done it anyways, to make it easier on himself.

1930s slang

- Milky | Scared/Cowardly

1940s slang

- Ragging | Making fun of

1970s slang

- (That was) sick | (That was) cool/epic

I WISH THAT I WAS SOMEONE CLOSER TO YOU

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Distance" by AJJ

this is late cause i was busy all morning and that's usually when i edit the chapter oops.
the thing that held this up the most was the fckin title-
i lost the battle to put the title in lowercase. im sorry but it felt wrong /hj-

(see end notes for index of outdated slang you get the point by now.)

[cw for nothing i think]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The three ghosts glared down at the living, sat on the roof as they reentered the property for the third and, hopefully, *final* time.

"I'm going to hurt them," Tubbo decided.

"I'm going to burst their fuckin' eardrums," Tommy added.

"I'll make the shadows on the walls into demons," Ranboo finished.

"First to get one of them to shit themselves wins," Tubbo said, only half-joking.

The boxes were set up in the corners of the room, the small box==the go-pro, if Tommy remembered it correctly==being tossed around between the three throughout the night.

"We're gonna blur our faces during editing, right?" Sapnap asked, the three sat by the coffee table, flashlights in hand. Sapnap sat in the middle, George and Dream brushing up against him.

Dream nodded. "Well, yeah. 'S why I'm not wearing the mask."

They lapsed into silence.

"Do we bring it up?" George asked. "The one in the hallway, I mean."

"Save it for later," Sapnap said. "We don't wanna piss them off before we get *something* good."

They went back to being quiet.

Tubbo kicked the coffee table.

The three jolted away.

"It's not even funny anymore," Tubbo lamented.

"Hey," Sapnap began quietly, still frozen from where he'd jerked away from the table, "these are teenagers, right?"

George hummed affirmation.

"What do teenagers do best?"

"Angst?" Dream asked.

"No." Sapnap relaxed slightly. "They fuck around. *And* angst."

"So what?" George asked.

"They can't hurt us," Sapnap laughed. "They're just scaring us to get us out!"

"Tubbo?" Tommy prompted, raising an eyebrow at him.

Tubbo nodded to him. He walked over to Sapnap, got to his knees, and decked him.

Dream and George scrambled over to Sapnap, who had screamed in surprise.

"Sorry!" Sapnap immediately yelped. "Sorry, sorry! I take it back!" He paused before turning to the side and spitting out blood, massaging his jaw.

"So, they fuck around, angst, *and* hurt people," George said. "Good to know."

Dream angled his flashlight at Sapnap's jaw. "That's going to bruise. You're such an idiot, Sap."

Sapnap waved a hand at him. "Shut up. It'll be fine."

They returned to their previous position, moving the coffee table back and nursing Sapnap's jaw with metal cylinders that sloshed when they moved.

"They're not, like, seriously staying the night, are they?" Ranboo asked.

"Better fuckin' not be," Tommy grumbled. "This was fun at first, but now they're just annoying."

"Can I hurt them again?" Tubbo asked.

"Don't do that," Ranboo sighed.

"I think you should do that," Tommy said, nodding. "You should definitely do that."

Ranboo lunged for Tubbo and picked him up with arms around his waist, struggling as Tubbo kicked out at him.

"Stop fucking picking me up!" Tubbo complained. "How are you even able to do this?! You're fucking weak!"

"Beacuse I'm==" Ranboo grunted as Tubbo gave a powerful wriggle. "I'm taller than you== stop! kicking! me!"

"No!"

"Should we get the sprit box out?" Dream asked.

George and Sapnap agreed, both reaching for the backpack George had, George reaching in and pulling out the accursed box.

Ranboo dropped Tubbo as Tommy began complaining.

It flicked on, only making Tommy groan louder.

"*Fuckin' loud==made it==shit==get them out==*" said the box.

"I don't think someone wants us here," Sapnap said.

Dream hit him lightly in the shoulder.

"*Get the fuck out!*" Tubbo yelled into the spirit box. "We don't fucking want you here!"

George winced.

"You've made that pretty clear," Sapnap bit back. "Why the *fuck* do you even want us out so bad, anyways?"

"Cause you're in our house!" Tubbo snarled. "And you keep coming back! Why the fuck haven't you left?!"

"Because we need footage for our YouTube channel," George explained, nose wrinkled in anger, "and this is the most evidence we've seen in years."

"*What the fuck is a you-tube?!*" Tubbo took a step closer and stamped his foot on the gronud, which the living most likely didn't hear. "Leave before I fucking drag you out!"

"Just let us stay the night!" Dream pleaded. "We'll never come back afterwards unless you want us to. We promise. Swear to God." He glanced at George and Sapnap, who nodded vigorously in agreement.

Tubbo shook his head. "Are you *fucking*..." He turned to Tommy and Ranboo.

The two gave twin shrugs.

"As long as they leave," Tommy grumbled.

"Leave in the morning," Tubbo growled to the three, their eyes glued to the spirit box. "And *never* return."

"We can do that," Dream agreed, nodding vigorously. "We can definitely do that."

Tubbo stared at them for a few seconds. He shook his head and added, "Turn the fucking box off, it's a pain in my goddamn neck."

Dream reached over and flicked it off.

"Should we try making our voices hearable," Tommy asked, "so we can tell them off without that=fucking *box*."

"We can try...?" Ranboo offered.

"I mean, it should be easy, right?" Tubbo hummed. "Just, uh..." He cleared his throat. "*Hello?*"

His voice came out echoy, and almost raspy? It certainly didn't sound like Tubbo, but he was still there, under all the weirdness.

The living three whipped around, flashlights aimed at where Tubbo stood.

"Holy fuck," Dream breathed, reaching for Sapnap==the one closest to him.

"I can't believe that worked," Ranboo awed.

Tubbo mouthed a silent "*yes!*" and pumped his fist. "*Why did you come back?*"

The three were silent, glancing around at each other.

"For footage," George finally said. "We've got cameras set up over there." He pointed at the boxes set up in the corners of the room. "We're gonna upload it later."

Tommy looked to Ranboo. "Up-load?" he repeated.

"*What?*" Tubbo asked, equally as puzzled.

George glanced at the other two. "We're gonna post it to the internet."

"*The fuck is an internet?*" Tubbo asked.

"It's something the government uses," Ranboo explained. "It came out a little while before I died."

"It's a network of communication," Dream phrased slowly, almost as if he was puzzling it out for himself. "There are websites you can go on that give you information and stuff. And you can put your own stuff on there, and anyone with access to it can see it. It's how we found out about the house."

"And anyone can use it?" Tubbo asked.

The three nodded.

Ranboo scratched at the back of his neck. "Huh. Usually, the government just keeps stuff like that to itself, y'know?"

"Times have changed, boob boy," Tommy said with a faux-pretentious air, waving a hand at Ranboo. "Not everything is government secrets."

Tubbo's voice came out as normal when he turned to them. "A lot of stuff is, though. Trust me, I'm a lawyer."

"Aren't you, like, 17=?" Ranboo tried.

Tubbo had already turned back to the living, voice resuming its weird, raspy quality. *"How do you access it?"*

They glanced around at each other before Dream reached into his pocket and pulled out a thin piece of metal. "You need a phone, or a computer. And you need to be able to connect to Wi-Fi, or use your data."

"You're saying words, but I don't speak that language," Tubbo said.

Dream let out a short wheeze. "Um. yeah, okay. well, um... Wi-Fi... is..." He turned to his friends. "Help."

"Wi-Fi is like invisible strings that connect you to everyone else," George explained slowly. "Um. There isn't Wi-Fi in a lot of places, but you can use data to connect anywhere, but it costs money if you don't have the right plan."

"So... Wi-Fi is free?" Tubbo asked.

"No," Sapnap answered. "You have to pay for Wi-Fi, but if you have it set up, then it's unlimited, sorta? But you can go to public places, and there's probably Wi-Fi there you can use, but sometimes it needs a password."

"Tubbo, how do you do the voice thing?" Ranboo asked.

Tubbo shrugged. "It's sorta like becoming corporeal, but... just for your voice? I don't know. Maybe I'm just naturally better at being a ghost."

"Fuck you, man," Tommy contributed.

"To be fair, it kinda hurts your throat after a while," Tubbo said, rubbing his neck.

"Does it?" Ranboo asked. He turned back to the living, clearing his throat. "Hello?" He shook his head when it came out the same. "Heello. Hellooo. Hell==Hell-ooo. Heeeellooooo? *Hello-o-o?*" He jerked back at the sound, a low and rumbling thing, creaky and just as echoey as Tubbo's.

Sapnap let out a loud, but almost impressed-sounding "*oh, fuck*".

"Oh, that is==" Ranboo cut himself off, bringing a hand up to his neck. "That is==That is weird. Um... *How do you==*Oh, that doesn't feel right. *What does the internet do?*" he finally managed out, coughing after. "It's like there's a lump in my throat, what the heck...?"

Tubbo nodded. "Mhm. It's weird, but it's not all that bad."

Ranboo gave a shake of his head. "No, it's not bad, it's just.... *funky*, y'know?"

"It can give you information," Dream said with a shrug. "Or entertainment. You can watch movies and videos of other people on it."

"You can play games and chat with other people," George went on. "Or buy stuff or pirate TV shows."

"You can listen to music," Sapnap added, with a look at the two like he was almost offended they hadn't thought of that sooner, "or create it. Um... what else is there?"

"You can order drugs?" Dream joked. "Like, the illegal ones, probably. I don't know which ones are legal and which ones aren't."

"*How does it work?*" asked Tubbo, taking a seat before the three. "*Is there just one big system of internet-things, or are there multiple tiny ones that work together?*" He coughed after, like he'd inhaled a load of dust. "Don't try to do long sentences."

"Okay," Ranboo said, cautiously moving to kneel beside him.

Tommy joined them, just to make sure he could hear them, since Tubbo's voice went a bit quiet when he talked to the living. (He was not *clingly* and he wasn't *curious* about what the *fuck* the internet was, shut the fuck up==)

"Well..." Dream stopped. "Sort of both? I think there's a few main backbones that allow for all the stuff to happen right? And then all the websites are tiny pieces held up by tons of other people."

Sapnap nodded. "I think one of the main backbones of the internet is actually being supported by some guys who keep it going as a hobby. Respect."

"Here," Dream offered, holding the thin piece of metal in his hand out slightly. "If you guys can look over my shoulder, I can show you some stuff."

The three glanced at each other uncertainly.

Tubbo shrugged. "I can always kick him."

Tommy and Ranboo glanced at each other. They got up and sat behind Dream, who gave a violent shiver.

Tubbo plopped down beside Ranboo, who was sat on Dream's empty side.

Dream arched his back away from them and cursed. "*Holy*==okay. So, this is a phone. There are three buttons on the side to turn it on and change the volume of it. I assume you know what volume is, since there has been at least one TV in here?"

They nodded before Tubbo chirped out a "*yeah*".

Dream flinched at Tubbo's voice being so close before settling back down. "Okay. Uh, just say something if you need me to slow down.

"So, when you turn it on==" Dream pressed his finger against the side of the "phone", prompting the face of it to light up. "==you have your lock screen. Your lock screen is a picture that you choose, along with the current time, the weather, and the emergency line, and shit."

The lock-screen was a picture of a white blob-creature with two equally cartoonish companions to its sides==a mushroom and a little flame, both with two dots and a line to signify a face. The words "DREAM TEAM" were emblazoned at the top in a blue-green-red gradient.

Dream took his finger and swiped it across the screen, making a bunch of numbers pop up. "So, you use the screen to interact with it. And most phones have passwords. Sometimes it's a number code, sometimes it's a word, sometimes it's a pattern, but mine's a number code."

He tapped on the numbers, making little circles pop up near the center of the phone. "George and Sap know my password, for emergencies, but you normally wouldn't tell anyone."

"*Why not?*" asked Ranboo, voice gravely. "*Wouldn't it be, like, easier to remember if more people know?*"

"Well..." Dream began, ruffled from Ranboo's interruption. "It's for privacy mostly. And usually, you pick something that's important to you. Mine is the date I moved to England, but it could also be your birthday, your pet's name, a symbol... Anything really.

"Anyways, when you input the password, you get taken to your homescreen, which is a different picture. You can make them the same picture, but I don't think anyone does that."

"Speak for yourself," Sapnap murmured, staring, wide-eyed, at where the ghosts were.

"You did that because of a bet, it hardly counts," George snapped, not unkindly.

"I kept it afterwards!" Sapnap protested, whipping around to look at George.

"Cause you were too lazy and kept forgetting."

"Oh, so *I'm* the lazy one?"

"I slept through that because I was sick, you idiot!"

"Girls," Dream interrupted, "you're both pretty, now let me finish telling the ghosts about my phone."

Sapnap stuck his tongue out at Dream while George flipped him off.

Dream rolled his eyes at them. "Anyways, these little icons are called *apps*. They're different programs designed to do different things. This one is a game, that one is the settings, this is my browser, and that one's the camera."

He clicked on the last one he motioned at, the screen going dark for a second before it popped up to show the floor in front of Dream. He tapped the screen again, this time near the top, and lifted the phone.

"It's sorta like a mirror," Dream explained, "and you can use it to take pictures of yourself. Anyone wanna show themselves?"

Eyes turned to Ranboo.

Ranboo sighed.

Dream blinked, uncertain if he'd pissed them off and they didn't want to talk to him anymore. But he still felt the cold, so maybe==

He jolted when a monster-like face appeared over his shoulder, with sharp teeth and glowing eyes. He quickly snapped a picture==blinking at the flash==before the thing disappeared.

Dream lowered the phone and tapped on the gallery, revealing him squinting with an... admittedly cheap-looking, 70s monster mask floating behind him, half-transparent.

"Low budget 80s at best," Sapnap snickered when he caught sight of it. "That really the best y'all can come up with?"

Ranboo deflated slightly, and Tubbo promptly kicked out at Sapnap.

Dream went on to explain the rest of the phone to the ghosts, playing some brightly-colored virtual games, watching a video of a puppy==*right in his hands!*==and reading up on what people were saying about the house Tommy had been unalive in for almost an entire century.

But Tommy had noticed one thing that neither of the others had brought up==the little numbers in the top right. The ones directly in the corner seemed to be the time, judging by

the colon, but he couldn't figure out what the other one meant. He *could* ask Ranboo or Tubbo to ask for him, but he was a big man! He didn't need his friends to ask what a *number* was for him!

(He took a deep breath to prepare himself.)

"*What do the==the numbers me-ean?*" Tommy asked, voice brittle and crackling like his throat had frozen over. He coughed harshly afterwards, muttering about the lump that seemed to form in the middle of his throat.

The living startled, gazes falling on Tommy.

"Numbers...? Oh, it's the battery life," Dream explained, quickly recovering. "It tells you how much longer you have left until you need to recharge it. That's the time, right there, it's almost midnight right now=="

The Dream Team==as they called themselves==left the next morning with the promise to come back in a few hours, after they had slept and ate.

Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo sat on the roof as they watched them leave.

"So those boxes *are* cameras," Tubbo said. "Right?"

"I think so," Ranboo said. "I mean, they called them cameras earlier, and there was, like, one *in the phone*, so..."

They hadn't returned until noon the next day, claiming they'd stayed at Sapnap's house, and that his dads had let them sleep in.

"We also got breakfast," Dream went on as they set up a singular camera, George holding the GoPro. "How long has it been since you've all eaten breakfast?"

"*What year is it?*" Tubbo asked.

Dream blanked. "Uh... 2021. Still feels like 2019, though."

"Dude, it's been 2017 for the past few years," Sapnap laughed.

"Holy shit," Tommy muttered. "Uh..."

"*About thirty-five years,*" Ranboo rumbled.

"53... uh..." Tubbo muttered. "*Sixty or seventy-something...* Tommy?"

"Hold on, I'm fuckin' thinkin'," Tommy muttered, face screwed up in concentration. Take away 21 to make it 2000, um... '37, right? Um... well, there was three years to make it forty... uh...

(Prime, he was bad at this. He used to be able to do mental math, what the fuck happened?)

Well, 21 plus three was... was... um... one plus three was four...? So... Yeah, that felt right.

He ran a hand through his hair and huffed.

Forty to a hundred.

Fuck, everyone was waiting for him.

Well, forty to fifty was another ten.

Tubbo was staring at him, Ranboo (that tall bitch) seemed to be wincing.

Fucking==24, and fifty to a hundred was... fifty? Yeah! And that was...

"*Eighty years*," Tommy answered hastily as soon as he had the answer. (How the fuck was that so easy for Tubbo and Ranboo?)

He looked up from the floor, uncertain of when he'd looked down, to find Tubbo looking at him with his lips pressed into a line, brows furrowed. Ranboo's mask and glasses betrayed none of his thoughts.

"Imagine not having breakfast for *eighty years*," Sapnap gaped. "Life would be hell."

George glanced through the camera, pulling away when he found it was ready. "We're good. Dream's got the list of questions we all came up with, right?"

George opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, only to close it. "When we leave, I've gotta ask you guys something."

"Why can't you ask now?" Sapnap asked, Dream looking up from the video of an angry swan he was playing (as per Tubbo's suggestion).

George shook his head. "Don't worry about it."

Tubbo giggled at the swan on the screen. "Benson used to do that to the people for the papers and the news channels. Such a good swan."

"Was this before or after he drank your dad's anny?" Tommy asked.

Tubbo hummed in thought as the swan on the phone bit the cameraman. "Both, I think. But he was better at aiming before."

("Should we even post this?" George asked later that afternoon, the three of them sat on the sofa of the Halo household, Dream editing their latest footage while some gaming video played onscreen.

"What do you mean?" Sapnap asked, eyes still on the screen as he reached for one of the muffins his dad had made them.

"Well..." George picked at the napkin he'd been using to prevent crumbs from getting on the sofa. "I just don't want that place to be swarmed or anything. I know basically everyone brushes our videos off as hoaxes, but what about the people who actually believe us? And follow in our footsteps? Remember the people who went to that one house, with the collapsed roof, just because we caught a shadow on the wall? Imagine what would happen if we released *that*."

Dream paused. He smirked over at George. "*Aw, Gogy's soft for the ghosts==*"

George whacked his arm. "Shut up, idiot."

Dream laughed. "You are right, though. They're, like, actual teenagers, who punched Sapnap cause he said they couldn't. Do I re-edit it or do we say we couldn't get a permit? Cause we already announced that's what we're going for next."

("Bad, do you know where my thing is?" asked one of Sapnap's dads, disappearing down the hall into another room. "*The blue thing, with the face on it.*")

"Re-edit," Sapnap answered. "We've gone to places without permits before. We can tell them what we're doing and refilm shots we can't edit to exclude the kids. It won't stop some people, since they're either gonna think they can get more or any ghost activity, depending on what we do, but it'll minimize the risk. Also, the Minecrafts are moving in there soon, so that should help keep people away."

"*The kids*," Dream echoed with a slight wheeze. "Dadnap."

"They're kids!" Sapnap defended. "I don't know what else you want me to say!"

"Dadnap!" George teased, bubbling with giggles, squawking in protest when Sapnap threw a pillow at him.

Chapter End Notes

married!skephalo crumbs bc i don't think ill be able to fit in that fact anywhere else

their voices sound different cause I Said So. tubbo's is all raspy bc burn scars and explosions, ranboo's is really deep and stuff cause enderwalk voice or something idk-, and tommy's is really "stiff" and weak-sounding cause hunger and cold

ALSO!! GO CHECK OUT "follow me into the light" BY IWriteFicsAndTragdies IT'S INSPIRED PARTLY BY DEATHLESSNESS AND IT'S GOT REAPER!PHILZA AND MUMZA'S MENTIONED [GO GO GO](#)

link w/o formatting: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/33935377>

1930s slang

- Anny | Gin

1940s slang

- Pain in the neck | Bothersome

1970s slang

- Funky | Weird/Strange

- Like/Y'know | Filler word

so i will speak with someone i don't knooooooooow

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Feedbag" by AJJ

[cw for mentions of hitler (there were mentions in the first chapter too, but that was more about WWII as a whole)]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The dog on Sapnap's phone barked, flopping backwards into the grass and panting happily. (Dream was busy "texting" his mother, whatever that meant. He was sat on the couch, George sat beside his legs and using his lap as a pillow.)

"Do you think they ever wonder what we look like?"

Tubbo hummed at Tommy's question. "Well, they've all kinda seen us already, right?"

"Well..." Tommy trailed off, quirking a smile as the dog suddenly jumped up into a bow, stock-still and staring at the camera. He glanced at the others and quickly rid himself of the expression. "Yeah, but. seeing someone in passing is different to, y'know, gettin' a butcher's at them."

"It's not like I'm showing myself any time soon," Ranboo said, "if that's what you're getting at."

Tommy barked out a laugh. "Of course not. Dickheads like the *Dream Team* don't deserve to see how fuckin' poggers we are."

"I think it would make communication easier," Tubbo said. "No need to do that cockeyed voice thing... Do they even know our names?"

"Uh..." Ranboo huffed out a laugh as the dog practically tumbled over itself to get a ball. "They've said Tubbo's name. And they've, like, seen my grave, but they didn't say what my name was, y'know? So they either know or they couldn't see it. And I don't think they know Tommy's."

"The history books couldn't handle my level of pog," Tommy flaunted, smirking over at the other two.

"Yeah," Tubbo agreed, "you've gotta meet the threshold of having at least -50."

"Oh, *fuck you, man!*" Tommy whined as Tubbo and Ranboo began snickering. "Ranboo, he's being mean!"

"Yeah, Tubbo. That was mean." Ranboo paused. "To the history books. Don't you know you need=="

Tubbo cut Ranboo off with a cackle, Tommy jumping to his own defense with shouts.

Trying to keep down laughter, Ranboo tried to continue: "--you need at least -500 to--to get in the=="

"*Cheese it, Ranboob!*" Tommy screeched, shoving at him. "I don't need your==fuckin', um==sa==*suh-lander!* I am so much more pog than you'll ever be, bitch!"

"*Suh-lander,*" Tubbo repeated. "It's *slander*, Tommy. Y'know, this is what school's for=="

"*Fuck off with your school shit!*"

"You two don't have to tell them," Tubbo said later, the Dream Team discussing statistics for that You-Tube thing they mentioned. "Or show yourselves to them. But I kinda want to."

(Sapnap's phone had died a little while ago, and was now plugged into a "portable charger", as George had explained, via a thin, black rope.)

"Too-bo's gettin' attached to the living," Tommy teased.

Tubbo deadpanned at him. "I will hurt you."

("Cause we got a couple extra thousand when we did the episode on Lizzy Borden," George said, "even though we didn't go there, and I don't know why==")

"I'll burst your eardrums!"

"I'll sic Ranboo on you!"

"Not if I do it first!"

("Same happened with that Goatman video," Sapnap brought up. "Did anyone more popular do the same demons?")

Tubbo feigned a gasp. "You wouldn't!"

"I would! I would say *Ranboo, go pick up Tubbo* and he would because he is so staunch."

Ranboo tilted his head. "Is that a compliment from *the* Tommy Innit?"

"Nope. In fact, it's an insult. Fuck you." Tommy glared up at him. "Bitch."

("What about that one show?" Dream made an 'uhh' sound. "With the guys? *Hey, there, demons, it's me, ya boi?*")

"Oh!" Sapnap gasped. "Yeah, they did do those ones. But they also did a few others, but we didn't get an uptick with them.")

Ranboo nodded. "Mhm mhm. Alright. Thanks for clearing that up. Definitely an insult. Not a compliment. Mhm."

"Don't use your *sarc==sarcum==sar==fuck==sar==sar-ca-sum* on me, you *fucking==*"

"I'm gonna go corpor-eel. Wait==shit." Tubbo glared at the ground. "Corporeal. Yeah."

("Uptick," George repeated. "Have you always said that? Since when do you say that?")

Tommy blinked at him. "Is that..." He glanced at Ranboo. "Is that a good idea?"

"Well, even if it's not, they'll die in eighty years." Tubbo shrugged. "And we could speed up the process if we change our mind. You two don't have to! But I want to."

The two were silent.

("I dunno. Maybe I picked it up from you?" Sapnap shrugged. "Dream's been saying *gare-age* instead of *ga-rage* like an idiot.")

Ranboo turned to Tommy. "I mean... *we* don't have to."

Tommy blinked at the deep black of Ranboo's sunglasses.

"And Tubbo wants to... We can't exactly, like, stop him..."

("That was one time!" Dream defended, holding his hands up in surrender. "No==Sapnap, you're such an idiot! Guys, stop laughing==!")

Tubbo shifted. "I won't do it if you two *really* don't want me to."

Tommy pressed his lips into a thin line, brows furrowing. "It's up to you, Tubbo. I'd prefer if they didn't know anything about *me*, but. you're *you*. so."

("Dweam's turning *Bri-ish*," George mocked, squawking when Dream threw a pillow at him. "No==!")

"Just, like, don't say anything about us that they don't already know," Ranboo cautioned.

"Oh, natch. I won't, big man!" Tubbo promised. He cleared his throat.

"==cause you're being a dick!" George protested, in a tug-of-war with Dream. "You're gonna hit me with it!"

"I'm not==!" Dream wheezed. "I'm gonna put it back==!"

Sapnap nodded. "Yeah, George, he'll put it back. You're being mean."

"I'm not being mean, *Snapmap!* I==" George flinched as Sapnap threw a pillow at him.

"I said we'd have issues if you called me Snapmap again=="

"Wait==no! I didn't==! *Dream==!*" George got up and scrambled away, shielding himself.

Dream got up after him, grinning. "Come here, George!"

George held his arms up, slowly backing away. "No! Dream, no==Sapnap, help=="

"Nah, I'm with Dream on this one." Sapnap fluffed his pillow as he picked it up, arriving at Dream's side. "Oh, Gogy!"

"*Hi.*"

George jumped away from the raspy voice with a curse, taking a few steps back. "You scared me!"

"*Sorry.*" Tubbo cleared his throat. "*Do you know my name?*"

"You're Schlatt, right?" Dream tossed his pillow back onto the couch. "Tubbo Schlatt? Sorry, we got a little distracted."

"*Would you like to see me?*" he asked.

The three stared at where Tubbo's voice was coming from.

"I mean..." Sapnap started, gaze flicking to the other two, "if you're... comfortable with it?"

Dream and George nodded in agreement.

Tubbo took a deep breath.

And then he was corporeal again.

Tubbo blinked his eyes at the Dream Team, suddenly feeling a lot more solid. He smiled up at them. "Hello!"

The three stared at him, wide-eyed.

"Holy shit, you're short."

Dream whacked Sapnap's arm.

"I'm not short!" Tubbo immediately protested. "I'm, like, average height! You're just tall!"

"*I'm* average height," George said. "I'm actually an inch above it."

"*He is short,*" rumbled a voice beside Tubbo. "*Just in denial.*"

Tubbo glared at something the living couldn't see. "Fuck you, you tall bitch!"

"You're, like, armrest size," Dream said carefully with a small smile, cautious eyes trained on Tubbo.

Tubbo glowered at him and went incorporeal.

The Dream Team's faces fell.

The pillow ripped itself out of Sapnap's hands and began beating Dream over the head.

"A friend of mine's moving into this place next month."

Tommy stilled. "*What?*"

"His name's Techno," Dream explained as Tubbo and Ranboo looked to him, the former still corporeal, "and he's moving here next month. I need your help to scare him."

"I can off him while he sleeps," Tubbo offered.

"No!" Dream protested. "No, don't==don't kill anybody. Or hurt them. I just need your help to freak him out."

"*Then we can kill him?*" Tommy managed out.

"No."

Tommy huffed and flopped back onto the couch.

"Look==I've told him all the rumors about the house, but he doesn't know that I've *been* here." Dream glanced at Sapnap and George. "We've come up with a plan=="

"You came up with the plan while we threw popcorn at you," corrected Sapnap.

"==and we just need your help to execute it. I wanna scare the living shit out of him and his brother, but I need your help."

Tubbo drew out a hum. "Can we hurt them afterwards?"

"Not too badly," Dream warned. "Like, no majorly injuring them."

"Can I punch them?"

"He said no major injuries," Sapnap scolded.

Tubbo humphed.

"Here's a picture of him," Dream said, holding out his phone for the ghosts to see.

Tommy pushed himself off the couch, walking through the coffee table over to where Dream was sat on the armchair. His eyes went wide at the sight. "*His hair is pink?*"

"Yep," Dream answered. "He also does fencing, uh, he used to play the violin..."

"His brother's a musician, I think," George piped up.

"His dad's loaded," Sapnap added. "Phil could afford my house twice over and have enough left over to buy a yacht, and that'd barely make a dent."

"How did he get his hair *pink*?" Tommy asked, still in awe at the color of his hair. Pink was a rare enough dye as is==hard enough to find to label the boy's restrooms at the schoolhouse==but to get it in his *hair*?! That was so fucking *pog*!

"Isn't pink a girl's color?"

Tommy wrinkled his nose up at Tubbo. "The fuck kinda drugs are you on, man? Pink is the manliest=="

"Well, it used to be for boys," Sapnap chimed in. "It changed in 1940-something. Hitler used it to label gay people in his, uh... concentration camps, so everyone else began using it for women. It used to be a super hot pink for the boys and baby blue for the girls, before it switched."

("Why do you know this?" George asked.

Sapnap shrugged. "I was the kid with Holocaust facts.")

Tommy nodded. "Pink is the manliest color, because it didn't depend on fuckin' Hitler. And I don't know who Hitler is, but he sounds like a dick."

Ranboo and Tubbo's eyes turned to Tommy.

Tubbo blinked at him. "How do you *not know* who Hitler is=="

("Tubbo, you can do the ceiling crawling again, right?"

"Hell yeah! Should I screech at them this time?"

"Nah. I think it was scarier when you were quiet."

"Was it?"

"Dude, you're scary enough as is. I freaking *jumped* when I saw it for the first time, and I'm pretty sure I still had nightmares about it until maybe last week. I feel like a scream would make it less scary."

"Since when are you a horror movie expert?" George asked.

"Since I did your mom," Sapnap snickered, batting away the pillow George immediately threw at him.)

Chapter End Notes

tubbo's dyslexia | tommy's 1920s 3rd grade education
handshake meme what is english

also just wanted to address this now TECHNICALLY bench trio were raised in an era where homophobia and misogyny and racism was p rampant BUT bc it's MY FANFIC and I decide what to keep and what to not keep and i decide that none of them are like that >:[it's tagged historical inaccuracy for a reason

1930s slang

- Cheese it! | Stop it!/"Cease it!"
- Butcher's | A look
- Staunch | Trustworthy/Loyal

1940s slang

- Cockeyed | Crazy/Stupid
- Natch | Obviously/Of course

1970s slang

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

[Sleepy Bois Inc]

Chapter Notes

tbh idfk what happened last week. idk why i updated on thursday and honestly i don't think ill ever know. explains why i got such a lackluster response since most people are busy on thursdays. anyways here's a chapter on the CORRECT day.

[no cws]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"That pink fucker's here," Tommy seethed as Techno and two other people walked up to the house, multiple suitcases tugged along behind them. Their car was parked near the barn, the trunk open to reveal more suitcases stacked inside.

Techno himself had his hair==*Prime, it was fuckin' long*==tied back in a bun, wispy strands escaping the tie. He wore a deep red hoodie and some black jeans, red and blue suitcases rolling along behind him.

His brother==what was his name, Wilbur?==walked along behind him, a few inches taller. He wore a hat (a *beanie*, Tommy had been told when he asked the Dream Team earlier) atop his curly brown hair, an oversized yellow sweatshirt over his blue jeans, a guitar case over his shoulders, and gray and yellow luggages connected to him by his arms.

A third man, a much older-looking blond, trudged along behind them, lugging green and black suitcases behind him. He wore a white hoodie with red text near the chest, with faded dark blue jeans. He was far shorter than Tommy, but still taller than Tubbo, which Tommy was certain Tubbo didn't appreciate.

Tommy sniffed disdainfully. "Would Dream know if we tripped them?"

"Probably," Ranboo hummed regrettably.

Techno Blade-Minecraft let out a short laugh when the door flung open, only for the door-opener to cringe back and shield his face in his arm as he began a coughing fit.

Wilbur Soot-Minecraft stumbled away from the house, purposefully exaggerating his adverse reaction to the dust in the house. "I'm dying!" he hacked, falling to his knees. "Dad==Dad, help==I can't breathe=="

Philza Minecraft shook his head at him. "Get off the ground, mate, you'll get your sweater dirty before we can wash it."

"If he's dead, we don't have to worry about payin' for him," Techno offered. "More room for us."

Wilbur glared up at him. "I'll come back and haunt you for that. I'll be—I'll be Ghostbur, and I'll wake you up at ungodly hours just to punish you for that one sentence, you pink-headed fuck."

Phil laughed loudly at that, grip loosening on his bags.

"I'm leavin' you both out here and lockin' the door behind me," Techno called as he walked in the house, wrinkling his nose at the stale air. He exhaled quickly, his nose beginning to itch. He dropped his suitcases and looked towards the large window in the living room. He moved to open it, pushing the lacy, 80s- or 70s-style curtains inside.

Wilbur was getting off the ground and brushing his pants off while Phil regathered his bags. Techno turned away and glanced around, lip curling at the velvet couch and matching armchair sitting around the coffee table.

(No way he was helping to move those out—velvet and corduroy were the worst fabrics to exist on planet Earth, and he would rather do just about anything other than touch those textures *ever* again.)

Wilbur left his bags near the front door, immediately running up the very, *very* creaky stairs. "I get to choose my bedroom first!" he called down, barely audible under the sound of decades-old wood getting ready to give way.

"We'll need to get those replaced," Techno said to Phil entered. "The stairs, I mean. We'll also need new furniture if you want me to spend any time down here, ever."

"Have you checked the kitchen yet?" Phil asked after nodding. "I've already got a new oven, microwave, TV, and sitting room furniture on the way, but I don't know what else we'll need."

"We've still got the stuff from our old rooms on the way, right?" Techno asked. "How long is that gonna take?"

"Few days, maybe a week." Phil sniffed. "Dusty in here. You wanna start dusting before Wilbur's lungs act up?"

"Only if you take the living room."

("Why did the fuckin' *guitar bitch* choose *my* room?!" Tommy screeched as Wilbur sat his guitar down in Tommy's room, opening the window and coughing.

"Tommy's gotta deal with the guitar bitch!" Tubbo laughed. "He looks super pretentious, too! Good luck, big man."

"What the *fuck* does that even *mean*==?")

Techno chose the room furthest down the hall, Phil taking the largest room in the center. There were talks of turning the upstairs storage closet into a second bathroom--there was certainly room for it--but Phil decided to hold off on major renovations like that.

Their beds and mattresses had arrived, along with other new furniture, kitchen stuff, and a new TV. Thankfully, the walls throughout the house didn't need new coats of paint immediately, as the last people to have owned the house had made everything an off-white, which had faded to a near-yellow over the years.

They'd gotten a new dining table, along with twice as many chairs as they needed. ("In case any you want to invite anyone over," Phil had explained when Techno asked why there were so many chairs. "Your friend Dream lives around here, doesn't he?")

("Friend is a strong word==" Techno began, making Phil shake his head and laugh.)

Wilbur had quickly arranged for Dream and his gang to come around to their house, inviting along some more of their online friends that lived in England. They'd mostly declined, claiming they would be busy for some reason or another. Phil would be out that day and probably until the next morning, unfortunately, but he'd said that Dream, Sapnap, and George could stay over while was gone for the night.

"Hey, Techno," Dream greeted as he opened the door, scanning his eyes around the living room. "Next time, you're driving us here."

"It's not *that* far of a walk from the entrance," Techno defended, despite having driven from the entrance rather than walking. He stepped aside nonetheless and let the three in, all of them carting a backpack of some sort.

"I almost got stung twice," Sapnap complained. "*Please* tell me you're going to do something with those bees."

"I think we're waiting on an exterminator," Wilbur said. "But Phil said something about making an apiary, in the field, so we can get our own honey."

"I've got most of the ghost hunting stuff," George said. "Sapnap and Dream have the cameras."

Techno hummed and walked over to the stairs, calling Wilbur's name loudly. "He'll be bringin' masks down for us. We've got extra if you forgot yours? Even though I assume you're blurrin' our faces durin' editin'?"

Sapnap pulled two out from his pocket, handing a black one to George and keeping a gray one for himself. "We were gonna get decals to iron on, but they didn't ship quick enough."

"Only *Dream* gets the fancy mask, I get it. *Wilbur!*" Techno called again.

The Dream Team shared a glance before the steps began creaking, Wilbur rushing down the stairs.

Wilbur grinned at the other three as he caught sight of them, a regular mask in one hand and in the other==

"Wilbur, why would you do this to me," Techno deadpanned.

Wilbur tossed the fake pig skull mask over to Techno, who caught it. "I found your old cape, too, if you want," he offered with a grin.

Dream wheezed. "You kept those?! Techno=="

"*Phil* kept them," Techno corrected, fumbling with the straps to undo them.

"I think it looks sick," Sapnap offered. "Before we set up the cameras, have either of you experienced any supernatural stuff while you've been here?"

Wilbur and Techno shared a glance.

"The furniture's velvet," Techno said with a shrug.

Dream wrinkled his nose over at the sheet-covered couch. "Yeah, that's... ew."

"I couldn't spend more than five minutes in the house before I had to go outside," Wilbur added. "Cause of the dust."

"So, nothing," George summed up. "No need for an interview. Dinner, then ghost hunting?"

"You're not gonna find anything here, but you're welcome to try," Techno dismissed immediately. He set aside the mask, reaching for his phone in his pocket. "We don't have much yet, but I think there's a few pizzas if you wanna heat one or two up."

The five of them agreed that they'd heat up a pizza, oblivious to the three ghosts stood on the other side of the room, watching them with hungry looks.

Tubbo tilted his chin up, arms crossed as he stood between Tommy and Ranboo, both hunched closer to him, scowling at the living.

He growled, "I want to see them *beg*."

"Lights are all off?" George asked as he fiddled with the night vision setting on his camera, eventually deciding to level it off. "I'm ready."

Sapnap hummed agreement, holding up his camera.

"Why are we wearing masks anyways if they're just gonna be blurred in editing?" Wilbur asked, fiddling with the switch to his pale yellow flashlight.

Dream shrugged. "Just in case we, like, miss a face, or the blur doesn't catch up to a fast movement and we miss it."

Wilbur nodded in understanding.

"I don't think Techno needs his blurred, though," Dream teased.

Techno shook his head at him, flicking on his pastel pink flashlight. "Dream, please==my reputation=="

Dream let out a short wheeze. "What? Your face is covered, and the mask is cool."

George flicked on the spirit box, cutting the two off. He set it on the coffee table and backed away to get a wide shot of them all.

"Is anyone there?" Dream asked, angling his own lime green flashlight at the box.

Tommy wrinkled his nose at the box, turning to the other two. In a whisper, so the box wouldn't pick it up, he asked, "*We're waiting to do full sentences, right?*"

The other two nodded back. Ranboo quietly replying, "*We're switching voices during this part, too. Make it really choppy.*"

Tubbo rubbed his hands together. "*And I get to decide what we say on the spirit box. Tommy, go say yes.*"

"Hello?" Dream asked.

Tommy plugged his ears and moved a bit closer, beside George, who looked over to him (likely from feeling the chill) before quickly returning to the camera. He called out a quick "yes" before he sank back to the others.

Sapnap made a bit of a show of looking over to Dream.

"Who's here?" Dream asked. "Can you tell us your name?"

"You said there were two people here, right?" Wilbur asked. "That died? Beloved and Schlatt, right?"

Sapnap nodded. "Yeah. I don't think either of them will be in this room, though. One died in the attic and another outside, right?"

"Fell off the roof," George corrected.

Tubbo shouted out an unintelligible noise, sets eyes turning to the spirit box.

"Uh, I think that just said *boat*," Techno said.

"Schlatt's first name was Tubbo," George offered. "Maybe it was trying to say that?"

"Tubbo Schlatt," Dream said, "if that's you, can you say something?"

Tubbo glanced at Ranboo and Tommy, who shrugged. He blinked at the spirit box before making another noise.

"That sounded like a goat scream," Tommy whispered to him.

"How do you know what goat screams sound like?" Tubbo asked.

("Was that a fucking goat?" Wilbur asked.)

Tommy sent him a look. *"We used to have goats--did you not see the milking station?"*

("I think that was a goat," Sapnap snickered.)

Ranboo tilted his head. *"Why would you need a milking station, can't you just get a stool?"*

"No, they're too short, and we were fuckin' tall--"

"Tubbo, if that's you, can you repeat what you said?"

Tubbo looked down at the spirit box. "Fuck!"

"Not the monetization," Techno mourned.

"Tubbo, do you have something you want to tell us?" Dream asked,

Tubbo turned to Ranboo and told them to deepen his voice and say *"get out"* in an "unintentionally creepy" way.

Ranboo whipped his head around. *"What does that even mean==?!"*

"Just do it! They're waiting!"

"But I don't--!" Ranboo sighed. He cleared his throat and leaned closer to the spirit box and repeated what Tubbo told him to say.

"Make us," Wilbur challenged with a smirk.

"*I cannot wait to see him scream*," Tommy hissed, glaring up at him.

"This is your room, Wilbur?" George asked as they filed into the nearly empty room closest to the stairs.

Wilbur hummed, oblivious to the blond ghost cursing him out for stealing his room. "'S got a good view from here. Figured it'd be nice for song inspiration."

Techno took a seat on Wilbur's mattress, Dream moving beside him and holding out the spirit box, ready to turn it on.

"Imagine a ghost just pops up in the field," Sapnap half-joked, angling his camera out the window. "Farming or some shit."

"Why would a ghost be farming?" George asked.

"It's makin' a tutorial on how to farm when you're dead," Techno said, "on ghost YouTube."

"GhostTube," Wilbur agreed.

"So many potatoes."

"Techno," Dream began with a laugh, "what the hell is wrong with you?"

"Turn on the damn box, Dream," George interrupted.

"*Language*," Sapnap scolded in a nasally voice. George shoved him.

Dream flicked on the box, bathing the room in static noises.

"Get the fuck outta my room!" Tommy said, shaking his head when the box only caught about half his words.

"My room now, motherfucker," Wilbur shot back.

"Whose room is this?" Dream asked. "Can you give us a name?"

Tommy stayed silent, knowing that they'd been told not to reveal Tommy until either last minute, or at all. (Not that he'd want that fucking asshole knowing anything about him, anyway.)

"Hello?" Dream prompted.

"Wilbur's gotta share his room with a ghost, what a *loser*," Techno teased, laughing at Wilbur's sudden attack afterwards.

"Shut the fuck up," he said, ducking away from Techno's returning hit. "Ghosts don't fucking exist, and you know that--!"

"How do you know there isn't one in your room?" Dream asked Techno, stepping away as the two of them fought. "There are two ghosts here."

"*Kill*," Tubbo growled into the box.

Wilbur paused. He lunged at Techno, wrapping his hands around his neck. Techno began protesting amidst laughter, George rolling his eyes at them.

"You two are children," he said, chuckling.

"*I hate them*," Tommy seethed.

"*Then let's make sure they know it*," Ranboo whispered, herding the two closer to him as they began concocting a plan of their own to scare the group.

Chapter End Notes

yes they have color-coordinated flashlights what of it

not much benchtrio and historical slang this time, sorry.

also this chapter seems really. short to me? kinda bad? idk it's fine.

your dead best friend is walking up the stairs

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Best Friend" by AJJ

[cw for someone almost having a panic attack, mentions of being killed, and mentions of home invasion]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"This is a storage room, right?" Sapnap asked as he peered into the open doorway, camera angled at the empty boxes strewn about.

"Phil's thinkin' about turnin' it into an extra bathroom," Techno explained as they filed in, George staying behind until the rest of them were inside.

"You're, like, right across the hall, though," Dream said. "Wouldn't the construction work be super loud and annoying?"

"We're gonna stay here for a few months before we even look into it," Wilbur defended, pulling down the edge of his hoodie. "to see if it's worth it. Then we'll probably stay in a hotel or something while it's all being put in."

George flicked on the spirit box, cutting off any more conversation.

"Hello?" Dream called.

The static rang out, unbroken.

"Is anyone there?" he continued.

Nothing.

Until==

"==oor," came a voice.

"*Floor?*" Sapnap repeated. "Or door?"

Wilbur flicked his gaze towards the door, freezing like a deer in headlights.

Techno reached for Wilbur and pulled him closer, almost stuffing him behind him.

Dream turned, preparing himself to see Ranboo stood there, in his suit. He still felt his breath halt as flashlights landed on the ghost, still as a corpse.

George whispered a quick curse, backing up.

The door swung shut in the time it took Dream to blink.

The sound of static refilled the room.

"Who the fuck was that?" Wilbur demanded.

"Did you let someone in our house?!" Techno added, sounding much more pissed off.

"No, we didn't let someone in your fucking house!" George bit.

"Then who's in the hallway?!" Techno shot back.

"*I don't know!*" George readjusted the camera. "What do we do?"

"There's only one thing we *can* do," Dream said, tone wavery and uncertain, "unless any of you wanna climb out a second-story window."

Techno rolled his eyes at the phrasing.

No one volunteered.

Sapnap creaked the door open, camera angled out towards the staircase. He paused before advancing out with a quiet, drawn-out "*uh*" sound.

Dream followed, moving to the side so Wilbur and Techno could step through.

"Oh, hell no," Wilbur immediately cursed. "How the fuck==no."

"Weren't you complaining about how loud it was whenever it opened the other day?" Dream asked Techno with a grin.

Techno stared at the ladder to the attic, down to reveal the barely-lit maw of the attic. "Uhhh."

"Do we... go up?" George guessed.

"The lightbulb in there still hasn't been replaced," Techno said, angling his flashlight up into the attic. Sapnap pulled his own out==a bright orange with a smiley face drawn on in black ink==and did the same, ensuring the night vision was still off on his camera.

"Get your flashlights on, then," Dream said.

"What if the guy in the suit's waiting up there with a knife?" Sapnap asked.

"Techno will protect us," Wilbur dismissed. "Send him up first."

"I'm not protectin' you," Techno shot back as Dream began to climb up. "You're on your own."

Wilbur hit his arm with the flashlight. "I'll just make you my human meat shield. Up you go."

"Why are salt circles your go-to?" Techno asked, glancing around at the dusty boxes pushed into corners. "If all it takes for a demon to be held off is a bunch of tablesalt, then why haven't people used it to trap a demon and exorcise it?"

"Cause they can't get the demon to stay in one place?" George guessed, rummaging through his bag. "Or because no one has enough salt to encircle a house. Or maybe the demon just leaves the house when it sees it happening."

Dream finished off the salt circle, clicking the salt shaker closed and stuffing it back into his backpack. He took a seat between Sapnap and George. "I dunno if the circle makes some sort of... arcane protection, or if they just can't touch salt. Cause, if it's the salt itself that blocks them, then you could probably make any type of shape."

"So why did you make the circle if we need the demons to use the board?" Techno asked.

Dream paused. "Oh, fuck=="

"You're an idiot, Dream," George said, already going to brush away a portion of the salt. "You're actually an idiot."

"Ooh, Gogy's upset with *you*," Sapnap crowed as Dream set to helping George.

"Your friend's gonna come creaking up the stairs while we're up here," Wilbur said, "isn't he? That's why we haven't called the cops yet, isn't it?"

"We didn't let anyone in," Dream explained again. "I will literally swear on my mask that we did not let anyone in here."

"Better hand it over, then." Wilbur glanced over at the open door, flicking his flashlight over to it. "We know someone's down there."

"Just play along," Techno said to him. "We can act really scared and get them to pay for food next time we're out."

Wilbur paused before tucking himself into Techno's side. *"I'm so scared! Oh, no! There's a ghost! Techno, my dear and lovely brother, protect me!"*

Techno shoved him off.

"We ready?" Dream asked, flicking on a GoPro and placing a hand on the planchette.

George set his camera down in his lap, angling it at the board. He placed his own hand on the planchette, followed by Sapnap. Wilbur and Techno followed suit.

Dream began to direct the planchette around the board in a circle thrice. He stopped it again in the middle. "Is anyone there?"

There was no movement.

"My name's Dream," he continued, adjusting the GoPro in his grip. "This is George, and Sapnap. You probably already know Techno and Wilbur. Who's here?"

Nothing.

Sapnap yawned.

Wilbur rolled his eyes.

A stair creaked.

Wilbur and Techno froze. Flashlights angled at the opening.

Another stair.

George scrambled for his camera, angling it at the door to the attic.

Another creak.

Sapnap grabbed at the salt.

Wilbur grabbed for Techno's arm, knuckles going white. His chest stuttered, breathing going thin.

Creak.

Sapnap swallowed, eyes wide and face pale.

The creaks continued, slowly, until they stopped at the top.

Techno tightened his grip on the flashlight.

The steps were silent.

(Tommy and Ranboo grinned at the group, eagerly waiting for Tubbo to resume his creaking.)

George gave a shaky inhale, having been holding his breath.

The bottom step of the ladder creaked.

"Ohmygodno," Wilbur rushed, grabbing both hands at Techno, the one on the planchette having gone limp with fright before. "Techno==!"

"Dream, I *swear to god*==" Techno growled, pulling Wilbur to his feet.

Another step creaked.

"What the fuck," Sapnap murmured, unmoving. "Whatthefuckwhatthefuckwhatthefuck=="

George muttered a few curses, the closest of the trio to the exit. He quickly swiped the planchette over the goodbye, his friends' hands limp (if only out of instinct, and hopefully unseen by the Minecrafts) and got to his feet, reaching for Dream's shoulder.

Another creak, this one drawn-out.

Dream grabbed for George and Sapnap, dropping the GoPro.

Another creak.

Techno grabbed into his own pocket in search of something he could use to defend himself. He came up empty.

"*Techno*," Wilbur whimpered, short of breath and trembling, "*I don't wanna die*."

Another creak, but no head was seen cresting over the top of the ladder.

"What...?" George whispered, fumbling before he realized he'd left the camera on the floor.

Another creak.

(Tubbo openly giggled at the sight of them, floating up a bit more==having gone incorporeal after creeping up the stairs==and pressing his foot onto the next step.)

"What==" Techno tried, brows furrowed behind his mask as he scrambled for an explanation.

The final step creaked, but no one was there to make the sound.

The room fell into silence.

"*What the fuck*," Wilbur whispered, blinking away tears in his eyes.

(Tubbo practically vibrated with excitement. "Go down, go down, go down==" he chanted.

Ranboo and Tommy rushed past him to wait at the stairs to the first floor.)

"I==" Dream tried.

He didn't try again.

"We should..." George faltered. "We should head out. Get some fresh air."

The Dream Team quickly gathered up their equipment, stepping out of the salt circle and over to the attic door.

(Ranboo and Tommy scurried down, malicious grins matching as they practically flew downstairs.)

Sapnap descended first with the camera, followed by Dream and George.

Techno and Wilbur left next, Wilbur looking significantly worse for wear.

Sapnap turned around at the top of the stairs, angling his light and camera at the attic. "Should we close that?"

Heads turned to the downed attic ladder, flashlights joining the light of the hallway window to highlight the darkened opening.

Techno paused to consider it. There really wasn't any harm in leaving it open until they were more composed==

A hand reached out, followed by a body in green and a face covered in scars, dragging itself across the ceiling==

Screams went up from the team, the stairs creaking in protest as the five bolted to the door.

Wilbur was the first to get to the front door, tugging at the handle==

"*Why the fuck isn't it opening?!*" he shouted, eyes wide with fear

(Ranboo laughed openly at Wilbur's distress, leaning against the door and ignoring the weird feeling of one of the living stood within him.)

Techno reached for the door to tug it open, only for the door to barely budge, as if it was part of the wall.

Wilbur shouted a curse, struggling for breath as he attempted to even *rattle* the door.

"Wilbur?" Dream tried, growing worried at the state of him. Was the door jammed or something? Or... but they promised not to==

Techno moved Wilbur's hand off the knob, yanking at it with all his strength. It shifted, but it fell back into place.

"I think he's panicking," Sapnap murmured, wincing at the sight of Wilbur sliding down the wall. "Dream==?"

"That's enough!" Dream called out when Sapnap had stopped himself. "You've scared them enough==let them open the door."

Techno turned to him, confusion clear in his body language. At Wilbur's curse, he whipped around and knelt, Wilbur grasping out for his hand. "Dream, *what==?!!*"

"That's enough from all of you," Dream went on, allowing a bit of his rage to slip into his voice. "We did *not* say you could keep the doors closed!" He flinched when a harsh blow landed on his ankle, likely Tubbo. "*Ow, fuck==*"

"Inhaler," Techno struggled, likely still confused beyond belief. "It's on his desk. Someone=?"

George was already bounding up the stairs, returning barely a breath later with the piece of plastic in his hand. He tossed it over to Techno, who quickly passed it to Wilbur.

Wilbur's chest stuttered, hands shaky as he grasped blindly for it.

"Dream, *what the fuck?*" Techno growled, glare almost tangible from behind his mask.

Dream sighed, pushing his mask up and pinching his nose. "It's a long story. Uh... fuck. So, we were here a while ago, we met the ghosts, and arranged for them to scare you. We did *not*, however, say they could lock the doors." He glared off to the side on the off chance one of them was there.

"You *literally said you wouldn't come here* because you *knew* we'd be moving in," Techno said, pulling off his own mask, "And you arranged for people to *hold the doors shut==*"

"We did *not==!*"

"*=because you thought it would scare us?!* Wilbur was about to have a panic attack because of you!" He took a deep breath and shut his eyes, turning to check on Wilbur, who was still busy wiping the pricks of tears forming in his eyes onto his hoodie sleeves.

"We specifically said that they *couldn't* stop you guys from leaving," Dream offered, annoyance clear in his voice. His tone turned somber when he added, "We probably shouldn't have arranged this in the first place..."

"What?" Sapnap asked. "I thought it was going pretty well until the attic."

"Sapnap, they literally drove away so many moving companies because they could physically harm them and cause hallucinations," George said. "I knew it would go wrong, but not... this wrong... sorry, Wilbur..."

"I'm fine," Wilbur breathed out, still hidden in his sleeve as he held Techno's hand in a vice. "You didn't=" He cleared his throat. "*=didn't know. Can we go outside now?*"

Techno quickly pulled him up to his feet, pulling open the door with a little more force than necessary. They hurried out, stopped a little ways away, and sat down, Wilbur's chest heaving.

"I'll join you in a bit," Dream said. "I'm gonna talk to them."

Sapnap scoffed. "Tubbo's gonna beat your ass." Nevertheless, he and George followed out Techno and Wilbur, shutting the door behind them.

"That was *really fucking shitty* of you three to do," Dream hissed into the room. "What the fuck, you guys?"

"How were *we* supposed to know he'd panic so easily?" Tubbo asked, all-too casual for the situation. He was sat on the couch behind Dream, an incorporeal Ranboo to his side.

"*You should have let us mess with that pink cowson even more,*" Tommy grumbled, popping up near the hallway exit, having been holding closed the backdoor. He gave a cough. "*I'd have liked to see him fuckin' weep.*"

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Dream snapped, making the blond jump in surprise.

"*What?!"*

"We were going to have Beloved magic a really twitchy version of himself, with a weird face, and have it appear in the hallway," Tubbo explained, "when you tried the backdoor. And it would, like, limp towards you, and T==and he wouldn't let you out until the last minute=="

"That is not okay!" Dream interrupted. "I don't know who told you that *shit* is alright to pull, but they were obviously wrong."

"*It was a... collective effort,*" Ranboo mumbled sheepishly.

"I know you've all been here for==thirty to eighty years," Dream said, "so, obviously, your standards of how you treat other people differ. And your time spent as a ghost has clearly removed the consequences of treating people like *shit*. But that does *not* excuse the shit you pulled tonight."

"*Oh, what the fuck are you gonna do, bitch?*" Tommy challenged. "*Send us to clean the outhouse?*"

"You three are going to *apologize* to Wilbur and Techno, and you're going to leave them alone for *as long* as they, and Phil!, stay here."

"How are you going to enforce that?" Tubbo challenged.

"I'll figure that out," Dream promised, already thinking of testing how sage would work, and if salt *actually* worked against ghosts. "For now, I am *pissed*. So are Sapnap and George. When Wilbur and Techno get back in here, you are *going* to apologize, and you are going to *fucking mean it*."

Dream turned and stalked out, leaving the three of them alone

"We shouldn't have kept the door closed," Ranboo immediately caved, curling in on himself.

"It would have been fuckin' fine!" Tommy dismissed. "Dream's just a bitch."

"It really went belly up, though, so we definitely went overboard at some point, though," Tubbo admitted, tapping his fingers on his arm as he went incorporeal. "I mean... he *did* have

a panic attack. Or almost did. But our idea totally would have worked! Maybe we should have left the backdoor open to tempt them..."

"We shouldn't have done it at *all*," Ranboo emphasized. "We agreed to not block their exits."

"So?" Tubbo asked. "It's not like they were in any real danger."

"But Wilbur and Techno didn't know that."

Tommy scoffed. "Who fuckin' cares what they know or think? We'll scare 'em out by the end of the month and be done with them."

Ranboo sighed. "I dunno, Tommy... maybe we should give them a chance?"

"*What?*" Tubbo asked, turning to Ranboo in astonishment.

"Look, Dream's really upset right now," Ranboo explained hastily, "and he seemed pretty serious about finding ways to keep us in line. We could just leave them alone for a little while... y'know? Just until he mellows out?"

"That's a fuckin' stupid idea!" Tommy criticized. "He'll be mad at us anyways. I knew we shouldn't've let our guard down, now you're all attached and shit!"

"And you're not?" Tubbo challenged.

Tommy flinched. "Of course not! I=="

The other two sent him a look.

Disagreement and protests quickly died on his tongue.

"So, you're trying to tell me that you came here and made friends with the... ghosts, then employed them to scare the shit out of us?"

"*Yeah*," Sapnap began guiltily, cowering at Wilbur's fierce glare, "but they agreed not to block the exits, so we thought it'd be fine."

"But these are the same ghosts that hurt people to get them out before," George added, finishing tucking the cameras away into Sapnap's bag, "so, in hindsight, we shouldn't have been so harsh with our plan."

"Didn't you three agree *not* to come near this house?" Techno asked. "Since you *knew* we'd be moving in here?"

Sapnap and George glanced at each other.

Sapnap opened his mouth to defend himself but shut it.

Dream clicked open the front door, closing it behind him and making his way over to them. "We're really sorry about that, guys," he said to Wilbur and Techno. "They're... not really all that sorry, but they shouldn't pull something like that again any time soon."

"We already told them about Field Kid," Sapnap explained.

"So, their names are Tubbo, Beloved, and Field Kid?" Techno asked, clearly not believing them. "Terrifying."

"Tubbo likes to kick people," Sapnap offered. "But he did punch me once. That's where I got that huge bruise from."

"You said you got that from Dream fake punching you and miscalculating," Wilbur said.

"I lied."

"How dare you, Sapnap," Techno said, "you've broken every bit of trust I had in you."

"Nice one, Snapmap," George said sarcastically.

Sapnap pushed him with a quiet "*shut up*".

"For some reason, I don't think I believe you," Wilbur said. "Maybe it's because ghosts *don't exist*."

"Don't let them catch you saying that," Dream warned as he knelt beside George. "Tubbo punched Sapnap cause he said they wouldn't hurt us."

"Of course," Techno said, nodding. "The *ghost* punched you. Very reasonable."

"I hope Beloved wrecks your bookshelf," Sapnap sniped at him. "You're sharing a room with him."

"I'm terrified of the dead orphans in the house makin' my books float around," Techno promised.

"One of them gave Beloved's parents nightmares bad enough that I think they had to get treated for PTSD," George said.

Wilbur gave a heavy sigh. "Of course they did..."

Dream pulled himself to his feet with a grunt. "I think we should head back inside," he said.

"I think we shouldn't," Wilbur disagreed.

Sapnap snorted. "Sooner you go in, the sooner we can introduce you to the ghosts."

"Even more reason to stay out here," Techno said. "I'm sure we can sleep in the barn til Phil gets home. We can order food."

"I am *not* sleeping in the *barn*," George hissed, getting to his feet in an instant. "Both of you get inside."

"Oh, *fuck this*," Tommy groaned when the front door opened. "I am *not* apologizing. They don't get to hear my voice. Dickheads."

"I will," Tubbo said, "but I won't mean it. It's what you have to do in politics==be nice to people you don't like, and shit."

"I don't... I really don't want them to hear me," Ranboo said, shifting uncomfortably. "But, like, it'll be quick, right?"

"Just don't say anything," advised Tommy. "Fuckers didn't even make it outta the house before they gave up. They wouldn't make it through a haunted house."

"Alright, you three," Dream began as the five of them flooded in, "you remember what I said before?"

Tubbo rolled his eyes.

The door clicked shut, Wilbur and Techno crowded near each other.

Ranboo got to his feet and moved closer to the group as Dream glanced around. He cleared his throat and spoke: "*We're sorry for==keeping the doors closed.*" He winced and moved a hand up to his neck. "*And for==scaring you.*"

"Thank you, Beloved," Dream said while Techno and Wilbur stared at where Ranboo's voice had come from. "Tubbo? Other ghost?"

"I'm not sayin' shit," Tommy hissed.

"*What the fuck?*" Wilbur whispered to Techno.

"*Sorry*," Tubbo called from the couch. "*It was kinda shitty of us to do that.*"

Dream nodded. "Thank you, Tubbo. Field Kid?"

"*Fuck you.*"

"*Field Kid*," Dream warned.

"Tommy, just say sorry and we can get this over with," Tubbo said.

Tommy crossed his arms and didn't respond.

"You *cannot* be serious," Wilbur said, glancing around (perhaps to find speakers).

"We are!" Sapnap promised. "There are *actually* ghosts here. You just heard, uh, Beloved and Schlatt."

"They could probably throw something," George offered.

Techno raised an eyebrow and held out his flashlight. "'S that so?"

Tubbo bounded over and snatched it, fumbling with it before turning it on and shining it back in Techno's eyes. "Yes."

Techno, his eyes squinted shut, nodded. "I stand corrected."

Wilbur shook his head, disbelief clear in his eyes.

Tubbo tossed it at Wilbur. "*Don't shake your head at us, bitch!*" He cleared his throat after as Wilbur flinched away from the flashlight.

"Hey!" Dream interrupted. "Don't throw stuff at Wilbur. Field Kid, apologize!"

Tubbo humphed.

Tommy picked up a couch cushion and tossed it at Dream.

"Tommy, don't throw things at Dream," Ranboo said.

"I'll throw *whatever* I want at *whoever* I want," Tommy replied. "Fuckin' mamzer."

Dream tossed the pillow back onto the couch and turned to Techno and Wilbur. "Look, I'll try to figure something out when I get home. For now, just know that I don't think Field Kid himself can hurt you. He can throw shit, but he doesn't have any real power outside of that."

"*He can scream,*" Tubbo offered with a shiver. "*Prime, can he scream.*"

Sapnap placed a hand on Wilbur's shoulder. "He can't do much without Beloved and Tubbo's help, though. Tubbo can kick and Beloved can do... like, hallucinations? I think? He didn't really go into depth last time we were here."

("Did I tell them I could do that?" Ranboo asked Tubbo, who nodded in return.)

"*I can do shit!*" Tommy barked.

"Like what?" Dream asked.

"Don't start screaming==" Tubbo tried, claspings his hands over his ears.

"Tommy, stop==their ears==" Ranboo called as he cowered.

Wilbur complained of ringing in his ears for what had to be at least five minutes afterwards.

Tommy hacked into his elbow, throat absolutely destroyed through not only screaming (which didn't usually bother him) but also from that dumbass feeling that he always got when he made his voice audible to the living.

"You guys got a spray bottle?" Dream asked as Techno began working to hook up the VCR to the TV.

"Uh... maybe, why?" Techno asked.

("How does this microwave work?" Sapnap asked Wilbur from the kitchen. "*Am I not pressing the buttons hard enough?*")

"We could try spraying them with saltwater."

"Wouldn't they have to be corporeal for that?"

Dream shrugged and looked back down at his phone. "Just an idea."

"Hey, Field Kid? You over here?"

Tommy poked his head through a wall--from the outside into the kitchen--and grunted in response to Dream.

Dream lifted a colorful, triangular bottle with a nozzle attached and *sprayed* something at him.

"*What the f--oh, fuck--*" Tommy jerked back and began cursing quietly so the others in the living room couldn't hear him, face suddenly burning. "*What the fuck, man?!*"

Dream sighed as Tommy began scrubbing at his face. "I didn't wanna use that, but it's the only thing I can think of for right now. Apologize, or I'm spraying you again."

"*You'll never catch me,*" Tommy hissed, still scrubbing at his face. He yelped when Dream spritzed him again, flinging himself back outside.

"Told you you should have said sorry," Tubbo said, undisturbed by Tommy's obvious discomfort.

Tommy blindly flipped him off.

("They do not, in fact, have to be corporeal to be sprayed," Dream announced as he sat back down on the couch, throwing his legs over Sapnap's lap.

"I don't want your feet near me!" George protested, shoving at Dream's ankles, which had ended up near his knees.

Dream kicked him with a chuckle. "We're both wearing socks, Gogy, don't worry. Hey== don't hit me==!")

Chapter End Notes

they may have color-coordinated flashlights but only sapnap gets a hand-drawn dream smiley face on his

also why does salt supposedly work against demons and does it form arcane protection (like making a salt circle forms an anti-demon thing) or can they just not touch it (like they would have to go around a line of salt instead of just going over it)

gonna try making the chapters longer btw. im not used to writing 3-4k chapters but the 1.5-2k ones seem kinda underwhelming compared to the first three.

1930s

- Cowson | Son of a bitch

- Mamzer | Bastard [typically used as a term of endearment]

1940s

- (To go) belly up | To fail

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler word

- Mellow out | Calm down [usually used to tell someone to calm down, but I figured it could work to say that someone was going to calm down]

- Totally | Certainly

sense and sensibility and peaceful productivity

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Sense, Sensibility" by AJJ

it was v hard to find a title for this chapter lol

HAPPY HALLOWEEN

(cw for brief attempted not really murder, v brief mentioned mention of drugging someone to sleep)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur was... hm.

Wilbur was hm.

On one hand, ghosts existed, and he had proof, because there is no way the Dream Team (who had gone home just a few hours ago after dinner) could have orchestrated *that* with the flashlights and shit.

On the other hand, ghosts existed.

Hm.

He glanced around the darkened, mostly-empty room, certain one of the three ghosts was watching him. (He could just feel the pinpricks that always came with the feeling of being watched.)

Speaking of, there were *three* ghosts. Not two. One of their deaths apparently hadn't been recorded, or it was recorded as a missing child and never connected to the house.

Was that the one in his room?

(Oh, fuck, he'd *sworn* at the ghost==)

Wilbur saw movement in the corner of his eye==

He jerked up and out of bed, about ready to fight a ghost==

His guitar cluttered to the ground, making a godawful racket that startled Wilbur and probably everyone in the damn house out of whatever dozed state they were in.

The house fell silent.

Wilbur stared intently at the guitar, certain it would suddenly jump up and throw itself at him.

Nothing.

His hands curled into the teal blue blanket that fell around his legs.

He sat there for what could have been hours or mere seconds.

"Hello?" he called, voice nearly as quiet as the room.

(Tommy rolled his eyes.)

The blanket pulled itself off Wilbur.

Eyes wide, Wilbur held his hands up to shield himself, practically cowering.

("Why the hell is this so heavy?" Tommy mumbled to himself, furrowing his brows at the otherwise normal-looking blanket. He adjusted his grip and shuffled.)

"What do you want?" Wilbur struggled out, muscles locked in place.

The blanket tossed itself over him.

Wilbur kicked out on instinct, hands fighting to remove the weighted blanket.

Something *landed* on him.

Wilbur couldn't scream.

He shoved what he thought had to be the ghost off him, pulling the heavy blanket over his head and tossing it to the side.

Wilbur's chest heaved.

It was his pillow.

The ghost had... thrown his pillow on him? But...

Wilbur swallowed dryly.

He shakily stood from the bed, eyes locked on the blanket.

Wilbur left the room in a small scramble, closing the door and silently booking it to Techno's.

Knocking didn't even cross his mind.

Wilbur tossed open the door and the sight he found gave him pause.

"Yo," Techno greeted, sat on his arctic blue blanket, a few Uno cards in his hand.

The floating cards across the mattress from him waved, ensuring they kept their backs facing Techno as best as they could. Between the two was Techno's closed laptop, the rest of the cards placed near the middle and the box nowhere to be seen.

"What the fuck?" Wilbur mumbled.

"I got Beloved for a roommate," Techno said as an explanation.

"You huh?" Wilbur asked, voice low and somewhat slurred.

"You good?"

"*He scare you?*" asked a deep, grumbly voice from across Techno.

Wilbur gaped.

"Well, now you're just bein' rude," Techno said. He gestured for Wilbur to come sit beside him, shifting to the side.

Wilbur blinked and then he was walking over, having shut the door behind him. He flopped beside Techno, just now noticing the indentation in the bed on the other side of the laptop.

"Why are you playing Uno?" Wilbur muttered, still staring at the floating cards and indented bed.

Techno shrugged. "Beloved said he liked the game."

"No==" Wilbur sighed. "I mean, *how?* How are you playing with a *ghost?*"

Techno shrugged. "I offered to play cards. He chose Uno."

Wilbur put a hand on his forehead. Why did he even *try* to get straightforward answers from him anymore?

"You wanna play a round?" Techno asked. "Beloved and I are just about done, I think."

Wilbur wordlessly shook his head.

Techno shrugged. "Your loss." He turned back to his cards and placed a red four atop a red seven.

Beloved's cards shifted. One plucked itself from the five cards==a yellow four==and placed itself down.

Wilbur watched the two play for a bit, both exchanging few words as they played. He yawned and felt himself slump over into Techno.

He'd just close his eyes for a minute, he told himself. Then he'd continue watching their game.

Next time Wilbur opened his eyes, he and Techno were asleep on Techno's mattress, the cards and laptops cleaned up and placed to the side.

"Aaand he's asleep," Techno said as Wilbur relaxed against him, eyes shut. He shifted to lay Wilbur down behind him, on the pillow.

Ranboo glanced down at Wilbur to find him knocked out cold. He hummed and picked out his blue reverse card, setting it atop a blue one. "*Uno*."

Techno hummed and turned back to Ranboo, placing down a +4.

"*I don't like you*," Ranboo said, earning himself a bark of laughter. He picked up four more cards.

"Yellow," Techno simply replied, grinning lazily.

Ranboo huffed. The one color he didn't have.

Techno waited for Ranboo to tuck the next card he got into its proper place before he placed his own card, a yellow seven. "Anyways, uh, you said your first initial was R, right?"

Ranboo nodded before remembering that Techno couldn't see him. He mumbled out a yes and placed a blue seven.

With a frown, Techno grabbed another card. "And you were the one from the 70s, right?"

"*Yep*," Ranboo said.

"Hippie?"

"*Yep*."

"*Uno*."

"*Die*."

A laugh bubbled from Techno's throat.

"Honestly kinda cringe that you fell asleep in my bed."

Wilbur shoved his hand into Techno's face, not bothering to open his eyes or make any other indication he was awake.

Techno poked him in the side. "Wilbur," he said, voice slurred from Wilbur's hand smashing his face, "my arm's goin' numb. I fell asleep *after* you, I don't even know how you got it under you."

"Who won th'game?" Wilbur yawned.

Techno hummed in thought. "We had to call it off cause your roommate came in and dragged Beloved away. I had Uno, though, for, like, the third time."

Wilbur hummed sleepily. "Beloved plays a good game of Uno?"

"Better than you."

Wilbur kicked Techno off the mattress.

Ranboo finally looked up from where he was reading one of Techno's books--*The Art of War* by Sun Tzu--in the dim light from the window. He stared at the two mortals, still dredged down by their half-awake states, and felt his heart ache in envy.

He set the book back down and crossed into Tommy's room as Wilbur began complaining to Techno that he was cold.

"You kicked me off the bed, why are you complainin'==?!"

Tommy grumbled as he sat on Wilbur's bed, arms crossed and face set in a glare.

Ranboo looked down at him, an eyebrow raised. "How has your face not stuck like that after eighty years?"

"Fuck you," Tommy hissed. "Fuck you, fuck that, fuck the shitty fuckin' cowson that's trying to take my room, fuck the guitar, and fuck this fucking *Minecraft* family."

Ranboo hummed. "Very poetic."

Tommy glared at him. "What the fuck's *wrong* with that guy?! He gets food on the table three times a day, he gets *snacks*, he doesn't have to do fieldwork, he's got more clothes than I would have worn in my *entire life*, and he gets scared by me *throwing a blanket on him*?!" He shook his head. "What the *fuck* is up with this generation?"

"You wanna hide the strings to Wilbur's guitar?"

Confusion wormed its way onto Tommy's mask of rage. "Aren't they, like, part of it?"

"Nah. I think my dad had a guitar? And my mom and I used to hide the strings to trick him. And I dunno if we can take them off, but we can certainly hide the backups."

"Attic?" Tubbo, who had apparently been there the whole time, asked, sitting upside down on the ceiling.

Ranboo flinched and whipped towards him. "Uh, yeah. Totally." He cleared his throat and began glancing around at the various suitcases and haphazardly placed boxes. "Now, um... where are they?"

"Morning, mate," Phil greeted with a yawn as he entered the kitchen. "You're up early."

"Wilbur kicked me out of my own bed," Techno said by way of explanation.

"Why was Wilbur in your bed?" Phil asked, rummaging around for a mug. "Did he get scared by his guitar falling over or something?"

Techno shrugged and took a sip of his water. "Ask him."

Phil blinked at Techno. "Did you sleep last night?"

"I was unconscious for a prolonged amount of time."

"Techno--"

"Wilbur's still in bed, and he's asleep," Tubbo said. "I kinda wanna kick him."

"Or, y'know," Ranboo suggested as he picked through a box of nick nacks, in the attic, "just don't."

"I think you should break his nose," Tommy contributed.

"On it, big man." Despite his words, Tubbo floated over to take a seat beside Tommy. "I'm gonna scare Phil tomorrow night." Tubbo nodded determinedly. "Nothin' like some good ol' sleep paralysis."

Tommy and Ranboo both halted.

"Since when can you do sleep paralysis?!" Ranboo asked.

"Oh, I can't. I wish I could, though. Could you make someone hallucinate that they can't move?"

He shrugged. "I don't think so. I haven't really been able to practice in a few years, so tricking someone into thinking something like that's gonna take time."

“All our shit’s on the way,” Phil said, typing something onto his phone. “Should be here in maybe half an hour.”

“Finally,” Wilbur muttered around his cup. “I’m tired of sleeping on the floor.”

“Imagine sleeping,” Techno said, “what a loser.”

“I will drug you,” Phil threatened half-heartedly, placing his phone down. He stifled a yawn and reached for some coffee. “I canceled the oven and new sink, just so we don’t have to deal with that yet, so it’s mostly just bedroom stuff we’re getting. Techno, the couch is on the way.”

“Finally!” Techno groaned. “That sheet we’re usin’ to cover it falls off way too often.”

The three fell back into silence as they continued eating, oblivious to the ghosts watching them.

“More stuff to fuck with?” Tommy asked.

“I think they’re getting furniture more than they are throwable stuff,” Tubbo said, “but if they’re putting it together themselves, we could definitely fuck with it.”

“Wanna make it a game?” Ranboo asked. “Whoever, uh... messes up the most stuff without Wilbur and Techno getting mad wins.”

“But we *want* them to get mad,” Tubbo protested. “How about if we did it... but we couldn’t let them see us moving anything? I wanna try to piss off Phil. That geezer’s in *my* room, after all.”

“Try and get them to blame as much as they can on each other?” Tommy suggested. “Winner gets, uh...”

The ghosts quieted as they tried to think of what they would win.

“Winner get bragging rights?” Tubbo offered.

Tommy and Ranboo glanced at each other. They shrugged and agreed.

Chapter End Notes

wrote a few chapters while i was at school and uh. wow my writing is different when im there. wrote like 4k words in one day. the very last section and next few chapters i wrote in school and they have. a bit of a different feel to them?

ALSO!!! i impulse published a [nightmare before christmas dsmp au](https://archiveofourown.org/works/34769746). ill be updating it almost every day. a lot of the ao3 parts are incomplete, but the story itself is going p smoothly.

link w/o formatting: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/34769746>

1930s

- Cowson | Son of a bitch

1940s

- Geezer | An old person

1970s

- Totally | Certainly

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

and we'll show the neighbor kid // what our love actually means

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Getting Naked and Playing With Guns" by AJJ

i have so many chapters prewritten i was genuinely surprised when i saw that the fic was still on this plot point.

(cw for violence ig)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"The moving truck's here!" Phil called up the stairs.

Tommy darted out from his room, where he was watching Wilbur root around for his guitar strings, and rushed down the stairs, hearing Ranboo and Tubbo chase after him.

Techno and Wilbur emerged from their rooms shortly after, Phil already outside as the workers began lifting up furniture. A couch and two matching armchairs could be seen from the door, already assembled.

"I don't know if you'll be able to get the couch out from inside without destroying it," Phil admitted to one of them. "Or get the new one in..."

"We'll find a way," the worker assured easily.

Wilbur and Techno shuffled out of the way as two people headed inside, nodding their heads in greeting.

"I really wanna trip them," Tubbo said as the two moved to pick up the couch, now barren of throw pillows and sheet coverings. "Like. I *really* want to trip them."

Ranboo stared at the couch for a second. "I kinda wanna, like, turn the couch into a monster. Just for a second, y'know?"

Tommy crossed his arms. "Well, what's stopping you two? The pricks that live here?"

The two of them went still.

Tubbo immediately focused on one of the people, looking prepared to rush over to them.

They lifted up the couch and==

One of them--a lady with dark brown hair--dropped their side with a yelp, making the other drop theirs with a thud.

"You're gonna dent the floor doing that!" admonished the guy Tubbo was focused on.

The woman stared at the couch. "I swear to god, it *moved*."

"Yes, because we're picking it up," the guy replied.

"No, like==" She huffed. "It was like the==like it shifted. Like something *inside it* moved."

The guy rolled his eyes. "Of course it did. Let's *go*."

She glared at him and inspected the arm of the couch carefully. She gave up when she saw nothing and picked it up again.

Ranboo huffed a laugh. "I forgot how fun this was. I can totally use this to cheat in Uno..."

Tubbo stepped to the side of the path the guy was taking, between him and the exit. He waited for the guy to start moving backwards before sweeping his foot out to upset his balance.

The guy fell backwards, his back banging against the wooden floor.

The lady set down her side and rushed over to him, asking if he was okay.

He grunted and sat up. "I'm good," he struggled out. "The hell'd I trip on...? Fuck, my back..."

"You want me to get someone else to help with the couch?" she asked, beginning to help him stand. "You can help unload the boxes and shit if you want, but that sounded *painful*."

The guy got to his feet and rubbed his back with a pained expression. "I'll go get someone to help you. Try to move the armchairs, if you can."

Once he was out, Ranboo nudged Tommy, the one closest to him. "You wanna do your temperature thing?"

Tommy grinned devilishly at him and took a deep breath. His blood turned to ice, shivers beginning to wrack his body.

The lady stopped from where she was trying to lift one side of the armchair to walk it away from the door.

Tubbo gently shut the door, not wanting to draw attention from outside.

Ranboo approached the lady from behind, likely going corporeal and altering his effect to scare her.

The woman *froze*.

"Look at her fuckin' *face*," Tommy said, leaning over to observe her wide eyes. He gave a shiver, curling further into his jacket.

Tubbo snorted when he saw it. "Nice."

Ranboo carefully moved his hand to send them a thumbs up, careful to keep quiet.

The door creaked open, someone padding in.

Ranboo quickly returned to his ghostly form, Tommy allowing heat to flow back into his veins.

"You look like you've seen a ghost," laughed the other woman who'd just entered. "Are the rumors true, then?"

The first one turned to her, mouth gaping in horror. "Huh...?"

Tommy wheezed at the sight, Tubbo and Ranboo cackling with him.

"Still don't know what happened," insisted the mover as he leaned against the truck, wincing. "I was walking one second, and on the ground the next."

"Must've been a loose floorboard?" guessed another mover as they handed him a water. "Just take it easy for now, and if it gets worse, tell us, alright?"

"*It was Tubbo, wasn't it?*" Wilbur whispered to Techno, face pale.

Techno hummed in affirmation. "Yep. At least he knew how to fall. Could've landed on his elbow. That woulda been bad."

Wilbur grimaced at the thought. "Are they going to hurt other movers?"

Shrugging, Techno shifted his weight onto his foot. "If they do, they won't have very long to do it. They're just moving the couches and armchairs, and unloading the other furniture in the boxes."

They did, in fact, hurt more workers. Like, an *astounding* number of workers compared to the amount of time they had.

"I hope they have healthcare," Phil murmured as the truck drove away, worry creasing his brow. He turned to Wilbur and Techno. "Well, let's get inside and start sorting through what we have."

Tubbo kicked his legs up and leaned back, reclining his arms behind his head. "I hope we sprained at least one limb. That would make me happy."

Ranboo took hold of Tubbo's collar and began to pull him inside, Tubbo remaining in the same position as he floated towards the house.

Tommy followed them in, sighing at the copious amounts of cardboard boxes that littered the living room. "I hate moving days."

Tubbo tilted his head back, rotating mid-air as Ranboo let go of his collar. "You wanna destroy something?"

"Nah. That's bet's still on, right? You're trying to get me to lose."

Tubbo grinned. "No, I'm not. That's not something I would do."

"Tubbo, I do not believe you in the slightest=="

"Okay," Phil said, "the desks are all marked with your name, along with whatever shelves or chairs we brought. But there's a new dresser for each of you=="

("Thank *fuck*," Wilbur groaned.)

"=and some extra stuff for the living room. There should also be a new coffee table... somewhere." Phil glanced around at the boxes as if one of them would say where the coffee table was. "Let's put aside the bedroom stuff and start on the downstairs things."

"We could ask the ghosts for help," Techno suggested. "They live here, too. We should make 'em pay rent."

Tubbo whacked him in the head, making Techno hiss in pain.

"They've been here longer than us," Phil said, either ignoring Techno or not having heard him in the first place. "If anyone should be paying rent, it's us."

"We are literally paying for the house," Wilbur protested. He hefted up a small, rectangular box, looking at the piece of paper taped to it before he gently set it back down.

"Damn right you should pay rent," Tommy grumbled, crossing his arms.

"Techno, what is *that*?"

"It's a screwdriver, Wilbur."

"No, the thing you're assembling. Why does it have so many parts?"

Tommy carefully grabbed the allen wrench from beside Techno's leg, slowly=*slowly* lifting it.

"It's the coffee table."

Phil glanced over, Tommy quickly moving the wrench so it was hidden behind Techno. "Mate, there's no way that's the coffee table."

"It says coffee table on the instructions," Techno said, reaching for a screw.

Tommy took a deep breath.

Ranboo and Tubbo stared at him, stiller than they'd ever been.

Tommy carefully tucked a bit of the wrench into a strand of Techno's braid.

He paused.

Techno continued screwing.

He slotted the wrench into the hair, removing his hands after as if scared he was going to jostle it.

Techno turned the flat board around, reaching for another leg.

With a loud cheer, Tommy jumped away from Techno.

"No!" Tubbo shouted. "What the fuck?!"

"How did you do that?!" Ranboo demanded.

"Fuck you!" Tommy replied, grinning ear to ear. "That's how! I get fifty points now, bitch!"

"No!" Tubbo immediately protested. "No-no-no! No, that's==*what*--?!"

("Is this how this goes?" Phil asked Wilbur, both of them working on a set of drawers to go underneath the TV. "I mean, it looks right, right?"

"But it's supposed to be a dresser, and there's, like, barely anything left.")

Tommy laughed at them. "I told you I could do it! I fucking told you!"

"No, you cheated," Ranboo said. "There is no way you did not cheat. That==no=="

Techno reached to his side for the allen wrench, only to come up empty. He glanced around, searching for it.

"How am I supposed to win now?!" Tubbo cried.

Tommy grinned smugly at him. "You aren't, Tubso. You should just admit defeat because I am far too pog for you."

Techno turned his head to ask Wilbur and Phil if they knew where the tool was, only to pause when he felt something cold touch the back of his neck.

"No, I'll figure something out!" Tubbo glanced around. "Um..."

Techno felt around for a second before he tugged the wrench out of his hair. He paused at the sight of it, confusion overtaking his features.

"Fuck==wait==" Tubbo turned to Ranboo. "Ranboo, help, we can't let *Tommy* get bragging rights=="

"*I'm thinking, Tubbo!* Just hold on!" Ranboo looked around the room wildly. "Um..."

Tommy flopped back onto the couch. "We'll be waiting another century for you to come up with something bold enough to top that," he gloated. "Just give up."

Tubbo glared at him. "I hate you so much. I hope you blow up. I'm going to blow you up. Ranboo, how do I make an explosion=="

Tommy let out a harsh laugh, devolving into coughing.

"You good, Techno?" Phil asked.

Techno blinked at the wrench. "Uh... yeah." He turned back to the coffee table and continued working, oblivious to the ghosts waging war against each other in the very same room.

"I think that's it for living room stuff," Phil said as Techno adjusted the shelf. "You ready to head up to the bedrooms?"

Wilbur groaned, "I don't wanna carry that shit. It was hard enough getting it out of the way!"

"Weak-bur," Techno said, earning himself a death glare.

"Well, you two can bring the desks and, uh, the shelves up one at a time," Phil offered. "I'm gonna go make us some sandwiches."

"You just don't want to help us get the stuff upstairs!" Wilbur said, his tone accusatory.

Phil grinned and whisked himself away to the kitchen. "You said it, mate, not me!"

"Sometimes I think he adopted us just so he didn't have to do any heavy-lifting," Techno said.

Wilbur scoffed. "That's just how old people are, I guess."

"I heard that!" Phil called.

Wilbur moved to grab one side of a box labeled "*PHIL DESK*". "No, you didn't. You're hearing things, Phil. Your old age is makin' your ears go all weird."

Phil must have rolled his eyes because he didn't respond.

Techno lifted the other side of the bed and instructed Wilbur to start up the stairs.

"Why am I going backwards?" Wilbur muttered. "I *hate* going backwards up the stairs."

Phil, as it had turned out, had not gone silent because he rolled his eyes.

Rather, it was because he'd essentially frozen in fear.

His eyes remained locked on the shadowy figure in the corner, hunched over itself and facing where the walls met.

Wilbur grumbled from out in the living room.

Creaks began to echo from the stairs as Techno and Wilbur brought a bed up with them.

Phil swallowed dryly.

(What had she said to do if he ever encountered a spirit? Ignore it? Never interact with it== or was that only for American spirits?)

Phil took a deep breath.

(Stay calm, she always said. *Check if it has a shadow. If it disappears in the light, or it doesn't have a shadow, then it can't hurt you.*)

A shadow. Yeah==yeah! Just had to turn on the light==

(*Only the thing controlling it can.*)

Phil flicked on the light switch, formerly kept off because the light from the window was enough.

He flicked it off.

On.

And back off.

Phil felt his shoulders relax. It didn't have a shadow.

Creaky footsteps made their way back down the stairs.

"==cause they said they wouldn't," Wilbur was finishing as their voices reached Phil's ears. "But do you really trust them?"

Techno must have made some sort of nonverbal response because Wilbur immediately began ranting again. Maybe about the Dream Team?

Phil glanced into the living room to see them heft up another box. He looked back and breathed out a sigh of relief to find the shadow gone. He tensed up again after as if remembering something.

"You're behind me now, aren't you?" Phil asked. He sighed and turned around, only to be confused when there was nothing there. He glanced around a few times, even turned the light back on for good measure, but...

"Huh." He blinked at the corner where the shadow once was.

Phil turned around and began work on the sandwiches.

Ranboo tilted his head. "Has he been around ghosts before?"

"Maybe?" Tubbo said. "I mean, he seemed like he knew what he was doing when he turned the light on... was he checking for a shadow? What a cold fish..."

"He must have been," Tommy added. "Why else would he have relaxed before the thing disappeared?"

"But why is that?" Ranboo asked. "Just cause the hallucination can't hurt him doesn't mean that *I* can't. I mean, I *can't*, but he doesn't know that."

Tommy watched Phil casually get out the bread like he hadn't just seen a shadow figure in the corner that was now gone. "I think we should go to that bench and brainstorm how to scare him. I don't think I can even *look* at the living right now."

Ranboo shrugged. "Yeah, sure. Tubbo?"

Tubbo stared at Phil for a moment longer before he nodded. "Yeah, sure."

Chapter End Notes

workers: aren't injured
benchtrio: *it's free real estate*

also apparently ranboo is older than tubbo??? he just let us believe he was the middle child of benchtrio for how long now????? i am disgusted. i am revolted. i dedicate my entire life to our lord and savior jesus christ and this is the thanks i get- was gonna ask if i should change deathlessness!ranboo's age since he was supposed to be the middle child of benchtrio, like i thought cc!ranboo was. then i found out i never actually mentioned tubbo being the oldest until like next chapter. crisis averted :]

also i said in the tags when deathlessness was at 130 that i would make a discord if we got to 200 bookmarks. by today we'll get to over 150 if other updates are anything to go off of. I Fear.

1930s

- Bold | Daring

1940s

- Cold fish | Boring person/someone who isn't very responsive

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler word

- Totally | Certainly

and we'll kill the neighbor kid // who only wants to be our friend

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Getting Naked and Playing With Guns" by AJJ

might change the chapter before this ones' name since these ones are a bit similar just can't think of a better title for it (suggestions from other AJJ songs are welcome)

(cw for attempted murder and suffocation)

:]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"This is our new meeting place," Tommy declared as he took a seat near the arm of the concrete bench, the water before them babbling as it ran past them. "I'm calling the first meeting right now. Topic is how to scare the old fucker."

"We need a group name," Tubbo said, "so I think that should be the first order of business. So we can be in cahoots, like, properly now!"

"Who cares what we're called?" Tommy asked while the other two took their places beside him, Ranboo on the opposite side.

"I do!"

Ranboo shrugged. "I think it'd be cool to have a group name, y'know?"

Tommy slumped over. "*Fine*. Just make it quick."

Tubbo hummed. Ranboo started glancing around as if looking for inspiration.

"Well..." Tubbo trailed off. "Maybe we could do something with our initials? TTR? SBI?"

"SBI sounds like a group of wronguns and pricks," Tommy shut down. "Let's just use regular words."

Tubbo drummed his fingers on his leg. "Uh... well, there's three of us. So maybe The Three Somethings?"

"Or we could do The Something Three and use, like, an adjective," Ranboo suggested.

"*Adjunctive*," Tommy repeated in a taunting voice. "Use normal words, boob boy."

Ranboo rolled his eyes behind his glasses.

"Maybe... hm..." Tubbo glanced around. "The... Ghostly Three? The Three Ghosts?"

Ranboo shook his head. "Too vague. Anyone could be either of those. We need something, like, *unreal*, y'know?"

"What's a group of three called?" Tubbo asked. "A... it's like a duo, but with three people."

"A trio?"

With a nod at Ranboo's answer, Tubbo continued: "Yeah, we could use that!"

"Spooky Trio?" Tommy suggested but wrinkled his nose after. "Nevermind, that sounds dumb."

"Farm Trio?" Ranboo said. "We live on a farm."

"*My* farm," Tommy reminded.

A bird cooed in the distance.

"Where'd this bench even come from?" Tubbo asked. "Did you even have concrete back then?"

"Of course we had concrete!" Tommy screeched. "What do you take us for, cavemen?!"

"Yeah, how'd you know?"

"You *fucking*==!"

"Bench Trio?" Ranboo said, prompting the both of them to stop. "Since this is, like, our meeting place and all."

They quieted, allowing for the sound of running water and birds chirping in the distance to be heard.

"*Bench* Trio," Tommy repeated. "That's *shice*. I don't like it."

"I do," Tubbo said. "And since it's two against one, we win."

"Nobody said this was a fuckin', uh... dema-something," Tommy replied with a glare. "I'm the oldest, so I should get to decide if we keep the name."

"I'm the oldest," Tubbo said.

("Actually, *I* am==" Ranboo tried.)

"*I was here thirty years before you, don't you fucking try*==!"

"Bench Trio it is!" Ranboo interrupted, giving a decisive nod. "Purely because Tommy doesn't like it. First order of business: how to scare Phil."

Tommy grumbled and settled into his corner.

"I vote I try sleep paralysis," Tubbo suggested.

"But you can't paralyze him," Ranboo said.

"No, but you probably could." Tubbo poked Ranboo in the arm. "Like you did with your parents that one time. It's not even like I'm asking for you to make an illusion or anything like last time! I just wanna stand creepily in the corner of his room for a few minutes without him doing anything."

"That's stalker behavior, Tubbo," Tommy said.

Tubbo elbowed him. "Any other suggestions?"

"We could, like, *actually* appear in front of him," Ranboo suggested. "Instead of me making him hallucinate, we could just kinda. stand there, y'know? We have shadows when we're visible, right?"

The three fell silent as they contemplated this.

Tubbo stood and glanced up, seeing the sun beating down through the leaves. He held an arm out over the bench and paused.

A shadow of his arm appeared.

Tubbo moved it around a bit, just to ensure the shadow was his and not some bird that had landed above them or something before he let it disappear. "Any other ideas?" Tubbo asked.

Tommy and Ranboo looked at each other, then back to Tubbo.

"Well, meeting adjourned, then!" Tubbo slotted himself back between them. "Are we gonna wait out here for a bit, or head back immediately?"

A small rodent poked its head out from some brush a little ways away from the bench. It scurried out towards the water and lowered its head.

"We can stay out here," Ranboo said.

The rodent jerked its head up, as if listening for something before it leaned back down.

"I still won," Tommy said, causing Tubbo to begin trying to shove him over the arm of the bench and onto the ground.

"How are you suddenly winning every game?!" Techno demanded as Ranboo placed down his final card.

"*Get good,*" Ranboo replied, grinning beneath his mask.

Techno began angrily shuffling the cards, glaring at the dip in the mattress. He was glad he'd gotten his bed and desk assembled, and got a lot of his pillows and books and clothes that he'd left at the other house, but that mood was ruined by the spike in victories from Beloved.

Ranboo shifted to get into a more comfortable position.

Some noise echoed through the wall, followed by a thud.

Techno glanced over his shoulder. "Wilbur shares a room with Field Kid, right?"

"*Yeah. Field Kid... doesn't like that.*"

Another bang came from the room, this one sounding like someone had dropped a guitar.

"I can tell." Techno dealt out the cards and set up the pile and such. "Does Field Kid not like the living, or does he just not like Wilbur, specifically?"

Ranboo paused. "Um... *bit of both.*"

Techno gave a small nod and carefully placed down a card.

"*What's on your shirt?*"

Confused, Techno looked down, and found a picture of some old arcade game. He pulled it out further to see it was from *The Oregon Trail*, with the text "*You have died of dysentery.*" on the bottom. He'd gotten it cheap with a bundle of other old arcade games on it==Pacman, Mario, Pong, whatever==back when he was still in the system.

"Oh, it's just a video game," Techno dismissed. "*The Oregon Trail.*"

The ghost was quiet. "*I know,*" he finally said. "*I think it was my favorite.*"

Techno blinked. (He wasn't surprised that the ghost had a favorite game, but the fact it was *that* game.) "Oh. Wait, what do you mean *you think?*"

"*I don't have the best memory,*" admitted the ghost, suddenly sounding very sheepish. A card placed itself down. "*But I think I remember some games. I used to==*" Ranboo paused to cough. "*Used to go to the arcade every weekend. I had the high score on==something.*"

"You wanna play it now?" Techno asked, preparing to clear the lid of his laptop of cards. "They've got tons of old games like that online. Pong, Space Invaders, Doom... uh, probably whatever else?"

The cards faltered in the air. "*Seriously?*"

Techno nodded. "Well, yeah, of course. It's the internet, you could at least find information on the games, even if you can't play them. You want me to pull up something?"

The ghost was silent. "*Can you...?*"

Techno replied by pushing all the cards to Ranboo, telling him to put them in the box (which he also tossed over) while he opened up his laptop.

Something simple, cause I'm tired, he thought. Nothing that'll take too long. Probably Pong? We can do Oregon Trail some other time...

He tapped in the password and pulled up the browser, quickly scrolling to find a good website.

Wilbur was not having a good night.

First, the ghost had knocked over a book. Then it yanked the pillow out from under his head and threw it—very violently, might he add—across the room. Then it knocked over his guitar! *Again!*

"*I'm trying to sleep!*" Wilbur finally whisper-shouted. "*Can you shut the fuck up?!*"

The room was silent.

Wilbur shut his eyes, almost not wanting to see what the ghost was going to do next.

The only sound he could hear was his own breathing and the beating of his heart.

Then the sound of his breathing stopped.

It was replaced by the sound of Wilbur fighting to get the pillow off his face and take a breath.

His nose rubbed itself against the pillow.

He kicked out at the ghost, panic making his movements frantic.

His mouth gaped, sucking the pillow covering in instead of air.

He reached for the ghost's arms to push the pillow off, but his flailing came up empty.

His lungs started to burn.

Wilbur felt his movements get slower, oxygen leaving his lungs and unable to flow back in.

The cloth on his face blocked his nose, pressed tightly against him to guarantee he wouldn't escape.

Wilbur felt tears soaking the pillow.

Then he could breathe again.

Wilbur fell into a coughing fit, struggling to suck in air as he felt tears run down his face.

As black spots cleared from his vision, he scrambled for his bedside table, blindly grabbing for his inhaler.

Something small clattered to the ground.

Wilbur couldn't *scream*.

Something shoved itself into his hands. It pushed itself towards him, Wilbur realizing quickly in the moonlight that it was his inhaler.

But how==?

Wilbur didn't care.

He brought the inhaler to his mouth, quickly activating it and nearly sobbing in relief when air *finally* forced its way into his lungs.

Wilbur nursed the inhaler close to his face, hands shaking as his breathing evened out.

He closed his eyes after a bit, clutching the inhaler even after he could breathe fine.

Where was the ghost?

Wilbur peeked en eye open, fear shooting through his veins when he saw the pillow hovering mid-air.

Tommy stared, wide-eyed at Wilbur, arms wrapped tight around the pillow. he swallowed dryly, practically frozen in place.

He could still vividly remember what just transpired mere minutes before.

(If I crease him, they'll leave, he'd thought, pushing the pillow further down. If I kill him, they'll leave. If I kill him, they'll leave==)

Tommy couldn't describe the relief that was rushing in, alongside the horror at his own actions, when he could still hear Wilbur's breathing after he stopped bringing the plastic thingy to his mouth.

(I'll kill him, he realized when Wilbur's movements started getting slower. I'm going to kill him.)

He'd yanked the pillow away once the thought had crossed his mind, and when he realized that Wilbur'd been reaching for something that had fallen, he'd shoved it into his hands.

Wilbur was now laying on the bed, breathing heavily with his eyes closed.

Tommy wondered if he was asleep.

He kept the pillow hugged tightly against himself, seemingly unable to let it go. It had a plain white pillowcase with a small blue-wooled sheep embroidered on one corner.

He should put the pillow back, he realized. Tommy couldn't stand there holding it all night.

Wilbur opened an eye.

Wilbur waited for the pillow to fling itself towards him, to smother him again, to move at all.

It didn't move.

It just... floated there?

Wilbur gulped.

As he lay there, waiting, he noticed that the pillow had... indents? around the middle of it? Like someone was holding it, almost.

(It reminded him a bit of a child standing beside their parents' bed after a nightmare.)

He waited for what felt like hours, just... *staring*.

Until==

"*Sorry*," came a stiff, halting voice. Wilbur could compare it to the feeling of breathing in frigid air, stinging your nose and throat.

Silence invaded the room once more.

Moving like it was stuck in honey, the pillow placed itself at Wilbur's feet.

Wilbur did not sleep that night.

Chapter End Notes

that sbi joke LITERALLY wrote itself i didn't even realize i spelled out sbi for like. a solid minute-
btw tommy meant "democracy" not "dema-something".

also me thinking ranboo's the middle child of benchtrio:
ranboo, about to announce he turned 18:

hope you liked the chapter :)

1930s

- Shice | No good
- Crease | To kill

1940s

- In cahoots | Conspiring together

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words
- Unreal | Unique

the things that i have seen are turning me into a shitty human being

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Fucc the Devil" by AJJ

i originally worried abt the chapter titles getting too long but yknow what ive already broken that rule so

FUCK I WAS SUPPOSED TO PUBLISH THIS TWO AND A HALF HOURS AGO
GODDAMMIT FUCK

(cw for implied past child abuse, implied panic attacks, and discussing a murder attempt)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Can I call another meeting?" Tommy asked, almost... timidly? One foot stayed in his own room, his hands clasped in front of him.

Ranboo didn't look up from where he was playing Pong. "Hm?" He bit his lip beneath his mask, quickly switching the key he was pressing down. Beside him, Techno watched the keys flicker.

"Meeting," Tommy repeated. "At the bench. Can we have another one?"

"Uh..." Ranboo let out a short huff of victory as the ball passed the AI, scoring him a point. "Tomorrow. Ask Tubbo. He's in the attic or the uh..."

Tommy waited for Ranboo to continue.

Techno grunted in acknowledgment as Ranboo scored his next point.

"Ranboo?"

"What?"

"Where's Tubbo?"

Ranboo was quiet for a moment. "Um. Bedroom or attic. Sorry, I'm trying to... play this..."

"Tubbo?" Tommy asked, poking his head into Tubbo's room.

Tubbo glared down at a sleeping Phil, hovering over him as he slept. "Hm?"

"Can we have another meeting tomorrow?"

"Natch."

"Wilbur, did you sleep at all last night?" Phil asked that morning when Wilbur flopped into his chair, bags clear under his eyes.

"Um," Wilbur began very eloquently. "No."

"The, uh, new house gettin' to you?" Techno asked, worry unconcealed on his face.

Wilbur nodded. "Yeah, that==that's it..."

Phil shrugged. "Well, you'll get used to it. I'm gonna head to the bathroom since I've got to start work early today. Time to start makin' your own food again like an adult."

Wilbur didn't rise to the bait, making Phil pause.

Techno and Phil locked eyes, the former giving a nod.

"Well, um." Phil edged his way towards the door. "Knock if you need me, okay?"

And then he was gone, climbing up the stairs to his own room.

Techno waited until he heard the door close to face Wilbur. "Field Kid break your guitar?"

Wilbur kept his gaze down.

Techno's throat bobbed, the only noise in the silence of the kitchen. He sniffed and took a sip of his water.

Wilbur whispered something.

After setting his glass back down, Techno leaned closer. "Heh?"

"*He tried to kill me,*" Wilbur repeated, louder this time. When Techno made no move to reply==too stunned by the admission==he continued: "He held a pillow to my face until I felt like I was about to pass out. Then he took it away and apologized. I don't know. I..." He trailed off, eyes staring at nothing, as if remembering what happened last night.

Techno shifted back in his seat, expression one of confusion and fear. "Um. I." He glanced around, as if expecting to see an angry ghost holding a pillow.

"I don't want to sleep alone anymore," Wilbur admitted. "But I know that's ridiculous. I'm not a *child* anymore."

Techno, ever the empath, offered to make him some toast.

"Second Bench Trio meeting, pog. So, what'd you call us for?" Tubbo asked, sitting on the backboard of the bench, Ranboo and Tommy at his sides.

"Did you say it last night when you came into my room?" Ranboo asked. "Sorry, I don't think I was paying attention. I think I was playing Uno?"

Tommy didn't reply, hunched over himself and staring at the river, brows creased and lips pressed into a thin line.

"Tommy?" Tubbo prompted, prodding him lightly with a finger.

"I almost creased Wilbur," he admitted.

A leaf fluttered into the water.

"What do you mean *almost*?" Ranboo asked. "Did he fight back?"

"Nice job, big man," Tubbo said, giving him a small pat on the back. "I'm sure you'll get him tonight. Just don't goof it up again."

Tommy flinched away from Tubbo, expression turning sour. "No! No, I==you don't get it. I almost *killed* him..."

Tubbo tilted his head. "Yeah? You've been going on about that since we got here. Like I said, you'll=="

"No!" Tommy finally snapped, glaring at him. "No, you don't==I..." He sagged. "I could have killed him. I could have just kept the pillow there. I could have pressed down harder. I could have moved the inhaler away==I could have *let him die*==" He shoved a hand over his mouth, his fingers trembling.

Tubbo finally put his hand down from where it had frozen after Tommy flinched. He turned to Ranboo.

Ranboo shrugged helplessly at him.

"We've only ever scared people away," Tommy said, shaky voice muffled by his hand. "We've never gone far enough to have their life *literally in our hands*." He took a deep breath, eyes squeezing shut. "*I don't want to kill anyone*. I want them *dead*, but I don't==I can't==" He cut himself off.

Tubbo moved off the back of the bench, floating around to Tommy's empty side while Ranboo scooted over to wrap an arm around his shoulder.

"Wilbur's alive," Ranboo said, uncertainty clear in his voice. "You didn't kill him, Tommy."

"*I could have,*" Tommy protested. "*I almost did. I was about to--*"

"You *didn't*," Tubbo emphasized. "You came to your senses, Tommy. Wilbur is not dead. Wilbur is alive right now. You didn't kill anyone. You didn't kill Wilbur. He's fine."

Tommy removed his hand from his mouth to bury both of them in his hair, briefly swiping a sleeve over his nose.

Ranboo shifted and settled into a more comfortable position, rubbing circles into Tommy's back while Tubbo talked to him.

"*Beloved,*" Techno began quietly after he'd convinced Wilbur to go to sleep, his phone still loose in his hands as he laid on Techno's bed, "what the *fuck?!?*"

No one replied.

"*Beloved!?*" he whisper-shouted.

Wilbur's mouth twitched.

Techno glanced over, having been sat cross-legged near the pillows, mostly debating if he should tell Dream and watching any videos Wilbur wanted to show him. He slipped the phone out from Wilbur's hand and placed it on his bedside table. He carefully shifted off the bed and glanced around. "Beloved?"

Nothing.

Techno rolled his eyes. The bitter thought of *did Beloved help?* crossed his mind, but he quickly banished it. *To assume makes an ass out of u and me.*

Didn't mean he couldn't be mad at him. He thought he was pretty fucking justified in that department.

He swiped Wilbur's phone and walked over to his desk, grabbing the extra charger and plugging it into the socket there. Techno picked up his laptop while he was there and brought it back over to the bed, carefully settling himself back beside Wilbur.

Wilbur didn't respond to his movements.

Techno stared for a moment before he opened his laptop. He closed the tab with Pong and set to finding something to do.

"This is fucking stupid," Tommy said as they headed back to the house. "They'll be gone soon, I really don't have to=="

"Well, you're gonna be a pain in the neck about it if we don't," Tubbo said, "so, respectfully, fuck you."

"Hey, *I'm* the one that's gonna be doing the thing=="

"You two have this handled, right?" Ranboo asked. "I, um. I should probably go talk to Techno."

Tubbo rolled his eyes. "Boo's makin' friends with the living. What a disgrace. It should just be us two, Tommy. Ranboo isn't worthy of our pogness."

"Bench Duo," Tommy said, voice lackluster. "Sounds weird."

Tubbo paused. "Let's just find the paper."

("Don't fuckin' watch me write, bitch=="

"You probably haven't written anything since you died, like, a hundred years ago! I wanna see how shit your handwriting is!"

"For the record, my handwriting is not shit! Now fuck off, or I'll==I'll sic Ranboo on you! For real this time!"

"*You wouldn't.*"

"Try me, *bitch.*")

Ranboo gulped as he entered the room where Techno sat, tapping away on his computer and sat cross-legged beside a sleeping Wilbur.

He took a deep breath and prepared for a shitstorm.

"Hello?"

Techno whipped his head up. "Hello, Beloved," he greeted coldly.

Ranboo felt himself curl even further in on himself, if that was even possible. (He felt like he was a kid again, getting yelled at by his parents for making the school call CPS on them.)

("You're lucky we weren't found out!" his mother spat at him. "You're lucky the fuckin' fuzz didn't find shit, or else you'd be leaving with them==!")

Ranboo shook his head and cleared his throat. "Um. Field==Field Kid. um. He's=="

Techno raised an eyebrow.

"I don't==" Ranboo took in a shaky breath, suddenly unable to string words together. He felt his mask suck inwards, his lungs suddenly stuttering.

"Field Kid tried to kill Wilbur last night, I know." Techno shut his laptop. "I'm givin' you the opportunity to explain your side of the story first. Did you know he was going to do that?"

"No!" Ranboo practically yelped. *"I found out this morning. Promise. I swear. Please=="* He coughed. *"Please believe me."*

Techno stayed silent, eyes narrowed in suspicion. "And what did he tell you?"

"He==He said he didn't==He didn't know what happened? He was more==more focused on gett-ing you out that he didn't==" Ranboo hacked into his elbow and massaged his throat. *"He didn't realize he was going to kill someone until... um..."*

"You expect me to believe that Field Kid didn't try to smother Wilbur with the intent to kill him?"

Ranboo felt like he was going to pass out. *"No. No, I==I don't think he really... really knew what kill==killing someone entailed until he was actually gonna..."*

Techno sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

(Ranboo's father heaved a sigh and pinched the bridge of his nose. He cast a hateful look down at Ranboo. "Do you realize how much you could have fucked us over?" he growled.)

The room was filled with silence.

Ranboo was glad he didn't need to breathe anymore, or else he probably would have passed out by now. His hands trembled, desperately wanting to reach up and tug his own hair out. He wanted to sink to the floor and cry and huddle in on himself. He wanted this to just be over==

"Fine," Techno bit out. "I believe you."

A wave of relief crashed over Ranboo, quickly offset by the still-present panic.

Oh, he realized as he grasped for the side of the bed, legs practically going out from under him. *I think this is another attack.*

"Field Kid better explain himself sometime soon," Techno said, oblivious to the ghost currently trying to get his breathing under control mere feet away from him. "I'm not just gonna take your side of the story as the complete truth. Wilbur has to sleep in the same room as the person who tried to *murder him*. He better have a damn good explanation for why he even thought of it in the first place and why he didn't stop *immediately*..."

The room remained silent.

"Beloved?" Techno asked.

Nothing.

He rolled his eyes. "*Fine*. We'll talk later, then."

Wilbur slept soundly for a few more hours, Techno shaking him awake for lunch.

"Hm?" he asked, not opening his eyes.

"Lunchtime," he said. "I'm gonna make somethin' for Phil, too, if you wanna help. I don't think he's left his room since, uh... breakfast."

Wilbur let out a small grunt and stretched out his limbs. "Where's my phone?" he yawned.

Techno set aside his laptop to go fetch it as Wilbur stilled again. "Catch."

Wilbur held his hands up to cover his face, flinching as something collided with them. He grabbed at it and glanced at the time, unlocking it to check his notifications. He'd just gotten a text from George asking how life was with the ghosts and if one of them had hidden the spray bottle from them yet.

"Where is that spray bottle, anyways?" Wilbur asked, noticing his phone was almost dead.

Techno shrugged, plugging his laptop into the wall. "Ghosts probably cleaned it out. Or hid it."

Wilbur scrolled through his phone for a moment before he made for Techno's door. "I'll meet you downstairs. Gotta charge my phone, 's at forty."

Techno opened his mouth to protest Wilbur going in there alone, but shut it when Wilbur disappeared from sight. He pressed his lips into a thin line before he decided to just head to the kitchen.

Wilbur entered his room and immediately remembered why he hadn't set foot in there since this morning.

He heard Techno's footsteps pass his room, then creak down the stairs.

Wilbur took a deep breath.

His eyes scanned the room, looking for anything out of place.

(The three ghosts watched with baited breath, having left the attic when they heard someone going downstairs.)

Wilbur's heart skipped a beat when his eyes landed on a sheet of paper on the bed. He could make out messy handwriting and a slight crease on one corner.

A glance at his desk revealed that one of his pencils was sticking out from its usual place, not having been put back correctly.

His feet carried him over to the bed, his hand reaching for the paper. He blinked at the child-like handwriting, large and just... *bad*.

(Weren't they all supposed to be teenagers, though?)

Wilbur squinted at the paper to make out the following:

sorry

i ~~shoud~~ should not have tryed to kill you

i stil hate you thouth

In a much more readable font below were the words "*he dosn't mean that*" followed by "*yes i do*" in the same child-like scrawl, with "*no you don*" that trailed off into a drag mark.

Wilbur couldn't help but huff a laugh at that, the corners of his mouth twitching up into a smile.

("You two can't even cooperate long enough to make an apology letter?" Ranboo asked, sounding a bit exhausted.

"No," Tubbo replied at the same time Tommy said, "The fuck does that mean?")

Wilbur set the paper on his bedside table and plugged his phone in, brushing through a cold spot==like holy *fuck* what the hell was wrong with that part of the room==and heading downstairs.

"Is that..." Tommy trailed off. "Is that it? He==He didn't even say anything!"

"Did he not know we were here?" Tubbo suggested. "But he didn't even, like, attempt to ask anything."

With a shrug, Ranboo said, "He's probably not used to, like, talking with people he can't see. 'Specially talking, like, normally, y'know?"

"How old are the ghosts, again?" Wilbur asked, finishing up washing his hands.

Techno "uhh"ed. "You'd probably have to ask Dream or somethin'. Why?"

Wilbur glanced over at Techno, whose hair was pulled back into a ponytail. "Well, one of them left me a note."

Barely pausing in piling food onto a piece of bread, Techno raised an eyebrow at him. "Oh?"

He nodded. "Yeah. And, uh... to be honest, I can barely read it."

Techno finished up his sandwich and moved to make Phil's. "Barely? What did it say, then?"

"Uh... Sorry for trying to kill you. I still hate you, though." He shook his head lightly. "Then some other ghost put that he didn't below it, and Field Kid wrote back that he did, and when the second one tried to say that he didn't again, he must've ripped the paper away or something."

"He couldn't have *told* you he was sorry?"

"Guess he just doesn't want to talk. I mean, he said sorry last night... I think..."

Techno finished Phil's food and wrapped it in a paper towel, taking a bite of his own. "We can switch rooms if you want. Just say that I'm too loud when I go downstairs for a drink, or to use the bathroom, or somethin'."

"No, I..." Wilbur leaned against the counter and took a bite of his own sandwich. "I think I'll be fine. If it happens again==" Then they were leaving, full stop. He didn't care if it meant he'd have to move out, he'd rather be safe. "=="then we'll switch. And I don't think it will."

"He tried to *suffocate* you."

"I know, Techno!" he snapped, then immediately winced at how harsh that sounded. "I just... I don't know."

Techno stared at him. "It's cause they're teenagers, isn't it."

"No==Techno, one of them's probably, like, fifty years old, they are not *teenagers*."

"You're inheriting Phil's parental instincts and wasting them on someone who almost murdered you."

Wilbur finally looked away from him at the reminder, finishing his sandwich in silence.

"Do you think other people have had the same experience as you?" Tubbo asked, sitting cross-legged and upside down as Tommy and Ranboo played checkers.

(Not that they had checkers pieces, so they had to repurpose the chess pieces. Tommy was actually turning out to be decent at this game.)

"What do you mean?" Tommy asked, a bishop with a pawn. He plucked the bishop off the board.

"Teenager nearly kills someone, then stops when they realize what they're doing?" Ranboo guessed. "I bet it's happened tons of times. Just, y'know, not everyone stopped."

Tommy suppressed a shudder. He cursed as Ranboo took the pawn he'd just moved.

Chapter End Notes

i keep forgetting to add in the fact that boo's got MEMORY ISSUES and that's ACTUALLY A PRETTY SIGNIFICANT THING. im not used to writing characters w memory issues but ill try harder!

OH YEAH ALSO CHECK WORKS INSPIRED BY WE GOT A FIC!!

1930s

- Crease | To kill

1940s

- Goof | (To) make a mistake

- Natch | Of course/Certainly

- Pain in the neck | Annoying

1970s

- (The) fuzz | The police

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

i saw beauty // spat in its eye

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Terrifyer" by AJJ

the endnote is very long and im not sorry

also the website i use for tommy's slang got updated pog

also also in case you missed it 200 bookmarks and i make a discord

AYO TF'S GOIN ON W C!RANBOO BRO?? TF'S GOIN ON????

(cw for mentions of sleep paralysis ig??)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This night was the night, Tubbo decided. He still hadn't had any clue on how to do sleep paralysis, but that didn't matter—he could disappear the second Phil reached for the light! All he had to do was stand there, corporeal, and try to quietly bring Phil out of his sleepy state.

(Tubbo couldn't remember what it was like to sleep. He remembered what being tired felt like, but he couldn't remember the blissfulness that came with being unconscious.)

Tubbo cheered as Tommy took Ranboo's king, mind only half-focused on the game. He was glad Tommy was feeling better, and he was pretty sure Wilbur had recognized that Tommy genuinely regretted

Now he just had to wait.

That night, Tubbo watched eagerly as Phil prepared for bed, still in his pajamas since he hadn't bothered to change that morning. He conversed briefly with Ranboo about some video game—he'd told them about them a little while after he'd gotten used to the whole being dead thing; Tubbo still didn't understand what he meant, years later—that he and Techno were playing last night.

"I hope he doesn't hate me now," Ranboo said as Phil brushed his teeth. "He seemed pretty upset earlier, but... I was having fun."

Tubbo resisted the urge to comment on how Ranboo *liked* the living. (Disgusting.) "I'm sure he doesn't, big man. He knows that Tommy's sorry, and that you had nothing to do with

it. I hope you two play a nice round of ping."

"It's called Pong."

"Why is a game with a frog called Pong?"

"No, that's Frogger. And I never played it, some other kids did back in the... 80s?"

Tubbo put his hands up in surrender. "I don't know the difference!"

"Fucking *Frogger*?" Tommy chuckled. "That's such a stupid name. Do you just, like, catch flies, or something?"

"Goodnight, you two!" Phil called.

Techno and Wilbur chirped out their own "*goodnight!*" from Techno's room.

Phil disappeared behind his door.

Tubbo followed closely behind, easily stepping through the door.

Phil busied himself with plugging in his phone and laptop, pushing his chair back in and tidying up his stack of papers.

Tubbo glanced around for a good place to hide. He could always just float by the side of the bed to make himself taller, but that ran the risk of Phil seeing his face in the moonlight.

(Not that he didn't think he looked terrifying, thanks to the burn scars marring his features, he just... did not really want anyone other than the Dream Team seeing his face. And Tommy and Ranboo, obviously, but Tommy looked like a frozen corpse, so whatever.)

He could always stand in the corner, but it was gonna be dark... But there was really only one corner to stand in, since the desk took up one and Phil wouldn't be able to see Tubbo if he were stood against the wall the headboard had been backed against...

Phil finally deemed the papers sufficiently stacked, frowning at the sight of it. He grabbed a sticky note and scribbled something onto it, pasting it to his computer and moving to turn off the light.

(Tubbo squinted at it, revealing after a moment of deciphering that it read: "*note to self: try to use less paper*".)

Phil pulled back the blanket and settled in, shifting to get comfortable before he lay still.

Tubbo sat himself down on the other side of the bed, just... staring down at Phil. He was checking for signs of REM sleep, so he could tap him a bit to wake him up.

But... Tubbo had forgotten how long it took for that... And... And *fuck* he was impatient.

Tubbo blinked down at the still-awake Phil before he pushed himself off the bed to snoop around. He couldn't do much until Phil fell asleep==like move stuff, or skim through his papers==but he could still check out the other stuff he had.

It was just barely ten now, so Tubbo could enact his not-sleep paralysis plan around... two...? Maybe...? Was that==was that a good number? Maybe one. Was that too early?

Tubbo heaved a sigh and skimmed over the top paper of the stack. Something about a business contract, maybe? It was too dark to see without squinting, and Tubbo didn't particularly care about what it was in the first place.

He moved to some books Phil had set on the ground by his desk (probably having not gotten around to putting them in the shelf he'd assembled), some similarly-colored spines standing out from the rest. They each had a number on them, listing their order. *BLEACH* stood out from each book, making Tubbo confused. Why would Phil have 20-odd books on bleach? Were there more in the box they stood atop? *Why would Phil have more than 20-odd books on bleach?*

What a fucking *drip*.

Tubbo shook his head, confused, and moved away.

He moved to check out the picture Phil had on his bedside table, for lack of anything else interesting. It was of him and a dame, Phil himself being a bit younger than he was now and the dame looking similarly aged.

Phil wore some kind of a costume, with a green and white-striped bucket hat and a green robe-thing. The dame had her jet-black hair done up halfway in a low ponytail, the rest hanging from her shoulders. A witch hat balanced itself atop her head, just as inky as the elaborate and poofy dress she wore.

Both grinned into the camera, holding a pumpkin each with some kind of design carved into them. Tubbo couldn't see the design, since the pumpkins weren't lit from the inside, but he could make out a few vague lines to hint at a shape.

Tubbo tilted his head. If this was his friend or sister, then why hadn't he been on the phone with her? And if it was an ex-girlfriend or wife, then why keep a picture with him if they'd obviously broken up by now?

After a short time of deliberation, Tubbo shrugged. It wasn't his business.

What time was it, anyways? Tubbo had been looking around for quite a bit now, careful to be slow in his ponderings so he didn't have to wait, bored.

A glance at the clock revealed it to be only 10:15.

Tubbo groaned.

When the clock hit 10:30 after what felt like hours of just wandering around the room, Tubbo nearly rioted.

Tubbo decided, after the clock hit around eleven, that he would see why the fuck Phil needed so many books about bleach.

He carefully picked up the one with a one on it, furrowing his brows at the cover. He held it up to the window, to find that it had words on it, rather than a picture. And a glance at the back revealed the opposite!

"The fuck...?" Tubbo whispered to himself. He flicked open to the first page to find it was a comic book of some sort...?

Tubbo read a bit, only to end up confused. It was like people were speaking out of order, or something! Usually, he had a hard time understanding books as they were, but *Prime* this was ridiculous.

He put the book back in its place and huffed.

When 11:30 finally rolled around, Tubbo was tempted to just do it now. Phil was asleep enough, right? He could handle being gently risen from his slumber to a stranger standing in the corner of his room, right?

What did Tubbo usually do at night, when Ranboo was with Techno and Tommy was taunting Wilbur? Mess around in the attic?

Tubbo glared daggers at the clock.

Rotating in place was only really fun for... about ten minutes. After the thrill of tipping forward and not plummeting face-first into the ground became normal, it was inevitable that it became boring.

Tubbo stopped rotating, stared at Phil, before he began spinning, still cross-legged.

As he spun, he wondered if someone could make a video of themselves just... spinning for however long. Maybe five and a half minutes. Perhaps on a chair.

It would get a million views, Tubbo thought as he spun. Four million views. Four point four million views. Ranboo would spin for five and a half minutes, and it would be on a colorful chair==

Tubbo was about to take a page out of Tommy's book and just start *screaming*.

Not that Tommy screamed when he was bored--not in the same way Tubbo was about to== but screaming just seemed very, very appealing right now.

Tubbo put a hand on his forehead when he saw it was barely 11:50.

He'd already scraped what little honey there was outside of the beehive, even though he'd already cleared it out earlier that week. He debated taking some and putting it in the stompers of the living, but the idea was quickly scrapped when he realized that would only prompt them to call the exterminator.

Even if they were going to call one anyways, Tubbo was going to fight tooth and nail for these bees, even if it meant breaking some bones. Or equipment. But probably just bones.

They just had to scare them out before then! And Tubbo could keep his bees and he and Ranboo and Tommy could go back to playing chess in the barn.

But Ranboo was getting too friendly with Techno and Tommy was being oddly soft with the person who had quite literally stolen his room out from under his nose. So, if it was up to Tubbo alone to save the bees, then so be it.

(Or, *bee* it, more like.)

(Ugh. Ranboo was rubbing off on him.)

Tubbo gave the queen bee a little rub on her head, thankful he'd managed to figure out how to make his hands semi-corporeal, lowering the temperature so he didn't force a bee into a death-like state every time he went to clean out the honey anymore.

Seeing the honey drip down to the ground, unused and likely going to pile into a gloop for the ants to clean up, made him a little sad. He knew that he used to love honey, and always wanted to raise a hive so he wouldn't have to go out to the store whenever he wanted some. (He didn't particularly know how bees worked when he first had the idea.)

He'd always wanted to go corporeal to eat some of the honey, but the bees always got mad at him when he cleaned the hive, and Tubbo didn't want to get stung. And there was no way he was going to just *hold* a clump of honey while he waited for the swarm to die down, nor was he going to lick it off the ground like a dog.

He could always add honey to the Minecrafts' shopping list and then steal it later when they weren't looking, but he didn't know how to forge handwriting.

Tubbo let the bees buzz angrily, most of them not willing to put up much of a fight when it seemed the threat was gone. It was nighttime, and the hive needed to be ready to gather and convert more pollen the next day to prepare for Autumn. He waited for them all to slink back into their large nest before he floated back to Phil's bedroom.

One glance at the clock revealed it to be 1:24. Not two in the morning, but Tubbo was done whistling dixie.

Tubbo took a deep, calming breath to steady his nerves.

He floated over to Phil's bedside, placing his feet steadily on the ground before he felt his body solidify.

(Being corporeal was such a nice feeling, he was glad he learned the word before he died. What would they have called it if he hadn't?)

Tubbo shook off the strange feeling that came with being corporeal. He reached over and tapped Phil's arm.

Phil didn't respond.

He tapped it again, this time with a bit more force.

Phil continued to sleep.

Tubbo furrowed his brow. Perhaps he had to do it with sound instead?

He snapped his fingers right above Phil's ear.

Phil's nose twitched.

Tubbo did it again. And again. Until finally==

Phil's breathing picked up a bit as he began to wake up.

Tubbo went incorporeal and pumped his fist, hurrying to the corner. He situated himself properly (he remembered he couldn't float while corporeal, dammit) and let himself go corporeal again.

Phil blearily blinked an eye open, still obviously groggy from being awoken.

Tubbo remained still and quiet.

After a few breaths passed, Tubbo assumed Phil hadn't seen him, more focused on going back to sleep than he was figuring out what woke him up.

Tubbo was getting ready to wait again for Phil to fall back into a doze when Phil suddenly stiffened, eyes going wide in the moonlight.

(Tubbo felt himself grin, even if Phil couldn't see it.)

Phil just... stared at him. Watching. Waiting.

Had Tubbo actually accidentally managed to cause sleep paralysis?!

Tubbo had to physically stop himself from cheering at the thought. He couldn't mess this up, and there was no way to tell if Phil was *actually* paralyzed or just trying to pretend he was asleep.

(Tubbo swore that a black... mist? began to swirl through the air?)

Tubbo hoped Phil couldn't see him basically *vibrating* with excitement.

(It began to almost *collect* in front of Tubbo, beginning to form into a vaguely cylindrical shape.)

Tubbo's grin faltered as he realized the mist was solidifying, blocking Phil from his view.

The mist gathered into a large, poofy dress, then into a witch hat.

Tubbo's heart dropped.

A pale face poked out from the hat, glaring at him with the fury of a thousand suns.

Pure, unadulterated *terror* began to course through Tubbo's veins.

"*Leave*," hissed the lady from the photo, her face twisted into an expression of hatred instead of the easy grin he'd seen before.

Tubbo *screamed*.

Chapter End Notes

begins banging hands on table MUMZA MUMZA MUMZA MUMZA
finally set up an alarm to remind me to update on time tsym past me i definitely would have been late

1930s

- N/A (Tommy only has one line)

1940s

- Dame | A woman

- Drip | A boring person

- Stompers | Shoes

- Whistling dixie | Wasting time

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

BEDROOM ASCII MAPS CAUSE PHIL'S BEDROOM HAS FINALLY APPEARED
yall will not take the amount of time it took to format this correctly

Phil (will put a shelf between closet and desk, small shelf in the corner tubbo was in,
and a green rug in the center of the room)

```

_____
|_| | | |_| |
(^shelf | bed | ^table |
|      ----- |
(                                     |
|                                     |
|-----|-----|desk--

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Wilbur

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_____v dresser_____
|_| | | | | desk
|^shelf | | |
| | ----- )
| | | | |
| | | | bed |
| | | | |
----^table-----

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Techno

```

_____v table_____v dresser
| | | | | |
| --- | bed | |
(      ----- |
|_      |
| | | | |
|^desk-----|---shelf-

```

aight so the blueprints don't match up correctly cause im dumb but
facing TOWARDS the stairs, the same way i put the blueprint in the first chapter, Wilbur
and Techno's doors would be on the RIGHT of their blueprints, and Phil's on the LEFT.
Techno's is facing the wrong way if you're looking TOWARDS the stairs, but I cannot
for the life of me translate it. Spatial awareness? What's that?
if this doesn't make sense feel free to leave a comment and ill see if i can sum it up
better

(Also i keep messing up and forgetting that phil's room and the storage closet are on the
right of the stairs. I keep thinking Techno and Wilbur's bedrooms are on that side. I
MADE this house and i can't even remember how it looks lol.)

sometimes i get so scared that i can't speak

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Heartilation" by AJJ

im officially out of pre-written chapters so im gonna have to devote this week to writing for ao3 fics even tho ive got other really important projects i need to work on. fuckin hell-

check end notes for discord link

(cw for implied/mentions of a panic attack)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur had returned to his bedroom shortly (not really) after Phil had gone to his, slipping his lower body under the covers. He was sat up in his bed, glancing around nervously, as if waiting for another pillow to jump up and smother him again.

"Um," he began very eloquently. "Hello. Field Kid."

Nothing happened.

Wilbur swallowed dryly. "I, um. I wanted to say that I... I was in a situation similar to yours once, where I made a huge mistake. Only I couldn't take it back. So, I get where you're coming from. Kinda. Uh..."

(Tommy couldn't help but roll his eyes.)

"I..." Wilbur trailed off. "I don't want to associate sleeping with==with fear. Or my room in general. So, uh... Yeah, um... I'll forgive you for... that. If you agree to never do that again."

The room was silent.

"Uh..." Wilbur quickly left his bed, grabbing the pencil the ghost had used to write the letter and returning to his bed. He set it in front of him, pulling his legs towards himself to sit cross-legged. "If you agree, um... Pick up the pencil? And if you don't agree, just, uh... shift it. Like this." He used his finger to push the pencil a bit, paused, then returned it to its former position.

"So, I'll forgive you, and you'll never do that again?" Wilbur tested, gaze locked on the pencil.

It lay still.

(Tommy==sat across from Wilbur on the bed, the pencil between them==glanced up at his face to see if he was joking. He looked back down to the pencil.)

Then, the pencil picked itself up. It hovered briefly. Then it set itself back down.

"Okay," Wilbur mumbled. "Okay! Okay, that==that's good. So you are here, then. Um."

Tommy looked up at him, fidgeting.

"I didn't think this far ahead." Wilbur glanced around, eyes going straight through Tommy. "I got your note earlier. I don't know if I *forgive* forgive you yet, but I'm glad that you agreed to not do it again."

Tommy scowled at the reminder. (He shouldn't have done it in the first place, what the fuck was this guy *on*==)

"I==" Wilbur stopped himself. He bit his lip. "I was going to go to bed, but since we're... roommates... I guess it'd be rude to just. go to bed."

Tommy stared at the pencil. He shoved it to the side. The living needed sleep, and he'd already taken more than enough from him. (For now, anyways.)

"No, I'm fine." Wilbur frowned and moved the pencil back to its place. "I honestly didn't *actually* expect you to respond anymore." He scratched the back of his neck. "Um."

Tommy rolled his eyes. He was about to put the pencil back himself if Wilbur didn't shut up and go to bed.

"I could... play guitar?" Wilbur suggested.

Tommy picked up the pencil and crossed the room to put it back into its place.

Wilbur stared at it for a moment, room lit only by the large window just to the side of his bed. "I've decided I don't need your approval."

He moved to get out of bed, snatching up the guitar in the corner (now joined by some boxes of stuff he hadn't yet unpacked) before quickly going back under the covers.

Tommy shook his head. "You fuckin' berk==don't blame me when you're tired tomorrow. You decided to do this."

Wilbur adjusted the guitar and sat up straighter, playing a few chords before he cleared his throat. "Okay, so... I don't really know any old songs. I can play some Tom Lehrer songs from the '60s?"

Tommy blinked at him, unimpressed.

Wilbur glanced around, uncertain if the ghost was even still there.

"Well, that's as old as my knowledge goes... uh, how about I play you one of mine?"

Tommy simply stared at him.

Wilbur swallowed. "Okay, so, um. That's not really giving me much to work with, uh, Field Kid."

Tommy hesitated. He lightly tugged at the sleeve on Wilbur's arm, retreating quickly when Wilbur flinched in surprise.

Wilbur moved a hand to right his sweater. "I'm going to take that as an okay to play. Um... so, I'll play... I'll play an older one, I guess. I wrote it a few years ago, and it's called *Jubilee Line*. I, um—I think you'll like it? Maybe? If you don't, then just tap me again, and I'll stop and find another one. Okay?"

With great reluctance, Tommy pressed a hand on the bed. He lifted himself onto the mattress, bouncing as he let his weight settle onto the springs.

Wilbur's eyes were locked onto the dip across from him, far enough away that the ghost would have to reach to touch him, but close enough that they wouldn't have to lean forward too much to do so.

Tommy sat with baited breath, waiting for Wilbur to either start playing or decide that no, he wouldn't actually like to play guitar for the person that tried to murder him, thank you

Wilbur cleared his throat. He set his fingers on the first chord and began to play.

Techno stared impassively at the dip in his bed. "So, Field Kid left a note."

Ranboo's throat bobbed.

"He couldn't have—" Techno gestured vaguely. "*Actually* said anything?"

Ranboo took a deep breath in. "*He doesn't really want people to, like... hear his voice.*" He cleared his throat. "*Might say something tonight.*"

Techno hummed, still just... *staring*.

"*You scare me when you do that,*" Ranboo admitted, voice only a little shaky.

Techno raised an eyebrow and sat up a bit straighter. "Heh? Aren't *you* supposed to be scarin' *me*?"

Ranboo sent Techno an unimpressed look.

"You must be really bad at bein' a ghost," Techno said. "No offense, but if you can't scare anyone, then there really isn't a point."

Ranboo felt his spine go ramrod straight. *"I can scare people!"* he protested.

Techno tilted his head. "For some reason, I really don't believe that."

Ranboo stammered something out, trying to figure out what to say. *"Hold on, I can==um=="*

Techno laughed as Ranboo scurried off the bed. "Imagine *telling* someone you're going to scare them. If you just try to jumpscare me, I'm throwing away my Uno deck."

With an annoyed huff, Ranboo crossed his arms, trying to think of what to do. He perked up not a moment later. *"I already scared you!"*

Techno stayed quiet, waiting for him to elaborate.

"I was the one outside the door. The tall one. Remember?"

Techno reeled back. "That was *you*?! I thought you were a hippie, why were you wearin' a suit?!"

"Would you==" Ranboo coughed into his arm. *"Would you rather I have died wearing bell bottoms and a sweater?"*

Techno stared at Ranboo's chin with the most serious expression, perhaps thinking that was where his eyes were. "Yes."

The room was silent before quickly being filled with Techno's laughter, Ranboo's own being silent to the living's ears.

Techno sighed once he'd calmed down, glancing over his shoulder at the clock on his bedside table to reveal it was a little after one in the morning. "Phil's gonna kill me tomorrow."

Ranboo turned his head to follow Techno's gaze. *"Come back as a ghost. We'll, like, teach you to haunt him, y'know?"*

Techno snorted. "What would you recommend? Blood coming from the shower or sleep paralysis?"

Ranboo shrugged, even though Techno couldn't see him. *"Tubbo talked about doing that to Phil. Sleep paralysis thing. Don't think he'll manage it, though."*

Techno turned away from the clock and made a noncommittal noise. "Phil'll be able to handle it. He may be old, but he's one of those strong old people. He'd punch his sleep paralysis demons."

Ranboo's shoulders shook with laughter. *"Tubbo will get a taste of his own medicine. What year was Phil born?"*

Techno "uhh"ed. "Probably... 1980-somethin'? '88, I think. Why?"

Ranboo blanked. "*All of us are older than him.*"

Techno wheezed.

A scream of pure *terror* ricocheted off the walls, startling Techno out of his laughter.

Ranboo was up in an instant as Techno scrambled to untangle himself from his sheets. He dashed to the wall, intent on running through==the scream couldn't have been Tommy, it must have been Tubbo, and Tubbo *never* screamed==

Ranboo stumbled back as he ran into the wall. He blinked, confused, before he opted to throw open the door and rush out instead.

"*There's a reason,*" Wilbur sang softly, Tommy listening with the barest of smiles. "*That London puts barriers on the tube line*

There's a reason...

They fail."

Tommy felt... disappointed when the song ended. He forced the smile off his face, shaking his head to clear the stupid stupid *stupid* thought that he wanted to hear more.

Wilbur looked up with a smile. "So, how was that?"

Tommy glanced up at Wilbur, then down at the guitar. He opened his mouth to respond, preparing to feel the pressure in his throat once more==

A shriek echoed through the house, one far too muffled to be Ranboo, who was likely only in the room over. Which left only==

Tommy shot off the bed, running to phase through the wall==

He fell back with a shout as he collided with the solid obstacle, phantom pains running through his bones.

Tommy barely considered the absurdity of it before he was throwing open the door and running out.

He glanced to his side, wild eyes meeting Ranboo's, likely wide beneath his dual-colored glasses.

The two rushed to the room across the hall, Ranboo making it first and practically ripping the door off its hinges in his haste.

Phil was sat upright in his bed, staring, horrified, at the corner.

Tubbo was sat in the shadowy corner, the remnants of a scream leaving his throat. He'd curled up into a ball, moon-like eyes staring at a dispersing cloud of mist.

"Go incorporeal, Tubbo!" Ranboo urged as he and Tommy rushed off. "Go invisible!"

Tubbo did not need further prompting, a small shudder racking his body as he did as Ranboo instructed.

"Tubbo, what happened?!" Tommy asked, falling to his knees in front of him, Ranboo doing the same.

Tubbo babbled out something about mist, and a dame, before his breath hitched and he could no longer talk. His eyes glittered with unshed tears.

"What about a lady?" Ranboo prompted. "Tubbo?" After a short bout of hesitance, he slowly reached for Tubbo's hand, the knuckles of it white as he gripped onto his sleeves.

The moment his fingers grazed Tubbo's, Tubbo startled violently, shrinking himself even further into a corner, if possible.

"*Don't fucking touch me!*" he screeched, panic making his voice shaky.

Ranboo held his hands up as Tubbo's wide eyes landed on him, Tommy doing the same after a glance over at him. "Okay, okay. I'm not gonna touch you, then."

"Is this an attack?" Tommy asked. "I thought only you got those?"

Ranboo shrugged his shoulders. "I don't *know*, just==Tubbo, do you copy?"

Tubbo's throat bobbed. He nodded minutely.

"Listen, you're safe now, okay? It's casual. Whatever it was that scared you is gone now. The==The mist, or the woman, or whatever=="

"We're here for you, Tubs," Tommy said softly, prompting Tubbo's scared gaze to flick over to him. "If she comes back, then we'll both be here to help."

A single tear rolled down Tubbo's cheek.

Neither Wilbur nor Techno bothered to question why there had been a large thud on their walls, nor why Phil's door was already open when they scrambled into the hall. They simply ran in, finding Phil sat up in his bed, staring at a corner.

"Phil?" Wilbur called.

Phil whipped his head towards them, relaxing when he saw their moonlit figures.

"You okay?" Techno asked as Wilbur moved to take a seat on the bed. "We heard you scream."

"That wasn't==" Phil cut himself off. He shook his head. "Nevermind. I think I'm just a bit on edge cause it's a new house. I'm fine now." He offered a shaky smile.

Techno moved to stand beside Wilbur. "You sure? We could head downstairs and watch a movie or somethin'."

Phil narrowed his eyes. "You just want an excuse to stay up later."

"Yeah," Techno said with a shrug. "And? Yes or no?"

Phil let out a chuckle. "Sure, mate. What time is it?" He cursed when he saw that it was half-past one in the morning.

"Don't worry about the time, dear father," Wilbur said, rushing around the bed to block Phil's view of the clock. "Come on, movie time."

As Wilbur pulled him out of bed, Phil laughed. "I feel like it's Christmas with how much you're rushing me."

"Well, if it's Christmas, then we'll watch Christmas movies," Wilbur said plainly as Techno left the room to go set up the DVD player. "Come along, Dadza, I'll help you since your bones are so old and frail."

"Mate, that's==" Phil's shoulders shook with laughter. "That joke's gonna get old one day, I can promise you."

"You'll always be older."

"You little shit=="

Chapter End Notes

me: huh deathlessness!ranboo doesn't really have the memory issues ive gotta make sure i include that more
cc!ranboo literally The Day After i announce i need to include more memory issues:
ghostboo has no memory problems :D
me:

WOOOOO DISCORD I LEARNED HOW TO ADD HTML LINKS FOR THIS again
im supposed to be learning how to code but i am just far too busy w fanfics and yt and

stuff to do it lol

link w/o formatting: N/A

anyways all links all have clickable thingies yay

NOTE FROM THE FUTURE: the link has been removed, hmu on tumblr if you want in, we've just had a lot of problems having a public link

debated if i wanted ranboo to use slang while calming tubbo down from a panic attack but i think deathlessness!boo prefers it when people don't overreact and just talk normally to him after an attack, and wanted to see if that helped tubbo, too

also apparently ive been setting the chapters to be published like the same day i made the chapter to start editing rather than sunday. so this is the first time a chapter will be published On Time. let's see the reception we get this time.

1930s

- Berk | Fool/Incompetant person

1940s

- Dame | Lady

1970s

- Do you copy? | Do you understand?

- It's casual | Everything's okay

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

we didn't come here to ROCK

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "We Didn't Come Here to Rock" by AJJ

discord gets links to the songs the chapter titles are based on

(cw for an argument, mention of previous character death)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I wasn't the one that screamed," Phil admitted quietly when the credits of *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*, the original animated one, began to roll.

Wilbur looked up from where his head had been on Phil's shoulder, Techno turning from where he had been staring at the screen.

"What?" Wilbur asked.

Phil took a deep breath. "I thought it was sleep paralysis at first. Some kind of hallucination, you know? But uh..."

Techno reached over and grabbed the remote, pausing the credits.

Rubbing his eyes, Phil shifted under the blanket. "I woke up to some kind of, like... snapping sound. But when I looked around to see which one of you it was, neither of you were there. And then I saw this *figure* in the corner..."

"We can't fucking have them here anymore!" Tubbo thundered, hands shaking as he glared at them, now stood up. He brushed past the two to get to the door. "I don't care how fucking attached you are, they need to go! I can't fucking stand this goddamn room=="

"Hey, hold on==" Ranboo tried, hurrying after him. "You were fine with it before. And nothing bad happened until one of us tried something with Phil!"

"A figure?" Wilbur prompted. "Could you, like, see it?"

Phil narrowed his eyes. "Um... not really. It was maybe around my height, I think."

"Could you see what colors it was wearin'?" Techno asked.

"Um... not really. It was too dark."

Wilbur nodded. "Hm. Continue."

"I wasn't *fine* with it!" Tubbo shouted, whipping around to face the doorway when he'd gotten out. "I thought you were playing the long game or something!"

"How do you know we're not?" Tommy demanded, joining him in the hallway.

"Because you would have told me some kind of a plan by now!" Tubbo threw his hands up. "But ever since you got upset over killing Wilbur, it's almost like you actually *want* them to stay! This is *our* house, Tommy! Not fucking *theirs*!"

"And I figured it was just sleep paralysis=="

Techno stiffened.

"=or maybe just my brain not comprehending it was just some kind of illusion. So, I tried to go to sleep. But... I..." Phil rubbed his hands over his face. "Okay... Uh... Wilbur, do you remember me mentioning Kristin?"

"First of all," Tommy began, now glowering at Tubbo, "this is *my* house. I've been here the longest, and you don't have the fucking *right* to tell *me* who is and isn't allowed in *my* house."

"It's been *our* house since I fucking died, Tommy!" Tubbo shot back. "It's just as much my house as it is yours or Ranboo's."

"We're still the majority here, Tubbo!" Ranboo reminded. "You were going to be a politician, you know how a democracy works!"

"Um... vaguely?" Wilbur said. "She's your ex-wife, right?"

Phil smiled sadly. "Yeah... We met at a Halloween event in some game and just kept chatting after that. She was *beautiful*, mate. And she was the kindest and funniest person I'd ever met. After a few years, we finally started dating, and I couldn't *believe* how lucky I was that she chose me...

"A while after that, we got engaged. She came to England, we got married, and we finally settled down. I still have pictures of our wedding. She looked gorgeous in that dress..." He gave a short chuckle, a light blush on his features.

"This was when Minecraft started getting popular," Phil explained. "We used the money to get bigger, and eventually we got a house, and then we started talking about kids. And, um..." He faltered. "She, uh..." He gestured vaguely, setting his jaw.

"They found her in an alley." Phil sniffed, voice tight with unshed tears. "She'd gone out that night to go explore some abandoned building with her friends, cause they were big on ghosts and stuff, and just.... never got home... I had to identify her..."

"Is that where I came in?" Wilbur asked, likely not wanting to change the subject.

Phil swiped a sleeve over his eyes. "Yeah. Kinda. But first, um... Kristin didn't die. I mean, she did, but not completely."

"*Who gives a shit about democracy?!'*" Tubbo shouted. "We've never allowed anyone in our house before, what's so different here?! And you didn't even fucking bother to ask what the hell *I* thought about it, you just decided to go make friends with them!"

"Oh, like we meant to!" Tommy defended. "You feel bad about *almost fucking murdering someone* and suddenly *Tubbo* has the moral fucking high ground!"

"You didn't care when the Dream Team were here!" Ranboo pointed out, putting his arms out in a vague gesture. "You *liked* them! What makes them so different?!"

"She became a ghost?" Techno asked.

With a small shake of his head and another sniff, Phil said, "No. Not exactly. And I know you two don't believe in ghosts anyway, but you have to promise you won't think I'm crazy or anything for what I'm about to say."

Techno and Wilbur shared a look. They both turned back to Phil.

"You're already crazy, anyways," Wilbur said, nudging Phil. "That's what happens when you get old."

Phil nudged him back with a small huff of laughter. "Shut up."

"Because the Dream Team don't live here!" Tubbo flung his hand out to gesture at the doors. "*They* do! The fucker with the guardian is in *my fucking room* and all *you* can do==" He glared up at Ranboo."==is play video games!"

"Don't fuckin' single Ranboo out!" Tommy yelled back. "If you're gonna shit on one of us, you might as well come at me, too! So, while you're getting attacked, what the fuck am I doing, Tubbo?"

"You didn't immediately cozy up with the bitch in your room!" Tubbo shot back.

"Kristin came to me that night," Phil explained quietly. "She explained that when she had died, she had come back as a ghost. But not... exactly. She explained that she was the Goddess of Death, and regularly reincarnated herself to retain her sense of humanity, or to find her... soulmate?"

"Well==hold on, that sounds misleading..." Phil furrowed his brows. "Soulmates aren't a thing. Or, if they are, then Kristin didn't know about them. But she wanted a find a partner that she could take with her when they died to keep her grounded, so she didn't have to keep reincarnating herself."

"So sorta like a self-made soulmate?" Wilbur asked.

Phil nodded. "She wasn't sure if the partner was going to be romantic, or platonic, or if there would be multiple people. But she said that she'd finally found me, and that she'd be waiting for when I died. But she said that I had to live a fulfilling life and couldn't just=="

"I didn't *cozy up* with Techno!" Ranboo defended.

"Then what the fuck *were* you doing?!" Tubbo demanded. "You play video games a few nights and *suddenly* the living aren't so bad?!"

"Well, I'm *sorry* for being tired of scaring everyone away!"

"Aw, Phil," Wilbur cooed, interrupting Phil. "Your first thought was to find me?"

Techno rolled his eyes. "Phil would have settled for any sad-lookin' orphan child."

Wilbur glared at him and snuggled closer to Phil. "No, the universe was calling to him, saying *adopt Wilbur*. It was saying *adopt the little brown-haired boy with the guitar picks*."

"I think that if the universe had a hand in it, it would have warned me to stay away from you." Phil reached up and ruffled Wilbur's hair, beanie-less and messy. "You were a *nightmare*, mate."

Wilbur very maturely stuck his tongue out at Techno.

"But you didn't even fucking tell me! You just decided *hey, you know what, maybe let's make friends with the living this time!*"

"I didn't *plan* for it!" Ranboo bit.

"But you *continued* with it!" Tubbo dragged a hand through his hair, lifting his bangs to allow Tommy and Ranboo a better view of the burn scars marring his features before they fell back down. "You continued with it, and you didn't tell me, and if you had, I wouldn't have just gone through..." He waved a hand at the door. "*==that!*"

Tommy exhaled harshly. "Tubbo, we get that whatever just happened was shice, but you don't have to fuckin' take it out on us!"

"Anyways, I talked to Kristin a few times over the years," Phil continued. "She helped raise Wilbur, like planning birthdays and presents and stuff. Even when we moved to the US for a bit, she still visited. She also helped raise you, Techno."

"More like domesticate," Techno joked.

"Why didn't we ever see her, then?" Wilbur asked. "Or why didn't she reincarnate again, but older?"

Phil shrugged. "I don't know. She probably had her reasons, though.... or maybe she was waiting for me to..." His eyes lit up.

"Don't tell me you *get it!*" Tubbo seethed. "You *don't* get it! You don't get how fucking *terrifying* that was! And it could have been avoided if you'd just *told me* what we were doing this time!"

"We didn't fucking *know* what we were doing!" Tommy shot back.

"Well, I thought *I* did, because it's what we've been doing for *decades*, and now—" Tubbo cut himself off to inhale sharply. "And now there's some fucking dame that sent me into an attack and it's like neither of you fucking *care!*"

"You've got a look in your eyes, Phil," Techno mourned.

"The Dream Team is big on ghosts and shit, right?" Phil asked. "They have ghost hunting knowledge, right? They could help us, like, summon her."

"Can't *you* call her here?" Wilbur asked.

Phil shrugged. "She usually shows up at random, or in my dreams."

"I can text Dream tomorrow," Techno offered. "But, uh, Phil? I think we have something we need to tell you first."

Silence coated the hallway.

"Tubbo==" Ranboo tried. "I==um."

"*Fuck*, man," Tommy breathed.

"There are actually ghosts, like... livin' here?" Techno winced. "Uh... there's three, specifically."

"Each of them share a room with one of us," Wilbur continued. "Techno's got Beloved, who fell from the roof, uh, I've got Field Kid, and you've probably got Tubbo Schlatt."

Phil blinked. "Oh."

"*Do* they all have different rooms?" Wilbur asked. "Cause if I have Field Kid, and you've got Beloved, then that means Tubbo's got the biggest room. But wouldn't his dad have taken that room?"

Techno shrugged.

"Wait, wait, wait==" Phil shook his head lightly. "Run that by me again."

"There's Tubbo Schlatt," Wilbur repeated, "Beloved, and Field Kid. Schlatt died in some kind of firework explosion, Beloved fell from the attic, and we don't know anything about Field Kid. Beloved's parents might still be alive, actually."

"Sorry, Tubso," Tommy said. "I, uh..."

"I'm sorry, too," Ranboo said, reaching up to scratch at the back of his neck. "I guess I was getting kinda comfortable with Techno..."

"It is *your* house, too, I guess." Tommy crossed his arms. "And you were technically just doing what we've *been* doing."

"Sorry for yelling at you guys," Tubbo murmured. "I just... I'm just on edge."

"We'll protect you from that judy if she ever comes back," Tommy promised. "Big Man Tommy Innit can scare away any fucker who thinks they can come in and scare *my* friends."

Tubbo let out a short exhale through his nose.

"How old are they?"

Techno "*uhh*"ed and pulled out his phone. After a couple taps, he said, "According to Dream, Schlatt was seventeen, and Beloved died about a month before his 18th birthday. Field Kid wasn't even recorded, but I bet they're probably around the same age."

"Wasn't even==" Phil cut himself off. "When did they die?"

"Uh..." Techno clicked around a bit more. "Beloved died in '75, Schlatt in '53, and we don't know Field Kid."

"Oh, no," Wilbur began, "it's adoption time again."

Phil rolled his eyes at him. "*Mate*=="

"I wish we could sleep," Tubbo sighed. "I think I need some shuteye after that."

"Oh, *Prime*," Tommy sighed, "I miss sleeping. And eating. And drinking."

Ranboo nodded solemnly in agreement. "I think the thing I miss the most was weed."

Tommy and Tubbo stared at him.

"You have *issues*, Ranboob," Tommy said, shaking his head disappointed.

"Can we go to sleep now?" Wilbur yawned. "We can talk in the morning."

"I wonder if the ghosts can sleep," Techno mused as he set his phone back down and rewound the movie just to have it on for background noise.

Phil hummed, tipping back as he settled further into the couch. "Think later. Brain tired."

Techno collapsed back into Phil, heaving a sigh as his eyes shut.

Wilbur reached around Phil and smacked Techno's arm. "No, my Dadza. Fuck off."

Techno let out a short "mm". "'M stealin' him."

Wilbur hummed discontentedly, but he made no move to hit him again or retract his hand.

("I used to sleep with my parents and my dogs," Tommy said when they caught sight of the three people passed out on the couch. "We didn't have good heating, and it was winter. I miss them.")

"What happened to them?" Ranboo asked softly.

"Dad died in World War II. Mum left. Dogs, um..."

Tubbo tilted his head at him.

Tommy shook his head.

"I never had any pets," Ranboo said. "My dad was, like, allergic. He named his old guitar Fido, before he, like, sold it to get a better one. It had lots of little notes and signatures on it. He would have let us write on his new one, but it would have damaged the integrity somehow? I guess Fido was just a lot worse quality."

"Wilbur has a guitar," Tommy said. "Think we could fuck it up?"

Tubbo let out a contemplative hum. "Not right now. That dame might still be around. I don't wanna risk pissing her off again. Think we could figure out how to work that remote?")

Chapter End Notes

philza, a certified mumza simp: i am married to the goddess of death who reincarnates as a human every now and again to retain her humanity and she's very pretty :)
wilbur and techno, already looking up nearby therapists:

also what's phil's company? idk. maybe it's a video game. maybe it's a shipping company. maybe it's amazon. i can't remember what ive said so ill just keep it vague lol

this discord is cursed come join us we've talked about so many things. im also linking the songs that the chapter names are from with each update so you don't have to go find them alone.

also if you join you get a discord notif that deathlessness has updated instead of having to check ur email

out of context quote for this week join to find the context:
id flush him down the toilet, and then realise, oh shit, thats my brother

1930s

- Judy | A woman or girl
- Shice | Nothing/No good

1940s

- Dame | A lady

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

a hug without a human is alright

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Temple Grandin Too" by AJJ

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"How the fuck is this *breakfast?!'*" Tommy screeched.

Tubbo and Ranboo blinked at him.

"They've got a full day's worth of jarry on *one plate!*" Tommy gestured at the serving of eggs, a piece of toast, and two strips of bacon on Wilbur's plate while Wilbur himself picked up a fork.

"I mean, it is a little much," Ranboo admitted, "but you haven't, like, had a problem with it before?"

Tommy spluttered. "Oh, so just because I don't *say* I have a problem with something, I auto-mactically don't have a problem with it? Thanks, Ranboo, really nice to know my fuckin' housemate thinks I have to say everything I think=="

Ranboo chuckled. "*Housemate?* Tommy, I thought we were best friends!"

"*Fuck you, bitch boy==*"

Tubbo snickered. "Tommy doesn't care about us at all. We should just go live in the shed."

"That is a fucking *barn* and you know it, you fuckin' *bee-obsessed government cowson!*"

("So, you married the *Goddess of Death?*" Wilbur said.)

"We'll go live out our afterlives in the shed," Ranboo said, hooking his fingers into the hood of Tubbo's jacket.

("Uh, yep. Pretty much." Phil scooped up a bit of his eggs.)

Tubbo kicked himself into the air and allowed himself to be pulled towards Ranboo. "Goodbye, Tommy. You're never going to see us again. We are in cahoots now, and you're trying to tear us apart."

(With a blank look, Techno hummed. "That made for interesting family gatherings, I'm sure.")

Tommy deadpanned at them. "I hate both of you."

(Phil rolled his eyes. "Well, I didn't *know* until afterwards.")

"Then exorcize us, bitch." Tubbo smirked. "You won't."

Unbeknownst to the living, Tommy began screeching, saying that he was the biggest and most pog man to ever exist and that he could exorcise them if he really wanted, he just chose not to for no real reason, but he could change his mind at any point==

"You know a lot of things, Phil," Wilbur mused solemnly, "I'm sure."

Phil rolled his eyes, reaching for his water. "I've got some shopping to do today, and some work I need to get done, but I should be free until the end of the week. Do either of you wanna come with?"

"I do!" Wilbur said, raising his hand. "I need a new notebook and Eret recommended this one cool shop that they buy from."

"Isn't Eret in America?" Techno asked before he crunched into his toast.

"He's in England visiting family right now," Wilbur explained, "but the store ships overseas."

Phil set his glass back down. "Why haven't you invited them over yet, then?"

"Complete other side of the nation, Philza," Wilbur said, shaking his head. "Honestly, I sometimes wonder if we need to put you in a home."

"I'm leaving you at home."

"No==wait==Phil, *please*=="

"Don't burn the house down," Phil said as he and Wilbur prepared to make the long, long trek from the house to the car parked by the barn about thirty feet away. "And don't let the ghosts burn the house down, either."

Techno's shoulder slumped. "I was gonna blame it on them, Phil, why have you ruined my plan?"

Phil gave a chuckle and asked Wilbur if he had his inhaler.

The door shut behind them, leaving Techno alone.

He sighed. "Beloved, you here?"

The house remained silent.

Something pulled at his hoodie.

"You got anyone else with you?" Techno asked, taking a seat on the couch, tucking himself into the corner.

"*Yes,*" came the reply.

Techno reached for the phone in his hoodie pocket, having retrieved it before breakfast. "Do your friends wanna say anything?"

A moment of silence passed.

"*No.*"

Techno shrugged. "Alright, welp, that's fair. Do you three mind if I ask some questions?"

(Ranboo looked over at them from his place in front of Techno, Tommy and Tubbo both standing in the kitchen doorway. "Do you?"

They both shook their heads.)

"*Go ahead. Might not answer all of them, though.*" The cushion beside Techno sank down.

Techno glanced around them, unsure of where Field Kid and Tubbo were. "Okay, um..."

And now he was realizing how stupid this was. He guessed he was fine with talking to Beloved, but adding in two more ghosts he'd never had contact with? Oh, he was going to die from the stress==

"I guess... what do you guys wanna be referred to as?" he settled on, feeling his heart begin to beat faster. "Like, we know one full name, and half of one, and really nothing about Field Kid. So, y'know."

The room went quiet.

Techno shifted and cleared his throat.

"*Beloved. Field Man==*" Techno swore he heard Beloved bite back a snicker at that. "*And Tubbo,*" Beloved answered.

("Why do *I* have to be the messenger?!" Ranboo demanded, glaring at the two. "I don't wanna get shot!")

"Cause you're the only one who's talked to him," Tubbo answered smugly.

Tommy smirked at him. "Suffer.")

Techno nodded. "Uh-huh... Well, um..."

He *wanted* to ask why Tubbo thought it was a good idea to scare Phil, but that was now out of the question.

"So, how long have you been dead?"

("Dream asked this question, too, didn't he?" Tubbo asked. "What did we say then?")

"I've been dead for==almost fifty years," Beloved said. "Tubbo's... about seventy. And Field Kid's... Man's about... eighty-ish?"

Huh.

Well that is not the answer he was expecting.

"Ah." Techno let his phone fall back into his lap. "So, is Field Kid a teenager?"

The room went quiet.

Techno glanced around the room.

He looked down to his phone, turning it on and swiping through some notifications.

"Yes," Beloved answered. *"And he says he'll bury you==in the field if you call him a kid."* In a quieter voice, he added, *"Don't count on it, though. He's soft."*

Silence invaded Techno's ears.

"Now he's mad at me," Beloved chuckled. *"Hold on."*

Techno couldn't help the quick exhale of laughter that escaped him, turning back down to his phone.

The weight on the couch got up, any sign of the ghosts disappearing.

Techno tapped out a reply to Dream asking if he was up to another duel, saying that he didn't need to beat Dream twice to know he was better.

Dream is typing... showed up at the bottom of his screen before a *"fuck u fight me >:("* appeared on his screen.

A bark of laughter escaped him.

A throw pillow on the opposite side of the couch picked itself up. It was a plain white, just because they hadn't found another cover for it yet.

Techno raised his arms in self-defense, preparing for the pillow to throw itself at him.

But, the pillow ended up thrown in the direction of the wall, hitting the bookshelf==which thankfully remained stable==and *poofed* on the ground.

The pillow picked itself back up.

Techno opened up his camera.

The pillow threw itself out at something, only to flop back into place, likely because whoever was holding it hadn't let it go.

Techno pressed record, angling his phone camera to show the pillow, now jolting back and forth, as though its holder was preparing to attack.

("Don't you fucking *dare*==" Tommy tried to warn.)

The pillow *darted* forward, throwing itself in an arc. It tried to jerk back, but something caught it, trying to rip it away from its holder.

("Fight! Fight! Fight!" Tubbo cheered, Tommy and Ranboo wrestling to gain control of the pillow.)

The pillow struggled for a moment before it was finally ripped away from its former holder, immediately going to smack itself out at something.

(Tubbo yelped as Ranboo ducked around Tommy's attack, charging straight for him==)

The pillow evened itself out, parallel to the wall as if to defend against someone.

(Ranboo readjusted his grip on the now-floating Tubbo, arms wrapped securely around Tubbo's waist, his hands clasped together around his middle. "Tubbo==Tubbo, you gotta help me==")

The pillow jerked back, as though someone had punched or kicked the middle of it.

("Fuck you, you can't use a human shield that kicks!" Tommy protested.)

The pillow jolted up, a dip forming in the bottom.

("I can use whatever I want!" Ranboo called back, Tubbo aiming another kick at the pillow.)

The pillow jolted up again, this time more from the side than the center.

The pillow went flying straight towards Techno.

Techno yelped as the pillow landed on him, hearing his phone beep to signify he'd ended the video.

("Oh shit," Tommy mused, "I forgot he was here.")

Tubbo wriggled himself free from Ranboo and landed back on the ground. "To be honest, I think all of us did."

"This is why you don't throw pillows at people, Tommy," Ranboo explained, earning himself a Look.)

Techno felt laughter bubble up in his throat, but he forced it down, instead settling for a shaky smile. "Uh==you three have fun?" He let out a snicker before he forced himself to be quiet.

"*Gobs of it*," Beloved answered.

Techno shoved the pillow back into its proper place. "Alright, well, I think I'm done with questions, then. I'm gonna head up to my room. Uh... don't kill me?" He hurried up the stairs, turning his volume down and replaying the end of the video to see how much he had to trim to get the *perfect* cutoff point before he sent it to anyone.

(If Techno noticed some flashes of color and incoherent sounds in the video that hadn't been in real life, he didn't bother to mention it.

Techno sent the video in the family group chat just as Wilbur and Phil were parking.

the ghosts r havin fun, read the attached text.

Wilbur leaned over to show Phil and pressed play, the video making them chuckle. The ending with Techno's cut-off yelp made Phil actually laugh.

lmao Wilbur texted back when Phil made to undo his seatbelt. *next time throw another pillow at them*.

Techno replied with a thumbs-up emoji.

Chapter End Notes

techno chillin on the couch: a potato flew around my room before you came excuse-
the ghosts: AAAAAAAAAA

ALSO!!! BE ON THE LOOKOUT CAUSE TOMORROW I UPLOAD THE
DEATHLESSNESS CHRISTMAS SPECIAL!! it'll be like 5 chapters w the final chapter
being uploaded on christmas!!

1930s

- Cowson | Son of a bitch

- Jarry | Food

1940s

- In cahoots | Working together

1970s

- Gobs | Lots
- Like/Y'know | Filler words

out of context discord quote for the week:

He wrote a mpreg homestuck song then put it in Pokémon

if you have love in your heart then who am i to judge you

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "If You Have Love in Your Heart" by AJJ

300 hearts special coming up in deathlessness (the series) along w the finished christmas special go check it out or else

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"*Techno, my wonderful brother!*" Wilbur called as he flung the door open, arms loaded with bags of food. "We require assistance!"

No sound came from above them, but, undeterred, Wilbur crossed into the kitchen to set the bags on the ground near the counters.

Phil's footsteps could be heard from the living room before he appeared in the doorway, passing Wilbur as he set down his bunch of bags.

The faintest thud of footsteps could be heard from the second story as Techno crossed over the living room.

Wilbur whisked back out the door, Phil following.

Techno joined them shortly after, helping to unload the groceries from the car.

The ghosts watched on in varying amounts of disbelief.

"What the fuck?" Tommy asked as they brought bag after bag inside. "*What the fuck?*"

"I mean, they've got three people," Tubbo said. "And they apparently didn't spend every penny on the house, like Ranboo's parents."

"*I* had three people and two dogs," Tommy shot back, "and we couldn't even get a third of this!"

"Well, I mean," Ranboo began, "you, like, lived during the Great Depression."

"Yeah, but not even *before* then did we pack a whole drag full of just *food*." He crossed his arms over his stomach, hunching over himself.

"Rich people," Ranboo muttered distastefully.

Tommy hummed in agreement. "What do they even do?" he asked. "The only person I've seen working is Phil. Wilbur and Techno are perfectly old enough to get a job."

"Techno might have mentioned Wilbur was part of a band," Ranboo said. "They're on a break right now, but they've got a decent fanbase..."

"So much for us being your memory book," Tommy said, raising an eyebrow at him. "What, did death cure your brain?"

Ranboo shrugged, one shoulder raising just a bit more than another. "I mean, I haven't suffered from any withdrawals, either=="

"*No, no, no!*" Tommy dismissed, shoving his hands out at Ranboo. "No drug talk, Ranboob, this is a good, law-abiding household, we don't do drugs here."

"Techno also said he smokes weed to help=="

"*You two are both disgusting, then!*" Tommy shouted out, landing a shove on Ranboo's face, who let out a laugh and started to push back. "Shut up, shut up, shut up, I don't want to hear about your drug habits, you wronguns!"

"You sound like a kid on the playground," Tubbo chuckled, his focus on Ranboo, "who's telling the other kids about your cool older brother. *Well, Techno says this.*"

Tommy paused in his shoving before he collapsed into barks of laughter, Ranboo sputtering as he tried to defend himself.

"I'm not==*no!* Stop laughing==" he tried, ears flushed red.

"*Techno says smoking weed is cool,*" Tubbo managed out through chuckles, nearly drowned out by Tommy's wheezes. "*Techno says Wilbur's in a band. Techno says blah blah blah.*"

Ranboo put a hand to his face in equal parts embarrassment and exhaustion. "Why are you two like this?"

The only answer he got was more laughter.

("Can I call a meeting?" Ranboo asked around noon-ish, after the copious amounts of food had been unloaded.

"Now?" Tubbo asked.

Ranboo hesitated before he nodded.

"Well, it's not like we're busy," Tommy said, already moving to leave. "What's on your mind, boob boy?")

The rest of the day was uneventful.

Mostly because, Wilbur assumed, the trio were scared of Phil. Or, more accurately, his scary guard dog wife.

That was, of course, assuming he wasn't finally going mad from having to deal with Wilbur for the past half a decade.

Half a decade, he mused, felt a lot like a lifetime.

(If that felt like a lifetime, how did fifty years in the same place feel?)

(Seventy?)

(Ninety?)

(The rest of eternity?)

That night, unlike the day, was one of the most eventful since moving in, in Techno's opinion.

"Hey, Beloved," Techno called as soon as he closed his door behind him, moonlight leaking into his room. "You here?"

The room lay silent.

Techno waited for a breath longer before he moved to settle down in his bed, grabbing his laptop from its charger before pulling the blankets over his lap.

"Hello," came a voice when he'd pulled up Youtube.

Techno glanced around for the source, but couldn't see an indent on his bed. "Hallo," he said. "Hope, uh, Kristin didn't scare you off."

Beloved let out a stilted hum.

Techno glanced around again. "You good?"

Beloved didn't reply.

"Hello? Beloved?"

"Ranboo."

Techno blinked. "Heh?"

Beloved's voice came out shakier than before when he added, *"My name is Ranboo. It's== It's on my grave. I figured you'd have gone to check==by now. It's Ranboo."*

Well.

That was certainly something.

"Huh," Techno said. "Did you want me to go look?"

Beloved==Ranboo hesitated. *"Yes? No? It's up to you. I don't know."*

"Do you want me to call you Ranboo?"

"You don't have to. If you'd rather call me Beloved."

Techno let out a soft snort despite himself. "It's kinda weird for an adult to be callin' a minor *beloved*."

Ranboo was silent. *"I... did not think about that."*

Techno felt the bed beside him shift, Ranboo sitting barely a few inches away from him to look over his shoulder. The telltale chill brushed against his arm, thankfully mostly covered by his hoodie. "You wanna try to beat my high score in Pong?"

"A child could beat your high score."

Techno sent a challenging look at the space to his side, opening up a new tab and clicking on the Pong bookmark.

Ranboo was quiet as he saw the new number. *"So, you've prac-ticed=="* He cut himself off, a cough shaking his chest, unbeknownst to Techno. *"Doesn't matter. I'll still beat it."*

Techno placed the laptop to the side, allowing Ranboo's invisible hands to adjust it before the enter key tapped itself. "So, uh," he began, "how was your day...?"

"Field kid saw how much food you had and went zappy," he mentioned.

Techno tilted his head. "Whaddya mean? That's, like, a normal amount of food."

Ranboo might have shrugged, but Techno couldn't see it. *"Tubbo was the only one of us who could afford a rich lifestyle. Also, Field==Field Kid lived during the Great Depression."*

The keys faltered as Ranboo coughed violently into his elbow.

Techno hummed. "So, since you're a ghost, can you fly?"

"*No. Tubbo can.*"

"I thought the whole thing about ghosts was that they could fly?"

Ranboo's spot shifted. "*Nah. Tubbo says==says he just kicks himself off the ground. It just makes us jump.*"

Techno narrowed his eyes in thought. "What, like a firework?"

Ranboo faltered. "*I guess.*"

Techno sucked in a breath as Ranboo barely clipped the ball, sending it back to the other side. He relaxed when it pinged against the wall. "Maybe you're just picturing it wrong. Instead of kicking off, maybe you need to view it as, uh... I dunno, a staircase? You fell==" He stopped himself.

"I fell off a roof," Ranboo completed, despite Techno being unable to hear. "And Tubbo died from a firework... *What if I pictured myself falling?*"

Techno cast a strange look over at Ranboo's jaw. "Heh?"

"*Tubbo kicks off like a firework. What if I pretend to fall?*" He reached up to massage his throat. "*And, like, catch myself by flying, y'know?*"

Techno tilted his head. "Huh. Could work. Won't it hurt if you're wrong?"

Ranboo shrugged, although Techno couldn't see him. "*Pretty much nothing else hurts.*" He let out a yelp when the ball zoomed past him into the wall.

Techno barked out a laugh. "Alright, you wanna try flying now? We could head outside."

"*I should jump off the bed.*"

"*Ranboo, no==*"

"*You ready?*" Ranboo asked, stood beside Techno's bed.

"I can't see you," Techno reminded, "but go for it."

Ranboo took a deep breath. He closed his eyes and pictured himself back on the roof, looking down at the farm.

He put a leg out and *stepped*.

Ranboo felt himself tip forward slightly, his feet coming out from under him. He braced himself==

And==

He peeked an eye open.

Ranboo brought his legs out in front of him.

He was floating.

He was floating!

Ranboo let out a loud laugh, grinning at Techno behind his mask. *"I'm floating!"*

Techno gave a thumbs up. "Yooooo. Nice going, Ranboo. How's it feel?"

Ranboo tipped himself to the side, feeling the weightlessness of being a ghost seemingly *multiply* as he moved sideways. *"This is unreal."* He brought himself back into an almost-standing position.

"Is it like swimming?" Techno asked.

"Never swam," Ranbo said. He turned to Techno. *"Thank you. I thought I couldn't fly..."*

Techno blinked. "Wait, haven't you been here for, like, fifty years?"

Ranboo felt his shoulders slump. *"I take it back. You suck."*

Techno let out a sudden laugh. "Yeah, sure." He shifted before leaning back against his headboard. "You wanna go back to Pong?"

Ranboo straightened out abruptly, feeling himself rock a bit. *"But I just learned to fly!"*

With an exaggerated sigh, Techno shrugged. "Yeah, okay. Go fly around a bit."

Ranboo hesitated. His shoulders slumped.

(His dad's shoulders slumped with a sigh and moved the guitar closer to him. "Whatever, I'll just teach you some later. Just... go.")

Ranboo set himself back on the ground and climbed back onto the bed, ensuring he stayed just a *bit* farther away from Techno than usual. *"I'll have time later."*

Techno cast Ranboo's jaw a weird look, but gestured to the computer. "Alright, welp, you go ahead, then. But, uh... nevermind. If you can beat my high score in half an hour, then, uh... I dunno. How about if you can't, then you have to answer a question."

"What's with you and questions?"

"If you beat it, I'll answer one of yours."

"Deal."

Chapter End Notes

this was meant to be a crimeboys fic cause the tommy-wilbur dynamic gives me food but. ranboo and techno. exist.

also i wanna clear this up now cause it's been bugging me while editing:

Yes, Techno smokes weed in this fic to help with his ADHD (it's legal in England you just cant grow it), he's just not been able to get any yet cause file transfer or somethin.

Idk if that's how it works but fuck it it's not entirely realistic it's fanfic

ALSO!!! WE HAVE FANART!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

from RainbowOfOddColors on discord!

[Tommy](#)

link:

https://cdn.discordapp.com/attachments/916150777951694908/923611138896306247/IMG_7215.jpg

[Two Tubbos and a Ranboo](#)

link:

https://cdn.discordapp.com/attachments/916150777951694908/923611139244445706/IMG_7217.jpg

if the links don't work then ig you'll have to join the discord to see them oh no what a cruel fate

check out the christmas special!! deathlessness is now a series to make it easier to connect the fics, and the special's complete! it's 5 chapters long and inspired by "a christmas carol" by charles dickens!

ALSO 300 BOOKMARKS SPECIAL COMING SOON! join the discord or bookmark deathlessness (the series) for a notif when it comes out!

1930s

- Drag | Motor Vehicle

1940s

- N/A

1970s

- Cool | Awesome

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

- Unreal | Weird/Strange

- Whatever | You don't care

- Zappy | (To be acting) Crazy

i hate all the things that i can't change

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Loudmouth" by AJJ

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo stared down his door, his stomach churning.

It was *his door*. His *room*.

So why was he *terrified* of going in?

Tubbo took a step towards the door.

He bit his lip.

"So, Tommy," he began, poking his head through the door, "how's it going with Wilbur?"

Guitar music reached his ears, played by Wilbur, who was sat up across from Tommy.

Tubbo resisted the urge to wrinkle his nose at the sight of Tommy's dirt-covered, scratched-up feet and shins on Wilbur's relatively clean blanket.

"Wilbur's playing guitar," Tommy said, eyes practically transfixed on the way Wilbur strummed.

Tubbo glanced between the two, almost scared by the way Tommy's expression had mellowed into one of near-complete relaxation. And he'd only ever seen that when the three of them had climbed onto the roof to watch the clouds. "Um. Yeah... I'm, uh. I'm gonna go see Ranboo."

Tubbo slunk back out of the room, back into the near-silent hallway.

He skittered past his door before he poked his head into Ranboo's room. "Ranboo?"

Ranboo looked over his shoulder. "Wassup? One minute, I gotta beat Techno's high score."

Tubbo hesitantly stepped in, pushing himself off the ground and floating over to the bed. The screen of the lap-top glowed in the dimly lit room, shining back on Techno and through

Ranboo. Two lines moved up and down on opposite ends of the screen, a little white square-ish shape moving back and forth between them. "What's that?"

"Pong," Ranboo answered. "You have to get your, uh, line to hit the ball back to the other side. When one of you doesn't hit it back, and it goes past your line, then the other side wins."

Tubbo hummed, cautiously settling himself beside Ranboo, ensuring that he didn't put any weight on the bed. "Who's playing the other side?"

"The computer."

Tubbo blinked. How did a computer play a game? "Oh. Okay."

(Well, he supposed if it could store full-color videos that looked like they were happening right in front of you, then it could play a game.)

"Do you want me, like, to tell Techno you're here?" Ranboo asked.

"If you want, boss man."

Ranboo cleared his throat. "*Tubbo's here.*"

Techno glanced through Ranboo at Tubbo's nose. "Ominous."

Ranboo didn't look away from the screen as he leaned over to Tubbo. "What does that mean?" he asked.

Tubbo could only shrug.

"How's Tommy doing?" Ranboo continued, leaning back to his game. "I'm guessing you went to him first."

"Wilbur's playing guitar. Tommy looks really... relaxed, I guess. I think he likes him. Like how you like Techno." He reached over and poked Ranboo. "You're both knuckleheads."

Ranboo gave a huff of laughter and batted his hand away. "Is this gonna be a regular thing now? Where you shadow one of us cause Phil scared you?"

With a swift kick to Ranboo's side, Tubbo crossed his arms. "Don't joke about that."

Ranboo gave a quick apology before they fell back into silence.

Tubbo moved to observe Techno, deliberately clipping through the lap-top to briefly cut off Ranboo's view.

Techno stared blankly at the screen, a worn blue hoodie hanging loosely on him. Tubbo couldn't see what was underneath his red blanket, but he could make out the hint of black shorts or sweatpants. Techno's pink hair was left loose now, strands wisping around his face while the rest hung over his shoulders and bunched in his hoodie.

His shoulders were broad, like how Tubbo assumed Tommy's would be if he weren't so skinny. Tubbo couldn't tell if it was from exercise or just genes, due to the hoodie, but he could make out Techno's fingers toying with something small and green and white in his lap.

Tubbo tilted his head. "What's he holding?"

"What?" Ranboo glanced over, shifting to check. "Oh. I dunno. Ask him."

"Why can't *you*?" Tubbo asked. "*You* told him your name."

"I don't care what he has."

Tubbo glared at him. "I hate you."

Ranboo might have grinned at him. "I know you do."

Tubbo glanced at Techno. "I, uh... Is that okay...?"

"Of course it is," Ranboo said. He paused. When Tubbo didn't ask, he finally asked, "Do you really want me to ask him==?"

"No!" Tubbo nearly interrupted. "I can do it."

Ranboo let out a disbelieving hum. "*What are you holding?*"

Techno glanced to his side. "Oh, it's a fidget cube." He held it up to reveal a small white cube with rounded edges, little green shapes decorated around it. "Helps me with concentration and stuff. It's, uh... It's just covered in, uh, little things to flick around and mess with=="

"No==!"

Tubbo whipped towards Ranboo.

"--and I usually carry it around with me in my pocket."

Ranboo heaved a sigh as the lap-top beeped.

Techno looked at the screen and let out a laugh. "L."

"I was so close!" Ranboo ran a hand through his hair. "I only needed a few more points..."

"Wow, you suck at this game," Techno said. "You wanna call it a night and answer my question?"

Ranboo stared down Techno. "Tubbo, can I kill him?"

Tubbo shrugged. "You know my answer."

"*Tubbo says I'm allowed to kill you,*" Ranboo said.

Chuckles bubbled out of Techno's throat, bleeding into his voice as he managed out, "Now, wait just a minute==hold on=="

Tubbo hesitated, glancing up at Ranboo.

"Whatever you're planning," Ranboo began, "I'm totally on board."

"==we can talk this through, you guys, you don't==you don't gotta==wait=="

Tubbo glanced at Techno before he floated a bit closer. He cleared his throat before whispering: "*Boo.*"

Techno jolted before a smile reappeared on his face . "Bruh, you actually scared me."

Ranboo suddenly gasped. "Wait, Tubbo! Tubbo, I learned how to fly!"

Tubbo's eyes widened. "Wait what? Seriously?!"

Ranboo nodded. "Mhm, mhm! Yeah, Techno helped me! Hold on==" He turned to Techno, who had gone silent, and said, "*Gimme a sec.*" He let his weight disappear from the bed before he practically fell off it, standing straight. "Okay, okay, are you ready?"

Tubbo nodded, moving to get a bit higher.

Ranboo took a deep breath. "Alright. I don't know if this'll work again, but it did earlier, I swear..."

"Just do it!" Tubbo prompted.

Ranboo let out a small huff to steady himself. Then he tipped forward barely a bit before his feet came up from behind. Yet Ranboo remained up.

Tubbo waited with bated breath for Ranboo to tip over.

Yet he remained up.

Ranboo moved to sit up straighter, bending his legs to loosely sit mid-air.

"Let's go!" Tubbo let out a laugh, moving to float closer to Ranboo. "That's so cool! Oh, we *have* to tell Tommy tomorrow! This is sweet!"

Ranboo chuckled, shifting in the air. "Dude, this is epic!" He tilted backwards, bringing his legs further up in front of him.

"Pog moment," Tubbo said. He paused before a sour expression crossed his face. "Fuck, wait, now I can't just fly up to be taller than you. Shit!"

Ranboo tipped backwards with laughter. "Oh! Oh, this is amazing! Oh, I have to teach Tommy to fly. Oh==Oh, I'm getting dizzy..." He settled back onto the ground. "Is that normal?"

Tubbo shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe it's cause you're used to standing?"

Ranboo giggled, rubbing his hands together evilly. "Think of all the things we can do with *two* people that can fly, Tubbo."

Tubbo's eyes lit up. "You are so right, Ranboo. You are so right."

Techno glanced around the empty room, beginning to be unnerved by the silence, only filled by brief clicks from his cube. He let his hands go limp, the clicks stopping. "Uh... Ranboo? Tubbo? You guys still here, or...?"

Chapter End Notes

300 bookmarks sure but theres 640 OF YOU WHO ARE SUBSCRIBED TO THIS FIC so we could have literally over twice what we do now but nOOoooOOooOo-

tubbo, a boomer: what's that
ranboo trying to figure out how to explain a video game to him:

out of context discord quote of the week:
They were like, maybe 12 and ur stereo typical tumblr/amino/gatcha life user
Like the scary kind not the cool kind

1930s

- N/A

1940s

- Knucklehead | A dumb or stupid person

- Sweet | Excellent or outstanding

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

- Totally | Absolutely

- Wassup? | Hello

i've got PLENTY of other THINGS to spend my TIME OONNN

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Distance" by AJJ

I HATE WHINY FUCKIN' SONGS LIKE THIS // BUT I CAN'T AFFORD A
THERAPIST // SORRY GUYS // HERE'S A SOLO-

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"So, how'd it go?" Tommy asked.

Ranboo shrugged. "Only got around to doing half of it. I told him my name."

Tommy nodded sagely. "You are a coward, Ranboob."

Ranboo's shoulders sagged.

"Wilbur, mate, are you sure you're okay?" Phil asked when Wilbur had jolted for the nth time to wake himself up. "You're burning the bacon."

Wilbur cursed and quickly removed the pan from the stove, scraping the slightly-burnt bacon onto three plates.

Techno raised an eyebrow, grabbing the butter from the fridge for their toast. "Field Kid keep you up again...?"

Wilbur shook his head. "No, no. I—I think I kept *him* up actually." He huffed a laugh sliding the pan into the sink to be cleaned later. "I just played guitar for a while."

Phil refilled his glass of water before taking a seat at the small table. "Hm. Oh, speaking of keeping people up, what was with you a few days ago? Remember, when you were all, uh, shaky like you'd had a nightmare."

Wilbur tensed up, Techno momentarily pausing in the corner of his vision. "Um," he tried, sending Techno a panicked look.

"Just a nightmare," Techno responded easily. "Bad one, too."

Wilbur paused. "Yeah," he agreed, giving a swift nod. "Yeah, just--old stuff, from when I was a foster kid. I'm alright now."

He could *feel* the way Phil's gaze burned into his back. "Uh-huh... If you say so, mate..."

The toaster dinged as the toast shot up, distracting them.

Techno quickly removed the toast and set one slice on each plate, taking his own in his hands along with the butter while Wilbur grabbed the other two.

Breakfast after that passed mostly in silence, soft sunlight filtering in through the window. The smell of bacon permeated the room, accompanied by the sound of glasses clinking against a wooden table and the sound of crunching toast.

"So," Phil began after he'd finished, "you said I shared a room with, ah, Tubbo, right?"

Techno let out a hum before he took a sip of water.

"How would I go about contacting him?" Phil asked.

Techno and Wilbur shared a look.

"Well," Wilbur began, his voice higher than normal, "you kinda traumatized him?"

"He was in my room last night," Techno said, a grimace on his features, "but R==Beloved said he *used* to always spend his nights plotting ways to scare you."

Phil slumped. "Ah. But if I were to contact him to, um, apologize, how would I do that?"

Techno and Wilbur shared a look.

"I mean..." Wilbur scratched the back of his neck. "At least one of them might be here now? And we could ask them? Techno's probably the closest to any of them, so..."

Techno sat up straighter. "Why are you makin' *me* talk to the ghost?"

"Please, Techno?" Phil asked, Wilbur pouting as he looked to Techno.

Techno stared blankly at the two of them. Then he reached to the side and shoved Wilbur's face away from him. "They'll probably respond to any of us."

"Whaddya mean?" Phil asked.

Techno shrugged. "I think they're more like inhabitants of the house than, y'know, *divine bein's*."

Phil tilted his head.

"Like havin' a roommate that you can't see," Techno explained.

"*Oh*." Phil glanced around. "That's unsettling..."

"They're watching us right now, how spooky," Wilbur teased.

With a quick roll of his eyes, Phil gathered up his empty plate and moved to rinse it off and set it in the sink. "So, their connection isn't any stronger or weaker at any point in time? So, they can speak, right?"

Techno made a 'so-so' gesture and picked up his and Wilbur's plates, joining Phil at the sink. "I think it depends on how much they like you. Beloved said Tubbo talked to Dream and Sapnap and George, and Beloved's talked to me. But he says that talkin' so that the living can hear feels weird, so maybe they just prefer not to. Wilbur?"

"Field Kid hasn't said a word. He's so rude, honestly."

("I am right fuckin' here==")

"Wait, Tubbo's talked to *them* but not the person he's sharing a room with?" Phil asked incredulously, drying his hands on a towel.

("They don't send creepy shadow people to scare me.")

Techno shrugged easily, taking the towel when Phil held it out for him. "Guess you're just not popular with the undead. L."

"You'd think with how old he is, he'd be more well-liked."

"*Shut.*"

Phil typed out an email on his laptop, this one==the fifteenth of the day==being an email about getting more solar panels installed at the main office due to complaints of having to go on low-power mode in the early mornings. He still had to arrange to get some installed at his current house, now that he thought about it... Hm...

He finished the email off with his signature and hit send. He knew *technically* he could have just told someone else about whatever he wanted done and had *them* send the emails, but he was certain that they were still busy with the list of smaller things he'd sent *last* time.

Phil yawned and rubbed at his eyes, glancing down at the clock on his laptop to reveal it was nearly lunchtime. He stretched back in his chair, hearing his back pop.

He glanced around the room.

"Tubbo?" he tried.

The room remained silent, save for his breathing.

"Are you there?"

Nothing dared move.

Phil tilted his head. "Well, if you are, I'd just like to say I'm sorry. I know... or, I'm pretty sure you meant no harm. Kristin--that's who you saw--she must have picked up on something and scared you off. But I can tell you right now, she's not all that scary if you get to know her. Not seriously, anyways."

Still nothing.

The air remained static.

Phil sighed and stood. "Well, I'd love to talk to you after lunch. And, uh, if you could respond next time, that would be great."

He exited the room, oblivious to the fact that Tubbo was actually at the bench with Tommy and Ranboo.

"This isn't fuckin' fair, man!" Tommy complained, glaring up at Ranboo and Tubbo. "Cheese it!"

"I think it's very fair," Tubbo combatted, grinning down at him.

"Not to *me* it's not! Fuckin' asterbars!"

"I never said it was fair to you."

Before Tommy could devolve into screaming, Ranboo floated further to the ground. "Maybe we can help you fly, too," he offered. "Tubbo kicks off, and I pretend I'm, like, falling. How did you die?"

Tommy deadpanned up at him. "I laid on the ground and cried."

The two were quiet, glancing at each other.

"Well," Tubbo began, "uh..."

"Was it... raining, or anything?" Ranboo asked. "Or snowing? You look like you died of hypothermia."

"I don't know what that is. Stop using big words." Tommy crossed his arms. "And yes, it was snowing."

"Maybe you need to think of you're flying like falling snow?" Tubbo suggested.

Tommy barked out a laugh. "Fuck no. I'd rather not fly at all than pretend I'm a fuckin' snowflake."

Ranboo hummed. "Maybe, uh... hm... No, I got nothing."

"It'll come to you in time," Tubbo reassured, reaching down to land a swift *pat-pat* on Tommy's head. He dodged and moved back up when Tommy swung at him. "Just be patient, small child, and the answer shall come to you."

"What the *fuck* did you just call me?"

Tubbo smirked down at him. "You heard me. Small child. Because you are so tiny from up here."

Tommy was silent for a moment, which was arguably the scariest thing he could do.

Then, in a blur of movement, he had climbed the bench and jumped off the arm of it, catching onto Tubbo's leg.

Tubbo let out a yelp while Ranboo burst out laughing. "*Wait==Tommy, what the fuck==?!"*

"*I'm bringin' you down to my level, bitch!*" he cried out, giving a swift tug.

Tubbo tried to fight back, but only ended up tumbling back to the ground, Tommy pulling him further down until both were fighting on the forest floor.

"*Let me go==!*" Tubbo shouted, letting out a triumphant laugh when he managed to elbow Tommy in the side.

"*Make me!*" He hooked a leg around Tubbo's, half of him submerging into the ground to avoid further injury.

"Don't hide in the ground!" Tubbo tried to punch Tommy's shoulder, only for it to inch downwards and have him hit the soil. "You chicken!"

Tommy yanked Tubbo's arm towards him. "I am using my abilities to my *advanatage*, you're just mad that you can't do it, too!"

Tubbo paused. "Did you just say *advanatage*?"

Tommy halted as well. "Yeah? Is that not how it's said?"

Ranboo snickered. "No, it's not."

Tommy looked dismayed. "*What?*"

"We've let you get away with saying a lot of other words wrong," Tubbo giggled, "but *advanatage*?"

Tommy shot up. "*What?! What else have I been saying wrong?!"*

"I'm *dyslexic* and I know it's not *advanatage*."

Tommy kicked him away from him and stood up. "Ranboo, what else have I been saying wrong?!"

"Do you think I have a list?"

"*How much have I been saying wrong?!*"

"A lot!" Tubbo chimed in, getting to his feet. "So much."

Tubbo was just lucky he managed to scramble into the sky in time.

"I think we should do some regular haunting," Ranboo suggested, sat on the arm of the bench, when Tommy had managed to drag Tubbo back to the ground again. "Just some good ol' fashioned ghost stuff, y'know."

"*Help*," Tubbo stage-whispered out, straining against the limbs that pinned him to the ground.

Tommy popped his head up. "What'd you say? Sounds go all fuzzy when I'm underground."

Ranboo repeated what he'd said in a slightly more condensed version. "I just think it'd be fun," he said. "Throw some objects, see if we can mess with their... like, lap-tops and stuff. Like we do with the TVs, y'know?"

"Can I do my ceiling-crawl again?" Tubbo asked.

Tommy made an *eh* sound. "Wilbur and Techno have already seen it, so if anything, you'll probably only be able to scare Phil."

Tubbo pouted. He squirmed, discomfort filling his features. "Tommy, can you let go of me now?"

Tommy's limbs and head sank back into the ground with a quick "*sure thing, Tubso*". He pulled himself back up out of the dirt as Tubbo shook himself off and smoothed out his jacket.

"You look like a zombie when you do that," Ranboo commented as Tommy crawled up from the soil.

"The fuck is that?" he asked, pulling his leg out.

"Basically a living dead person."

"Aren't *we* living dead people?"

"Well==well, yeah, technically, but==" Ranboo hummed. "It's like... We're ghosts. And zombies are... if... if corpses came back to life? But it was more like if the corpses didn't have brains and were just kinda moving based on instinct."

"That sounds cockeyed," Tubbo admitted.

Ranboo shrugged. "They're used in scary movies, so obviously, they can't be all that dumb."

Tommy suddenly gasped. "Ranboo, look! It's one of those flowers outside the house that you liked! Alliums, right?"

Tubbo and Ranboo looked over, eyes landing on a small purple flower in front of Tommy.

Ranboo slid off the bench and moved to crouch in front of it. "Oh, that's cool! How did it grow all the way out here?"

Tommy shrugged. "Hell if I know. Anyways, what were you saying about haunting?"

Tubbo knelt beside them.

"Well," Ranboo began, "since we're not scaring them out...?" He paused, as if waiting for a response.

Tommy and Tubbo nodded in agreement.

"I think that we could mess with them a little bit. Nothing too dangerous, of course, but y'know."

"Oh, we know, Ranboo," Tubbo assured, an evil glint in his eyes. "We know."

"I think I just heard something crash upstairs."

Wilbur's shoulders sagged as he looked to Phil. "*Again?!'*"

Chapter End Notes

cc!ranboo played event[0] and chose to live in the hippie commune. deathlessness!boo isn't so farfetched after all
also i need more cliffhangers, but i felt i wrapped this chapter up well enough. unlucky for you, angst is swiftly approaching after this small gap of mostly filler chapters and the

plot is picking back up. which means more happening and more room for cliffhangers
:D

out of context quote for the week:

Like those elmos

In New York

1930s

- Asterbar | Bastard

- Cheese it! | Stop it!/"Cease it!"

1940s

- Chicken | Coward

- Cockeyed | Crazy/Impossible/Stupid

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

and no one will know truly how i feel // and no one will know how i truly feel

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Evil" by AJJ

if you saw this chapter before i readded the title no you didn't

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur sighed as he laid down in bed, hearing Techno's door click shut through the walls. He blinked up at the ceiling once, twice, then sat up and cleared his throat. "Field Kid? Are you here?"

The room remained still.

"Hello?" Wilbur glanced around. "Field Kid?"

The bed shifted before something settled down across from Wilbur.

Wilbur felt a small smile creep on his face. "Hello, Field Kid. Do you happen to know anything about this morning, when all of our stuff seemed to magically fall over? Or how the house went completely dark at lunch, even though it was still light outside? If you don't talk, it makes you guilty."

No noise came.

Wilbur tsked. "Absolutely shameful."

"*Helping... Tubbo*," came a titled, rigid-sounding voice.

Wilbur jolted up.

Oh, okay, so Field Kid could actually talk==

"Wait, what?" Wilbur asked, tilting his head.

Did that mean Field Kid would talk to him now? Could he ask him questions now, to get to know him better? This seemed a bit sudden considering he'd only been playing guitar for a few nights (which lead to him waking up with dry throats, not that he cared).

"*Scared. Wanted to... help.*"

(Tommy massaged his throat and coughed, giving a quiet "*fuckin' hell==*".)

Wilbur narrowed his eyes before they shot open. "Oh, you mean he was scared of Kristin? That's the woman who showed up the other night. I'm sure she'll apologize if she ever visits. She, uh..." He trailed off. "Well, I'm sure you were listening in on that conversation, so I have to ask if Phil's not crazy?"

"Like, you're a ghost, so you'd know, right?" Wilbur scratched the back of his neck. "If...?"

"Don't know."

"Ah. Well, I guess that... makes sense. If you're a ghost, you probably haven't..." He cleared his throat.

("I don't fuckin' know what you're talking about, man==" Tommy tried.)

"But! Dream and his friends will be coming back in a few days," Wilbur said, "and they'll see if they can get Kristin here. Maybe you can talk to her about, uh, moving on? Shit, wait, did we tell them about that?"

Dismissively, he waved a hand. "I'll ask later. But, uh, Field Kid, I didn't realize you were comfortable talking to me." His gaze softened as he stared at where he thought Field Kid's face would be, flicking his gaze down at the dip.

(Tommy was not impressed at the way Wilbur stared at his chest, only to flick his gaze down to where Tommy was sat on the bed.)

"Hurts," he said. *"Talking."*

Wilbur tilted his head. "It hurts to talk? Like, all the time? Cause I figured that we couldn't hear you *all the time*."

"Only for... living."

Wilbur winced. "That must suck. I did kinda want to talk to you though, now that you feel comfortable talking to *me*..."

"Fine."

"Oh!" Wilbur couldn't suppress the grin that stretched across his face. "Okay, wait==so, you do wanna talk?"

"Yes."

(Tommy rolled his eyes. This guy was a fuckin' mamzer, why did Tommy have to get stuck with him, Techno seemed so much cooler==)

"Okay, um, how about we alternate? Like, I'll ask you a question, and you ask me one? Then back to me, then you, y'know??"

"Sure. You first."

Wilbur shifted. "Okay, um... How about, uh... when did you die...? If you're not comfortable with a question, just tell me."

(Tommy took a moment to consider this.)

"19... 37. *Great Slump.*"

"The huh?" Wilbur shook his head. "Nevermind. But that's... that was a long time ago..."

"*Fuck you. You have friends?*"

Wilbur scoffed. "Rude. And yes, I do have friends. I have a band with someone I met in a foster home just before Phil and his friends. I met Dream and George and Sapnap through Techno. Most of my other friends are from online. Eret, Fundy, Quackity, Karl—I'm sure that they'd like you if you were alive. Um... how about... did you have any pets, or did you want any?"

"*Had... two dogs. Cow. Farm animals. Did you?*"

With a slightly confused expression—why wouldn't he want to talk about at least the dogs?—Wilbur shifted in his spot. "Well... Not really. Techno had a service dog named Floof, but he died a few years ago because he was old. One of my foster siblings had a fish named Sally? If that counts?"

"Hm..." Wilbur glanced away in thought. "Is this your family's farm?"

"*Yes. Used to look better. Before mum moved.*"

Wilbur nodded, only getting more and more confused. "Wait, so—if this is your family's farm, and you died here, why weren't you recorded? Like, with some kind of death certificate?"

The ghost might have shrugged. "*Dunno. Wasn't alive for it.*"

Wilbur couldn't help the small huff of laughter. "Ha-ha. Your turn."

Field Kid was quiet. "*Why?*"

Wilbur flicked his gaze to the side. "What?"

"*Why talk to me? Didn't explain earlier.*"

Wilbur opened his mouth to reply, only for him to shut it a moment later. "Well, um... I'll be the first to admit I'm not the best with decision-making. Especially when it comes to, uh, dangerous things. But, uh... Well, the reason's a bit personal... I mean, it's—not even Techno and Phil know about this, so, uh..."

"*Don't have to.*"

Wilbur felt himself relax from where he'd unknowingly tensed up, a sigh leaving his mouth. He ran a hand through his hair. "Yeah, I'd really rather just leave it as *I experienced something similar to you*. Cause I did, it just went... very, very wrong. I'll... maybe tell you one day, but for now..." He shrugged a shoulder. "But, um, next question, right? Uh... Oh! Did you know how to play any instruments?"

"Piano...? kinda...?"

(Did it really count if he learned it when he was younger and then only practiced for a few days a year and then ended up quitting altogether?)

"Favorite... color?"

"Oh, uh..." Wilbur trailed off. "I like teal. I think it's a nice color. It's why I got my blankets." He gestured down at his blankets, which were teal. "What's your... favorite food?"

(Oh, fuck, wait, Tommy could barely fuckin' remember food==)

Wilbur sniffed.

(Wait, what the fuck==he couldn't remember his favorite food==what was he always asking for whenever he and his mates went out?)

Wilbur licked his lips subconsciously as the silence dragged on.

(Shit fuck fucking==*what the fuck*==)

Wilbur cleared his throat, swiping a hand over his nose.

"Can't remember."

Wilbur blinked. "Oh..."

(Tommy ran a hand through his hair, feeling it snag on the semi-frozen knots.)

"Well, uh..." Wilbur cleared his throat again. "If you ever want me to, I can bring you some food I like, and we can see if you can eat it. I think you'd enjoy a lot of it."

("Yeah..." Tommy found himself murmuring. He hadn't eaten in almost a century, and before that, he basically ate wind pudding with the occasional side dish of something edible in years. No offense to his mum, but malnourished beef and half-filtered water on repeat for weeks wasn't the best of meals.)

"You have siblings?"

"I don't think so." Wilbur shook his head. "I have Techno now, though, and he more than makes up for anything I might have missed in the foster system. In a good way, of course... Uh, did *you* have any siblings?"

"No. Parents tried. Only I lived."

Wilbur couldn't help the snicker. "You make it sound like they hosted a deathmatch. Did you reign supreme?"

"*Ah, yes. Battle for first birthday. I won due to my==*" The ghost cut itself off. "*==my pogness.*"

Out of all the words Field Kid had said, *pogness* had to be the strangest one.

"Pogness *cannot* be a real word," Wilbur said.

"*Made it up. Pog-est word ever.*"

"Making up a word doesn't make it the best."

"*It is if you're me.*"

Wilbur smirked. "And who are you? A gremlin child that keeps me up every night?"

Field Kid was quiet.

Wilbur's expression faltered. "Field Kid?"

Nothing.

"I, uh==sorry if that upset you? It was just a joke=="

"*Tom==*" Field Kid cut himself off.

With a dumb blink, Wilbur stared ahead of him. "Huh?"

"*T. My name starts with T.*"

Oh.

Oh.

"Alright." Wilbur nodded, a grin slowly pulling itself over his features. "Thank you, uh, T."

"*Fuck off.*"

He chuckled. "You really are a child."

"*Not a child! Fuck you!*"

"Little child. Small child. Little baby man."

"*I will start stabbin' shit.*"

Wilbur's shoulders shook with laughter, veins surging with delight that Field Kid==*T* trusted him enough to tell him his name. Not even Techno got *Beloved's* first name and they'd been spending every night together! He couldn't *wait* to tell Phil and Techno tomorrow morning!

("Just to be clear, you don't want me tellin' anyone your name, right? Cause I didn't, but if you want me to...?"

"You can. If you want."

"Ranboo."

Ranboo glanced at him. He shrunk in on himself at the look Techno was giving a space just below his jaw. *"Not really."*

Techno nodded and returned to the game.)

Chapter End Notes

;))

felix come back with the kids or im holding you at gunpoint til you rejoin

out of context discord quote of the week:

How it gods name is some ginger mf that sings songs about depressed fruit gonna be at two places at the same time

you get two cause the dc voted on the first but i liked this one:
thats not as bad as the mickey mouse thing

1930s

- Great Slump | Great Depression [not really slang i think? but still important to know]

- Mamzer | Bastard [typically used as a term of endearment]

1940s

- N/A

1970s

- Cool | Awesome

- Man | General way to refer to someone

i took it as a taunt.

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Taunt" by Lovejoy

yes this is an ajj fic but this is one of if not the only exception ill make cause ive had this chapter planned since i started writing this fic

also sorry this is late i was playin genshin n got caught in a fight when my alarm went off

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I told him my name."

Shocked gazes landed on Tommy.

"Well==" he hurriedly backtracked, pale blue skin barely flushing in embarrassment. He took a step backwards, clipping through one of the armchairs. "==I didn't tell him my *name*-name, just my first initial. But we were talking, and I don't know why, but=="

"Tommy," Ranboo interrupted, going to lay a hand on his upper arm, "you don't have to, like, justify it. We don't control what you tell the living, y'know?"

"But..." He leaned into the hand. "But you had to call a meeting to ask us."

"I just wanted to make sure we were all on board with the idea," Ranboo explained. "But, since we are, I think it's safe to say that as long as we don't, like, keep secrets from *each other*, then we can reveal whatever we want about ourselves to the living."

Tubbo nodded. "Keyword *ourselves*. Techno doesn't know shit about me or you, even though Ranboo talks to him each night. And, y'know, don't reveal anything that pertains to all of us without asking, like, uh... The meeting area. Or the chess set in the barn."

"We need to get you two a new chess set, by the way," Ranboo added. "It's basically falling apart. It's probably as old as Tommy's been dead."

"Your mum is basically falling apart."

Ranboo heaved a sigh. He looked to Tommy. "Why did I teach him that?"

Tommy merely grinned. "Because you are a berk."

Ranboo reared back with a gasp. "Tommy! I'm telling Techno you said that!"

Tommy went to reply, only to stop. His face contorted into one of pure *terror*. "What if he tells Phil and Techno?"

Confused, Tubbo tilted his head. "What if who tells what?"

"*Wilbur*. What if he tells Phil and Techno my initial?" Tommy glanced over at the stairs, where the family had yet to descend for breakfast. "I—I didn't tell him *not* to."

Ranboo and Tubbo shared a look, equal amounts of *oh fuck* clear in their eyes, one partly obscured by a pair of glasses.

"Techno hasn't told anyone my name," Ranboo rushed to say. "And==And Wilbur's not Techno, but==y'know?"

"But he told them about the guitar," Tommy shot back, arms coming up to cross over himself. "He told them about *everything else* why *wouldn't* he tell them about that?"

"Then just hurry up to him and tell him not to," Tubbo said like it was the easiest thing in the world. "Or get close to him during breakfast and tell him. Don't flip your wig, big man."

Tommy nodded, the fear in his face calming exponentially. "Right. Yeah, of course. *Ha*, yeah..."

Techno had been tasked with making breakfast that morning.

Phil had reportedly stayed up late to help fix some error, Wilbur had been talking with Field Kid—as he explained very animatedly, bags under his eyes.

"We stayed up until, like, two in the morning," he said through a yawn, Techno shuffling some scrambled eggs onto their plates. "I learned so much about him!"

"That's nice, mate," Phil said, nursing some coffee.

Techno picked up Wilbur and Phil's plates, setting them before the two before he grabbed his own.

Wilbur unsuccessfully stifled a yawn as he scooped up some of his eggs.

("Tell him," Tubbo grit out.

Tommy brushed him off. "I will, Tubbo, just cheese it!")

"I know he said he's been here for about eighty years," Wilbur continued, "or something, but he said he died in 1937. Can you believe that?"

Techno swallowed back some egg. "Phil, we finally found someone who's almost as old as you."

Phil gave him a soft kick under the table.

Techno tried to kick him back, but Phil had already moved his leg.

Wilbur gulped down some water. "But you know what else he told me?"

("Tommy!" Ranboo ushered. *"Tell him!"*)

"That you need to sleep more?" Techno guessed.

("I=" Tommy tried.)

"Actually, he told me his first initial. The first letter of Field Kid's name is T." Wilbur picked up some more of his eggs.

"Ah, yeah, that really narrows it down," Techno commented sarcastically. "Only one person with a first name that started with a T died in 1937... Is it just me or did it get really cold in here?"

"What if his name's just Tubbo again?" Phil chuckled, setting down his fork to rub over his arms. "Tubbo, Tubbo, and whatever Beloved's name is. We could probably check the gravestone if we cleaned it off."

"Where are the gravestones again?" Wilbur asked with a slight shiver. "It's practically impossible to tell="

Wilbur's plate flung itself up and *shoved itself* into his face. His glass of water threw itself to the side, clattering to the ground.

Wilbur jerked away with a yelp, hands going up to clutch his nose.

("You motherfucker! I didn't fucking say you could tell them shit, you fucking="!")

The lights in the house flicked on, previously left off. They flickered rapidly as the temperature *dropped*.

("Tommy, what the fuck are you doing?!")

"What the fuck?!" Phil couldn't help but ask, reaching for Wilbur and Techno.

("=just tell them straight-out like it wasn't the most information I've given anyone in ninety fuckin' years="!")

The cabinet doors opened and slammed shut again.

Particles of mist began to swirl in the air.

("Tommy!" Ranboo shouted over Tommy's wild screeching.)

The house seemed to *shake*.

("==think you can just fuckin' tell people shit without bothering to ask me if you can==!")

Techno stood just in time for his chair to yank itself out from under him.

("Tommy, *please!*" Tubbo shouted, tugging at his arm.)

Phil and Wilbur jumped to their feet.

Wilbur's chair flung itself at the wall.

("She's *back!*" Tubbo yelled, nearly drowned out by Tommy. "Tommy, stop it, *she's back!*")

The mist swirled thicker. Objects fell from the table and cabinets, clattering and crashing in sprays of glass and porcelain.

(Ranboo *yanked* Tommy towards him. "*Tommy!*" he shouted when the yelling ceased in shock. "*She's back!*")

The unbridled rage in Tommy's eyes melted away just the tiniest bit.)

"What do we do?!" Phil asked.

"*I don't fucking know!*" Wilbur shouted, arms up to protect himself in case any objects or pieces of objects flew at him. "Techno?!"

"You think I know what's goin' on?!" Techno batted away some of the mist.

The front door swung open with a harsh thud.

The lights turned back off.

The shaking subsided just as quickly as it had begun.

Cabinets swung lightly, as though whoever had let go hadn't bothered stopping them.

The mist slowly picked itself away, vanishing from the air.

A silence fell over the kitchen.

"Wilbur==" Techno cut himself off. "Your nose."

Wilbur raised a hand to his nose again and dabbed at his cupid's bow. He pulled back to reveal a bit of blood dotted on his fingertips. "Fuck," he breathed out.

"Fucking *go*!" Tubbo yelled as they ran. He practically skimmed over the ground, barely touching the forest floor before he was pushing off again.

"Tubbo, the border==" Tommy jumped over a tree root, his bare feet thudding surely against the dirt.

Ranboo clipped against a bush, sending a few bugs flying.

"Just *run*!"

A bird cawed above them.

"How close are we?" Ranboo asked, breath harsh against his mask.

"Not sure," Tommy replied. "We'll find out, though."

"What=="

The three *slammed* into nothing, falling back with various shouts. They flailed and stumbled, tripping and ending up on the ground.

Pants filled the air, the ghosts scrambling to turn around and press themselves against the border.

Chests heaved. Wide eyes glanced around rapidly.

"I tried to catch myself," Tubbo half-whispered, pressing himself closer to the two despite the discomfort it caused him. "I tried to fly and catch myself, but I couldn't. Why couldn't I fly?"

Tommy shook his head. "I don't know." He swallowed quickly before his mouth reopened to resume his shallow breathing.

Ranboo let out a breathy laugh. "It's==It's like that time we heard Tubbo scream. And we each ran into the walls, y'know?"

"What?" Tommy asked.

"With the bush. And you jumped over the roots." Ranboo's throat bobbed. "It's like when we get really scared, we're not ghosts. Maybe it, like, disables our powers?"

Tommy glanced down and tried to push his leg into the ground. He shook his head and choked out, "Oh, *fuck*."

"I couldn't leave the room," Tubbo added. "When she showed up? There was a closet behind me I tried to get into, but I couldn't get through the wall."

"Shit," Tommy cursed. "Fucking==Prime. So we're basically alive, just invisible?"

"I guess." Ranboo let out a long sigh and let his head fall back against the border. He pulled Tommy closer to him, pushing himself tighter against him. "So do we just wait now?"

"You can tell when she's around by the mist," Tubbo said. He cleared his throat. "So just look for that. If she does show up, we run in the opposite direction."

Tommy glanced at him. "What if she comes from in front of us?"

With a vague gesture, Ranboo said, "Split up? I'll go left, you two go right. Meet up at the barn?"

"Or in the field," Tommy suggested. "Easier to see where she's coming from."

"If it works, we go up and Tommy goes down," Tubbo added. "Now shut up and stop breathing so heavily. Listen for footsteps."

Their breathing calmed down shortly after, eyes flicking at every movement.

Tubbo shifted away from Tommy as quietly as possible, both still clutching at the other's hand.

They didn't move from that spot until the world around them had gone a pale gray.

Chapter End Notes

let me be clear: the angst is both and neither tommy and wilbur's fault. while wilbur shouldn't have told techno and phil about tommy's name, tommy hadn't made any effort to tell wilbur to say he wouldn't be comfy about it.

there are two sides to every story, even if you can't get to one. please for the love of god remember that /srs.

but like for the record have you ever been in a situation where you have to tell someone not to mention something but they're talking and you don't want to get their attention but you really need to tell them bc you really don't want them to bring it up but you just cant. yeah that's why tommy didn't say anything kinda.

out of context discord quote of the week:
aslo where did you litter our children?

1930s

- Berk | A fool or incompetent person
- Cheese it! | Shut up!/"Cease it!"

1940s

- Flip your wig | Lose your temper/Lose control

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words
- Your mom.../Your mom is... | General insult

goddammit, it feels like forever! since we've been together!!

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Distance" by AJJ

i lived bitch

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur flinched away from the cloth dabbing under his nose.

Techno murmured an apology, but continued swiping.

Phil knocked on the bathroom door to get their attention. "Got the broken stuff swept up. How's his nose?"

Techno shrugged. "Nothin' too serious. 'Ve seen worse before. Uh, I think hold some ice on it and bandage it? Painkillers, maybe? It's not broken. Probably."

Wilbur rolled his eyes. "Reassuring."

"I'll go get the ice," Techno offered, standing straight and moving away from Wilbur, who was sat on the toilet lid. He rounded the corner to get some ice.

"Any idea why everything..." Phil gestured vaguely. "Happened?"

Wilbur glanced at the floor. "Um... Well..."

"Is it because you told us Field Kid's initial?" Phil asked. "Maybe he didn't want you to."

He could only offer a shrug.

Techno reappeared with a pack of something jelly-like wrapped in a tea towel. He carefully placed it over Wilbur's nose, who reached up to hold it.

"I think we should all hang out downstairs," Phil said. "So we can check on Wilbur's nose."

"Dadza doesn't trust me." Wilbur tried to pout, but grimaced, which only intensified the pain.

Phil rolled his eyes. "Whatever, mate. I think we should play a game, or something. Nothing too strenuous..."

"MarioKart?" Techno suggested, earning himself a glare.

"Maybe we can watch Techno play Minecraft," Wilbur said. "Your namesake, Phil. Tech's out of practice from the move."

With a solemn nod, Techno tugged the half-undone tie out of his hair and set to gathering it all back up into a loose ponytail. "You know how much I love killing orphans, Phil."

Phil scoffed. "Yeah, like you can get a good angle playing Minecraft in the living room. Least it's not *my* wrists you're gonna fuck up."

"HAHA, I WIN AGAIN, FUCKER!"

Tommy threw a chess piece at Tubbo, who howled in delight. "*You cowson!* I was actually trying that time!"

"That makes it even sadder," Ranboo contributed, who was rewarded for his efforts with a knight to his face. To his credit, he didn't flinch.

Tubbo floated back to the barrel he was sat on, draping his legs over the edge as Tommy set to resetting the chess pieces. "Damn, fifty years and you're still shit."

Tommy sent him a glare and slammed a bishop back into its place. "It's your fault, innit? Shit teacher, y'know?"

Tubbo jerked back. "Excuse me?! I have been nothing but patient and gracious with you, Mr. Tommy Danger Kraken Innit. Do you mean to tel me I've been whistling dixie trying to teach you?"

"Wow, blaming the *student*, never thought someone with dyslexia would blame the *student* for not being able to learn," Ranboo commented.

Tubbo spluttered. "That's not what I==no, that's different! You can't have dyslexia for a game! Tommy just sucks."

"*You* suck," Tommy contributed helpfully as he placed the last of Tubbo's pawns before he moved on to his side.

Techno swiped a hand over his nose, sniffing and wrinkling his nose to dispel the itch.

Pong sat open before him, stuck on a game over screen.

He thumbed part of the arctic blue blanket beneath him, the intricate white pattern interwoven catching light from his computer screen.

Techno shut the laptop, sighing as he caught sight of a sticker that Wilbur had placed on there when they were teenagers and he'd first gotten it. They'd picked it together, spending far too long debating over which one to use, before Techno finally picked a little pig to be placed in one of the corners.

Wilbur himself had chosen a set of squiggly lines (what were they called again?) with some music notes on them. He'd placed it just to the left of the center on his own laptop. Techno hadn't helped with that one, so Wilbur offered to let him place another, but Techno had just shrugged it off.

Now, he wish he'd agreed, because he knew where to buy anteater stickers.

Techno pushed the laptop away from him and glanced around, looking for Beloved, who hadn't appeared the night before... or the night before that... and the day before that was when Wilbur revealed Field Kid's initial...

Maybe Beloved was stood in front of the near-empty shelf, pushed against the wall by the door and facing out? Perhaps he was stood half within the wooden frame, getting a closer look at the book titles and little trinkets?

Or maybe he was by Techno's desk, which mirrored Wilbur's positioning in the room over? He was silently peering into the drawers looking for old papers?

What if Beloved were on either side of the bed? He could be on the table's side, closer to the window, stealthily unplugging Techno's phone while he remained unaware. Or on the dresser's side, closer to the door; he could be sitting on the dresser, watching Techno beat his high score in wait.

Techno shook his head. No, if Beloved were in the room, he'd feel it. It had taken some practice, but ghosts felt the same way that people did if they were in the same room as you, just... less.

Speaking of the ghosts...

Techno looked over at his bedroom door, the darkness underneath taunting him.

Field Kid==assumedly==had attacked Wilbur. And he'd left before much else other than shattered china could happen.

It must have had something to do with the attack. Or whatever scared them off afterwards.

(Techno huffed and shook his head. What could *scare* a *ghost*?)

Where else would Beloved be?

Techno pondered this for a second. If he hadn't shown up in Techno's room, then he must not be in the house. But was he in the forest? How far out? How long would it take for him to

get back?

What if Field Kid's attack hurt *them*, too?

Whatever traces of sleep shot away from Techno as worry replaced them. Sure, there were three ghosts, but there was no way they could *all* have worked on making that happen. So... what did that mean?

Techno reached behind him and removed the tie from his hair, gathering it all back up into a slightly tighter ponytail.

Where else could they have gone, though? The barn?

His hands froze momentarily.

The barn.

Of course, the barn. Why hadn't he thought sooner? Even if they were dead, Techno doubted that they'd want to spend any time in the *wilderness* if they were injured. Unless there was some secret treehouse or a basement, then that was the only other option.

Well. That or the attic. But that would be too noisy to check.

Techno slid out of bed, not bothering to fix his blanket. He pulled his red hoodie down from where it had ridden up, his black shorts doing little to protect his legs from the chill. He reached over to his chair and pulled on the socks he'd thrown over the back earlier.

Techno grabbed his phone from the nightstand and crept out of his room, wincing as the hinges creaked.

The darkened hallway stretched before him in either direction, one end leading to the storage room, the other to the stairs. Light leaked out from Phil's doorway, left open.

Techno left his door ajar as he peered in.

Phil lay on his side in the room, nothing more than a bump in the blanket. He snored quietly, practically unmoving.

Techno moved away from Phil's room, stepping over a creaky floorboard. He paused outside Wilbur's room, pressing his ear to the door, save for a hair's breadth.

He didn't hear anything other than the odd inhale. He could picture Wilbur splayed out on his bed, legs kicked out under his teal blanket, phone left unplugged beside him. He could imagine a pissed-off Field Kid finishing what he'd started when they'd first arrived, and something fierce roared up inside of him.

Why had Wilbur forgiven him? Field Kid had tried to==

Techno shook his head. He took a short breath and made his way down the stairs.

He moved as quietly as possible, sometimes skipping two steps at a time to avoid any loud creaks. He dared not rely on the railing, which already looked two tugs away from coming off, instead choosing to brace himself against the walls.

He arrived at the landing with little incidence, hurrying down the rest with the same amount of caution.

After arriving at the bottom, Techno moved to pull on his shoes--which were lined up beside Phil and Wilbur's, next to the door--on his socked feet, quietly tugging open the heavy front door and slipping out into the night.

He held back a flinch when the cold of the night air assaulted his bare shins.

Techno hurried across the stretch of land before him, the hardened dirt thudding surely against his soles as he moved. He passed the car, parked just far enough away from the house to be easy to get to while also not being in the center of the clearing.

And then he arrived at the barn.

Techno hadn't given the thing a solid thought since he'd arrived. It was old, falling apart, and it would probably catch fire or something come summer. That was the long and short of it.

The door looked like it would fall on him if he touched it, but the windows were too tall to climb through (not that he thought the wood wouldn't fall away the moment he put weight on it).

Techno grabbed his phone from his pocket and turned the flashlight on. He reached for the barn doors, tugging at the handle to pry them open.

("What the fuck==" Tommy began, scrambling to stand as Tubbo's wide eyes turned to the door. Ranboo was on his own feet in a second.)

Techno pulled the door open, cringing *hard* at the near ear-splitting creak. He held his hands out in case it fell.

The door swung lightly but didn't fall.

Techno didn't want to go in, mostly because he swore that the air had suddenly gotten a lot *thicker*, but he poked his head in nonetheless.

And then he froze.

just learned that the stats page shows not only the number of subscriptions, but also the total number of public and private bookmarks.
deathlessness has 900 bookmarks total. just under 500 of which are public. so. yknow. fun times.

this is a desperate call for help if any of you out there like moomins please join the server tony is getting more and more rabid one day hes going to go feral and only fellow moomins enjoyers can stop him please if you like moomins come save us plea-

out of context discord quote of the week [!!someone's first message in the server!!]:
oh what the fuck is this

(also an extra one cause we missed over a month):
Tony's what

happy late birthday to tommyinnit

join the dc we have olive garden zuppa tascota recipe from tony/seal/ciel (he'll try to tell u his name is Toby/Cecil but don't believe him he's lying)

also we have poggers art /srs. by which i mean we have j4m13.
w3 4150 h4v3 numb3r5. y0u w111 b3 1nf3c73d by th3m. th3r3 15 n0 35c4p3.

[LOOK AT THIS. LOOK. WHY IS THIS ALLOWED. AAAAA. /POS](#)

link w/o formatting:

<https://media.discordapp.net/attachments/916150777951694908/938158994999107684/helep.png?width=427&height=473>

here's their twt and tumblr:

[Twitter](#)

link w/o formatting: <https://twitter.com/noctolucen>

[Tumblr](#)

link w/o formatting: <https://nostophobic.tumblr.com>

ACTUAL FANART!! WE GOT ACTUAL FANART!! someone on twt dmed me some but i only got perms to share it in the dc, not to link it in the end notes. i assume it'd be okay but also i don't know for sure. it's pinned in the media channel if u wanna check it out!

also we got featured in a tiktok a while ago. i don't take back anything bad ive said abt tiktok but that one's somewhat a little decent ig.

will be deleting the a/n in a few days btw

i have sats this week tho so ill be busy and might not get around to it sorry

!!join the discord for the chance to be invited or witness a special deathlessness server celebration!!

1930s

- Cowson | Son of a bitch

1940s

- Whistling dixie | Wasting one's time

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

i walked! (bum bum) into! (bum bum) a rooom full of corpses!

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Do, Re, and Me" by AJJ

sorry this is short, am gettin back into the habit of writing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The area before him was lit up with pearl beams, highlighting molded wooden pillars. The remnants of whatever items they used in the 1930s to take care of a farm lay cobwebbed and dusty in one corner, arranged neatly in preparation for the next day of work.

A balcony loomed over them, part of it sloped and looking about ready to drop its planks on his head. The light of his phone revealed some probably empty barrels had been stacked on it, with what looked like a chessboard...?

On top of all that, Techno felt a sudden wave of *malice* wash over him.

It stung at the backs of his eyes, clawing at his chest and screaming at him to *leave*.

This wasn't a type of anger that came quick, this had been *built* over years--no, *decades* of tension. It was almost a physical entity that glowered at him, preparing to strike if he didn't *get the fuck out*.

One of the pieces suddenly fell, as though the person holding it had dropped it. If he looked close enough, for a second, he could almost see milk-white skin, Christmas-colored glasses, and a burn-marred face.

"Hello...?" Techno called, forcing himself to take a shaky step in. "Uh... ghosts? You here?"

("WHAT THE FUCK IS HE DOING HERE?!" Tommy demanded as he shook Ranboo by the collar, who gripped Tommy's wrists as he tried to stutter out some sort of answer.

"Ranboo, did you tell him about this?!" Tubbo asked, sounding panicked as he looked from Techno to the board.

"No--!" Ranboo tried.)

"Uh... Just wanted to, uh..." Techno swallowed. "See if you were okay? After earlier? You're not hurt or anythin'?"

The room remained silent.

Techno noticed a rickety old ladder.

He cleared his throat.

His bones quivered within him, begging him to flee.

Okay, so they weren't here.

Techno gave a quiet sigh and moved quickly away from the doorway, back into the moonlight. He coughed into his elbow upon smelling the fresh air rather than the mildewy smell of the barn before reaching for the door--

The wood practically slammed itself shut behind him.

Techno jumped away.

("I *swear*, I didn't tell him we were here!" Ranboo explained while the shock of Tommy managing to shut the door without going near it still had hold of the other two. "The most I've said is that the barn's been here for as long as Tommy can remember, that's *it*. ")

He shook himself off, removing the last traces of that atmosphere that clung to him like sludge. His heart thudded in his chest, hard enough to make his lungs ache.

("Look, I'll go tell him not to come back, yeah?" Ranboo said, holding his hands up placatingly as he moved to float down from the balcony. "It'll be easy, I'll just say that this was where we've been staying when people are in the house, y'know==?")

Techno took a step back from the barn. He felt the chill numbing his legs begin to fade, replaced with them beginning to carry him back across the lawn==

"*Techno!*" came a hiss.

Techno whirled around to find where the voice had come from. "Heh?!"

"*Why are you here?!*"

"I==" Techno gave a light shake of his head. "I wanted to see if you three were somehow... injured? I guess? I mean, you haven't shown up since this morning, which was a whole..." He gestured vaguely. "Thing."

"*Oh...*" he murmured. "*Oh, we're==we're fine. Um. Yeah.*"

"I mean, I wasn't worried==" Techno began to protest. "Not, like=="

"*Of course not==*"

"Just==y'know, the average concern. For a housemate."

"*Definitely. Definitely. Mhm mhm.*"

They fell into silence.

Techno cleared his throat. "Well, uh, sorry for... intrudin' on you three. Uh..."

"It's fine. They're a bit upset, but. they're always upset about something."

"I should probably... head to bed now."

Ranboo might have nodded. *"Yep. Goodnight."*

"Night."

("And don't fuckin' come back," hissed Tommy as he and Tubbo watched him leave from one of the balcony-level windows.

"Tommy, he was just worried==" Ranboo tried as he phased through the wall.

"Fuck off," Tommy interrupted. "And get over here, I'm tired of losing to Tubbo."

"I can't do both of those at once=="

Tubbo scoffed. "Figure it out. Now hurry up, I'm bored.")

Note to self, Techno thought as he stared at his ceiling, the chill from outside being combated by the blanket he'd nestled himself under, *never go to the barn. ever.*

Chapter End Notes

forgot to mention last chapter cause the end notes were long: the discord got "hate-raided" when someone joined bc they were married to another server. deathlessness is now the mistress. i forgot the server and im not scrolling up to find it.
im so sorry i forgot to include slang last chapter it totally slipped my mind. it's been edited by now, so go ahead and reread if you want.

btw estimated chapter count for this fic goes to about 60 according to the new outline, but im likely gonna combine a bunch and stuff so. yeah.

1930s

- Bleat | To inform on someone to the police

1940s

- Ace | Person with a high level of expertise

1970s

- It's casual | It's fine
- Like/Y'know | Filler words

when i made my escape // I! found a nice! hiding place!

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Terrifyer" by AJJ

oo first song repeat

actually no its not im just stupid

[cw for mentions of dead dogs, and mentions of murder]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Still no sign of them?" Phil asked, setting his cup down.

Wilbur shook his head and yawned. "Nope."

Techno slid the eggs onto a plate. "I went out lookin' for 'em last night, but I didn't see anything."

"Did you check the barn?" Phil asked placidly as the porcelain of the plate was set before him. He muttered a thank you and picked a shaker.

"Yeah," Techno replied lightly, masking any inkling of what he'd experienced with indifference. "Nothin' there, though."

"It looks unstable," Wilbur chimed in. He reached for his toast and bit into the crunchy bread.

With a shrug, Techno sat himself down and reached for his spoon, gathering cereal into it. "You look unstable."

Wilbur kicked him under the table.

"Maybe Kristin drove them out," Phil joked.

With a quiet snort, Wilbur swallowed his bite. "Yeah, sure, your dead wife drove out the ghosts. Be serious, Phillip."

"I cannot believe that dame drove us out," Tubbo spat as they stared through the window, squinting to look through the glass. They dared not get closer, even though they were a good

few feet farther than they thought safe. "Out of our own house! *Again!*"

"Don't insult her, Tubbo, She might come back," Ranboo reminded.

"How the hell are we going to deal with this?" Tommy asked, arms crossed. "This is *my* farm, she can't just come in here and do... whatever it is she wants!"

Tubbo quirked an eyebrow at him. "Well, from the looks of it, she *can* ."

Tommy crossed his arms and sent Tubbo a dirty look, but couldn't manage more than a few grumbles in response.

"But what can we do, anyways?" Ranboo asked. "We can't fight her, we can't banish her, we can't, like, kill them..."

"Well==" Tommy stopped himself. "Um..."

The ghosts lapsed into silence.

"Are you gonna start YouTube again any time soon?" Wilbur asked out of the blue.

Techno hummed, looking over at where Wilbur had sprawled himself across most of Techno's bed, leaving him only his little sliver where he tapped at his laptop.

"Checkin' the comments on your video," Wilbur said by way of explanation. "Dream left a comment saying we were killed by ghosts."

Techno resisted the urge to roll his eyes. "Tell him that being dead is more fun than makin' videos with him."

Wilbur grinned and set to typing. After a moment, he looked back up at Techno. "Seriously, though, how long is it gonna take for you to get the stuff here?"

With a shrug, Techno finally looked to him. "Uh, Phil said it'll take a bit, but that it should be ready soon. Like, this week soon."

"Seriously?" Wilbur beamed up at him, moving to sit up. "Oh, you have to stream for your first day back! I wanna be there, too. And I'm gonna help you unpack so you don't quit before it's finished and leave the extra monitor unused for years."

"It wasn't *years* , okay=="

Techno laid down in bed with a sigh, situating himself comfortably under the blanket and snuggling into his pillow. He glanced over at the clock, noting that it was midnight, and relaxed further into his bed. Moonlight danced against the wall opposite him, highlighting the barren walls.

He waited a moment.

He set to getting out of bed, reaching for the hoodie he'd worn last night.

A quiet breath of relief escaped him when he managed to avoid waking anybody. He could hear Wilbur's light snores when he passed the room, and he didn't hear any typing from Phil's, so he thought it was safe to assume they *were* actually asleep.

Techno crept down the stairs, almost worried when his foot found a particular grove to rest in about mid-way down, worn in from use.

(A part of him wondered if it was from Field Kid's family.)

He bypassed the kitchen, only risking a glance back at the screen door leading to the forest and the door to the bathroom, cracked open to reveal pitch.

He slipped out the front door and took a good look at the barn.

The thing was dark, in the night. Where he remembered worn possibly-oak, was now an almost pulsating *black*, sticky and rotted. The windows leered over at him, teasing shadows and whispers of movement.

The door was cracked open, a line of black glaring out at him. The ground around it seemed to have darkened, crawling with roots of personified *something that* reached out before plunging back in.

Techno didn't remember it looking like that in the day.

He moved towards the inky grass, his shoes brushing near-silently against the blades. He stepped into the dark zone and forced himself not to think of what the *hell* might be under his feet.

He approached the door to the barn, more two slats of wood than a door, and knocked.

Techno held his breath as the noise reverberated around the space, rattling nearby windows and shaking the hinges.

He waited.

And waited.

" *What do you want?* " came a hiss from his side.

Techno glanced at the side, where the voice had come from. "Just wanted to know why you three haven't been in the house recently."

(" *Tell him to fuck off!* " Tommy shouted from inside.)

The area was silent, which Techno used as a reprieve to try to get the heartbeat he could hear in his ears to silence itself. He felt the clamminess of his hands and wiped them on his sweatpants. Blood roared as it pumped adrenaline through him, begging him to *run* .

" *Field Kid says we need a break from the living,* " Ranboo said. " *He's actually guilty about hurting Wilbur.* "

(" *Are you putting the fanny up, Ranboob?!* "

"No. Probably.")

The edge of Techno's mouth quirked up in some semblance of a half-grin. "I'll be sure to tell Wilbur. By the way, I'm getting my computer sometime soon, so..." Techno trailed off. "Y'know, I'll be able to tell you more about what I do in my spare time."

" *Sweet,* " Ranboo contributed. " *Do you, like kill people?* "

"Only orphans," Techno joked.

The two went silent.

"Well," Techno began, "I'm gonna head back inside."

" *Yeah, you should probably, uh... do that.* "

Techno moved to leave, giving a final awkward wave to where he thought Ranboo was. Despite the calm he was maintaining, his feet carried him away from the barn as fast as they could without running.

Wilbur seemed unusually refreshed that morning. Or, well, what would have constituted as unusual only after the time he'd been spending waiting up every night for a ghost.

"Your turn to cook breakfast, then," Techno said when Wilbur said he'd been awake for a good while.

Ignoring the whines and shuffles coming from the couch as Wilbur moved to start breakfast, Techno turned the corner to head to the bathroom, wincing at the brightness of the light against the cream-colored walls.

"We need to get back in that house," Tommy said one day, the sun high above them in the sky. "We can't just *let them have it* ."

"No, I know," Tubbo assured, sat cross-legged in the air above his seat by the chessboard. "Just... not yet."

"When, then?"

Tubbo didn't reply, pointedly not looking away from where Tommy peered through the window of the barn at the house.

Ranboo hummed. "You guys noticed how she, like, only appeared when the living were scared, right? So what if we just... don't scare them, y'know?"

"But that's my *calling!* " Tommy complained, moving away from the window to send Ranboo a stare somewhere between ' *how dare you suggest that* ' and ' *: pleading_face:* '. "Asking me not to scare the living is like asking a dog not to drink."

"I think a dog could go its whole life without drinking," Tubbo commented, still not looking at Tommy.

Tommy paused. He was silent, staring at Tubbo.

The barn was quiet.

Tommy opened his mouth to reply, only to shut it. His throat bobbed before he mumbled out, "I don't think they'd survive very long, Tubso."

Tubbo looked up, confused, before panic flashed across his expression. "No, no, that was an alcohol joke! Dogs don't like sauce. Probably... Could a dog...?"

The three were silent in contemplation.

"Who cares?" Tommy huffed, turning back to the window. "We should be figuring out how to get back into that house without you-know-who showing up, y'know?"

"I say we just walk right in."

Two sets of eyes turned to Ranboo.

"Well, it's not like she stopped us from going back inside last time." Ranboo shifted, standing up from where he was lounging mid-air. "Maybe she's got a three-strike policy. If we don't, like, scare them *again* , we should be fine."

Tubbo moved over to Ranboo, tilting himself in the process. "What if she only gave a second chance, and we're not allowed inside anymore?"

"Then we run," Ranboo said. "And we coax the people out so we can kill them."

Tommy startled, whipping around to send Ranboo the same wide eyes as Tubbo was now giving him. "We *what?!* "

"Well, if she's, like, protecting the house, then we can't get inside," Ranboo explained simply. "And we don't know how many generations these people are going to have, or if they'll move out. And if we can't get in to, like, scare them out, we'll have to kill them."

"What if she curses us for killing them?" Tubbo snapped. "And how would we lure them out, anyways, go corporeal?"

Ranboo shook his head. "No, Techno's been showing me horror stories. He says that a no-sleep sub read them, and all the ones he's shown me, I can replicate with my illusions."

"Why can't we scare them out with that, then?" Tommy asked, twiddling his fingers and moving to block the window from Ranboo's view.

"Cause they're just illusions, and I can't send them into the house."

Tubbo backed away from Ranboo. "How... What kind of illusions?"

Ranboo shrugged. "Well, there's this one thing called Siren-head, I can replicate the sound of it and the footsteps. There's ones of people just... standing in the street and stuff, that'll be easy. I can block light, and change the weather, and make it look like the house is in a completely different area."

Tommy and Tubbo didn't reply.

Ranboo stared back.

Tommy and Tubbo shared a look.

"Or we could just walk in," Ranboo suggested, shrugging casually. "That's an option."

The barn was silent.

"Have I ever told you how much I hate you, Ranboo?"

"Only every day, Tommy."

Tubbo poked his head outside the door of the barn, waiting a moment as if he'd find a guard to sneak around. He slipped through the door, Tommy and Ranboo moving silently behind him.

They congregated around the door, staring intently at the house.

A breeze ruffled the grass and made leaves sing.

A bird fluttered by.

Slowly, the three stepped forward. They moved as one as they slithered to the corner of the barn closest to the house.

Tommy was the first to step away from the barn. He paused, waiting. Watching.

No particles.

They made the short walk to the house in silence, feet gliding across the ground, hardened by years of feet treading on it, hammering it into itself.

Ranboo stepped over a crack, paused, then quietly placed his foot on the crack with a bit more force than necessary.

They slowed as they approached the wall to the kitchen.

Clouds darkened above them, covering the sun from leaking into the clearing.

Tubbo elbowed Ranboo, and the clouds cleared.

They stared at the plain wall in front of them, worn from years it had been standing despite all the repairs made to it.

"So," Tommy started, "who first?"

Chapter End Notes

me wanting ranboo to say shit like "rockin" "wicked" and "groovy": :/ ?
also me realizing it'd be weird to introduce a new word of slang to have in his normal vocab 20 chapters in: >:[
me remembering its fanfic: :D

FANART FANART FANART someone tell me how to insert the picture itself instead of doing a link:

[TUBBO!!](#)

link w/o formatting:

<https://media.discordapp.net/attachments/916150777951694908/966405773695533147/Snapchat-2275526992.jpg?width=321&height=474>

[Acestyx's VOD channel](#)

link w/o formatting: <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCrICnzayibINis4cn9NqKsQ>

[TOMMY](#)

[TUBBO](#)

[RANBOO](#)

BY THE FUNKIEST OF TEETH [HERE'S HIS TUMBLR](#)

links w/o formatting:

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<https://www.tumblr.com/blog/view/b0nz>

i had so much trouble with formatting those links please click

1930s

- To put the fanny up | To lie

1940s

- Dame | Woman

- Sauce | Alcohol

1970s

- Sweet | Cool

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

ALSO THAT BITCH IS GAY GOOD FOR HIM

the sky was full of teeth!! anticipating that sweet release!!!

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Children of God" by AJJ

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy and Tubbo had, to put it lightly, thrown Ranboo to the dogs.

It was his idea, they argued, pushing him towards the house, *therefore he gets to die if she's there* .

Such good friends, they were.

He had no reason to be scared, he told himself. Whatever it was protecting the Minecrafts was arguably more powerful than the three of them combined, and he *knew* that if she wanted to find them, she would have.

If she wanted to *hurt* them, she *could* have.

If she wanted to *toy* with them, she'd be doing it *now*.

(Maybe that's why Ranboo's hands quivered just the slightest bit as he slid through the wall.)

The kitchen was empty. There were dishes drying beside the counter on a rack with a towel beneath it, likely leftovers from breakfast. He could hear the sounds of the TV in the other room, almost unable to mask the sounds of computer keys.

The typing stopped. Something scraped against what Ranboo assumed to be a table. There was a moment of silence as whatever was going on on the TV paused before it came back in a quiet uproar.

Ranboo heard a quiet little "*ah*" of contentment==it was Phil out there, he could tell now== and the sound of the drink being set down.

The typing resumed.

Ranboo poked his head back through the wall, reporting to the other two that it was safe.

"We're off the hook?" Tubbo asked hopefully.

Ranboo nodded.

Tommy and Tubbo still looked apprehensive as they stepped forward. Ranboo pulled back and moved away from the wall, waiting for them to enter.

A glance into the living room showed Phil watching what looked like footage from the point of view of someone hiding under a bed played onscreen.

Some sort of baby noise played, along with the sounds of something *heavy* thudding closer.

A scream-laugh played through the TV, followed by hushed murmurs.

A woman's voice played through the screen, stating that they might have to turn around.

"*Is there a demon baby in here?*" Tubbo asked, his own voice a whisper.

"No, I think it's, like, a movie," Ranboo answered calmly, eyes glued to the screen as a door burst open behind the person, and the noises amplified.

Tommy and Tubbo joined him, peering around the entryway to the kitchen to watch as something *fleshy* dragged itself before the person, positioning itself before the bed.

It let out a garbled noise that resembled a call for a parent.

"*Little squishy*," said the woman's voice.

"What the *fuck* is that?" Tommy demanded, eyes wide.

"Demon baby," Ranboo answered.

The person backed up quickly, standing once they were out from under the bed.

The baby let out a loud cry suddenly, making Ranboo jump.

Tommy jolted, but quickly fixed himself, moving closer to the TV.

In response, the person turned and ran, the woman==presumably the one holding the camera==freaking out.

She ran through the hallways with a familiarity, rounding an arguably inconvenient kitchen counter and pushing open a door.

A map of some kind opened on the screen, pausing the sound of the baby.

"Is it not a movie?" Tubbo asked. "Cause movies don't have stuff like that."

"It might be a game, y'know?" Ranboo conceded.

The map closed and the woman ran up the stairs, asking someone named Ethan Winters why he was *walking so goddamn slow*.

It was footage from a video game, they decided, and two people were playing it. Somehow. They... weren't exactly sure of their names, but there was a man and a woman, and the man was on push-to-talk for a reason. Whatever push-to-talk was.

The ghosts had moved closer to crowd around an empty chair, staring intently at the screen as the two directed their camera to an elevator.

Phil typed on nonchalantly as if there wasn't a freaky demon baby thingy chasing these people.

They used the key on the elevator.

The demon baby shrieked.

"Oh, goddamnit," Tubbo cursed, standing up abruptly. "Oh, fuck, the baby's back." He settled back into place quickly.

The people on the screen pulled up a map, and the sounds of the game paused.

"Can they not get into the elevator?" Tommy asked. "Why can't they get into the elevator?"

Ranboo resisted the urge to beat his fists against the chair to relieve some of the stress alight in his body. "Cause it's==it's *up*, it has to, like, come down first, y'know?"

"What about the baby?!" Tubbo demanded. "They can't wait for it, can they?"

Tommy shook his head. "That fuckin' god forbid==I don't like this. I don't like this, and I'm going to=="

The map disappeared, shocking them into silence.

The person ran into a nearby room, flitting around a desk of some kind and staring at the door.

"*That flashlight's shit*," Tommy whispered, which was true.

The door burst open.

The camera held steady.

The baby *dragged* itself closer and==

Tommy threw himself away from the chair with a shriek. " *What the fuck is that?!"*

Ranboo and Tubbo joined him, shouting their own disapproval at whatever the fuck was just on the screen.

Phil reached up to crack his back, barely sparing the vod of Tina and Corpse playing Village a glance as he placed his computer to the side. He grabbed his bottle and moved to the kitchen to get a drink, unknowingly causing the ghosts gathered by the doorway to scatter to avoid tipping him off that they were there.

("He didn't even *flinch* at the demonbaby," Tubbo whispered as a reminder.

The three ghosts were quiet as Phil rummaged for a snack.

"What the *hell* are these people made of?" Tommy asked, turning to Ranboo and Tubbo. "And why the *fuck* are we not dead?")

("Hey, Phil," Wilbur greeted as he stepped down the final bit of stair. "Were you yelling earlier?"

Phil looked up, surprised. "No, it was the TV. I thought it was quiet enough you couldn't hear."

Wilbur rubbed at his eye with a hum and turned to head to the bathroom.)

"Nighttime," Ranboo muttered, his Christmas-colored glasses staring out through the front window of the living room. "Isn't that when scary stuff happens?"

"Only one way to find out," Tubbo mumbled.

Phil cleared his throat behind them.

As the people on the TV chatted and laughed, the three ghosts watched.

They waited.

The shadows grew, orange hinting at itself between them.

Phil got up from the seat, calling up to Techno and Wilbur if they wanted to order pizza.

The final dredges of light escaped along with the delivery car that brought their food.

Tommy let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

("Hey, why's the TV glitching?" Wilbur asked before he took another bite of his pizza.

As if on cue, a line of static ran across the screen, followed by an awful drag of a syllable, lasting only a second. The video froze to allow the audio to catch up before it resumed playing as normal.

Phil shrugged. "I dunno. It's tolerable, though, unless one of you wants to go through the trouble of opening everything again."

Neither Techno nor Wilbur reached for the remote.

Half the screen lagged, creating a terrifying mix of color before it corrected itself.)

"I think this means we're safe," Tubbo finally spoke, his voice nothing more than a breath in the room.

They couldn't see the moon yet--not over the tops of the trees--but if the fact that they could barely make out the details of the trees yet wasn't a tell that it was night.

"Has the barn always been that...?" Ranboo trailed off.

Neither responded, all eyes focused on the smudge of soot that loomed over the yard.

(Tubbo halted outside Phil's bedroom door upon seeing the crack in the doorway.

Ranboo passed through into Techno's room, Tommy hesitating behind him outside Wilbur's.

Tubbo swallowed.

Tommy took a deep breath and stepped through the door.

With a short start, then a pause, Tubbo hurried over to Techno's room.)

Wilbur was asleep.

Well--okay, no, he probably wasn't. But he was laying in bed and his eyes were closed. So.

Tommy quietly padded over to the other side of the room, despite knowing only he was able to hear the quiet movement of his own bare feet against the wood. He rounded the corner of the bed and stepped over to Wilbur, looking down at him.

Wilbur's chest rose and fell in quick succession, letting Tommy know he wasn't asleep yet.

Tommy messed with his fingers, contemplating.

Wilbur didn't dare change his breathing pattern.

He knew *something* was in his room, looking over him. He could feel the tell-tale chill of a ghost, but didn't move for fear of scaring it off.

He was certain the ghost had already clocked his breathing pattern when it entered, so pretending to be asleep would only let it know that he was aware of it.

It shifted, then moved away.

A quiet little *tink* reached Wilbur's ears. It was soon followed up with more== *tink. tink-tink. tink.*

Wilbur peeked an eye open, finding the pens in their holder dancing around each other, shifting and moving to clink against the side and make noise.

They stopped.

"Hello?" Wilbur called out.

The pens were silent. Then they clinked once more.

Wilbur sat up, shaking away whatever hints of sleep came to him. "Field Kid?"

They clinked again.

Wilbur rubbed his eye. "I haven't seen you in a while. Are you okay? I'm really sorry about... y'know, the other day. You're not hurt at all, are you?"

(Tommy glanced around, looking for some way to signify a no.)

One of the pens picked itself up before shaking side to side, as if it was shaking its head no.

"Oh, that's good." Wilbur stifled a yawn. "Listen, I really am sorry about just blurting out your, um, initial. I was just really excited and I forgot to ask if you were okay with it."

The pens were silent. Then the one in the air shifted slightly, like whoever was holding it was adjusting themselves.

Wilbur swallowed. "Field Kid?"

The room quiet.

Then==

"For... give..."

Wilbur blinked, surprised. "You forgive me?"

The pen tilted up, then down in a nod.

"I promise I won't reveal anything else without your permission," Wilbur promised, a smile beginning to stretch over his features. He yawned deeply, tears springing to his eyes.

The pen slowly moved over, prodding into his chest.

Wilbur pushed it away, opening his mouth to ask what the hell he was doing.

The pen pushed him back again, forcing him to prop himself up on his elbow to stop from flopping back onto the bed.

Wilbur forced the pen away again. "What are you doing?"

The pen flailed lightly, the holder obviously slightly upset.

Wilbur's sleeve pulled itself down and the pen clicked, setting itself up to scrawl something on his arm.

Wilbur waited for Field Kid to finish (holding back wincing at how hard the pen was being pressed into his arm), then pulled his arm close to himself to read it in the low light.

"Oh," Wilbur said plainly when he realized it read *sleep*. After a moment, he added, "Your handwriting's shit."

The pen threw itself at him.

Chapter End Notes

i find it adorable that some of you thought sirenhead was the worst thing i'd show ranboo

i think ive stopped the discord quotes i cant force myself to go thru a week worth of messages anymore

join the discord to keep updated on my heart's repeated attempts to end me :thumbsup:

1930s

- God forbid | A child

1940s

- Off the hook | Not in trouble

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

this juxtaposition of good and bad // reminds me of the best and the worst dreams I've had

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "El Principito" by AJJ

the chapter title took me over two hours to find im starting to think i should just copy-paste every ajj song onto a document that i can ctrl+f every weekend

[cw for bugs, flashbacks, and "mentioned" child abuse]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Still no sign of the ghosts?" Phil asked that morning over a bowl of cereal.

"They might be back soon," said Wilbur before biting into his toast. "Can't stay gone forever."

"We'll need 'em for summer," Phil added before crunching down on some of his cereal. Once he'd swallowed his bite, he added, "Still haven't talked to Tubbo, which I'd like to do."

Techno cleared his throat before setting his cup back down. "Summers here don't even get that hot, you're just weak. Besides, maybe she scared 'em off."

"Oh, and where would they go?" Phil challenged. "The barn?"

The three were silent as they watched the Minecrafts enjoy their breakfast.

Eyes flicked around the room, almost frantic with the way they searched.

"*I think we're safe*," Tommy whispered.

None of them dared let their guard down.

"What do you *mean* not today?!"

"He probably got tired of winning so often, y'know?" Ranboo suggested.

Tommy sent him a confused look. "How do you get tired of *winning*?!"

"I can get tired of anything if *you're* my opponent," Tubbo replied. "I've gotta check on my bees."

Tommy glared at him. "Y'know what, man? Fuck you. Fine, you can go off and get yourself killed by the lady, *Ranboo* and I are gonna go be the bestest of friends *without you*. Fuckin' mamzer."

Tubbo *huhed*. "If I knew not playing chess was what would make you get along with Ranboo, I'd've done it sooner."

(Tommy and Ranboo stared at the entrance to the barn, cracked open to reveal a sliver of pitch staring out at them.

They both glanced at each other, then hurriedly looked away.

Tommy cleared his throat. "C'mon, Ranboob, don't keep me waiting!" He forced his legs to carry him through the door, leaving Ranboo outside.)

Tubbo glanced to his left, then to his right, like someone was going to pop out and jumpscare him.

He could hear Wilbur playing guitar in his room, Techno silent downstairs in the bathroom. The other rooms were empty, which meant only there was only one place for Phil to be.

A deep breath of air filled his nonexistent lungs, and Tubbo took a moment to wonder if he consumed any oxygen or if breathing out produced any carbon dioxide, or if it was more so the illusion of breathing.

He stepped into the room, immediately greeted by the sight of Phil staring at the window.

"I'm trying to fix the screen, mate, please leave."

Confused, Tubbo floated over, peering over Phil's shoulder to find who he was talking to.

"C'mon, I can't have bees in the house. Go."

A single bee was crawling on the window, eye level with Phil and twitching curiously.

Tubbo let out a soft chuckle, then froze and looked towards Phil despite knowing there was no way he'd heard him.

"Let me open the window!" Phil said to the bee angrily. "I need to fix the hole. Please just leave."

True to Phil's word, the screen *was* broken, a hole in the right corner seemingly chewed through. Tubbo didn't remember that.

"Mate."

Tubbo hesitated. He passed through the wall and faced the window, hearing Phil's exasperated sigh from inside, very muffled through the glass. He reached a hand through the screen, raised the temperature of his hand, and prodded the front of the bee.

The bee moved away from him, and he tapped the side of it to move it towards the exit. It didn't move, so he pressed the finger against it just a tad bit harder

It turned and crawled on his finger, its fuzzy black and yellow abdomen tickling his finger.

Tubbo looked to see Phil frowning in confusion.

He slowly moved the bee to the open part of the screen, using one hand to create a cup over it as he tried to pull the bee through.

The bee clambered off, as expected, and Tubbo slowly began to make the cup of his hand smaller, pressing lightly against the bee to coax it out.

It crawled out unhappily and stuck around the window for a moment, its antennae twitching.

Then it buzzed off towards where Tubbo could see more bees floating around, just barely hidden in the trees.

"Oh," came a voice from inside, almost silent.

Tubbo whipped his head around to see a confused Phil staring at the hole in the screen. He moved back through, sure to keep a wide berth so Phil wouldn't feel the chill.

"Well," he began, only to stop again. "Hm."

Tubbo swallowed.

"Thanks for that, mate." Phil scratched the back of his neck and reached over to open the window, heaving it upwards with a small grunt. He knelt briefly to pick something up, then pulled the edge of the tape from its roll. He undid just a tiny amount, used his teeth to nick it off, and then pressed it to the hole, smoothing it down with his fingers.

He folded one corner of the tape still on the role and flattened the rest of it out. Phil cleared his throat and reached over to his desk to set it down, moving to take a seat in his chair.

"You can stay if you want," Phil said to the empty room. "I'll be busy, but it's not that important."

Tubbo glanced between Phil and the screen.

A breeze blew outside the window.

He edged closer.

Phil cleared his throat.

Tubbo moved close enough to read what was on the screen, blinking before his eyes focused.

Something something bug testing something something warden something something moss.

Hm. Nope, not interesting.

Tubbo moved away from the computer, mostly only looking for lack of anything else to look at==

His eyes caught on the picture.

That *damn* picture.

Both Phil and the woman stared at him, each grinning.

Tubbo's heart skipped a beat.

He couldn't move.

(swirl through the air)

His lungs refused to cooperate.

(form into a vaguely cylindrical shape)

Was that a bit of dust or a particle?

(glaring at him with the fury of a thousand suns)

Was that a shadow or an inky dot==?

A sudden jolt was forced out of him when a loud *bzzt-bzzt!* sounded through the room, accompanied by Phil's sudden curse.

The picture forgotten, Tubbo whipped around to find the source of the buzzing, seeing Phil pick up his phone, which vibrated loudly again. He swallowed and sniffed, regaining his wits and shaking his head as if to clear it.

Phil held it to his ear as he stood, greeting the person on the other end with a quick, "Hello?"

Tubbo watched in confusion as Phil slowly moved to the window, almost unseeing as he padded over.

"Yeah, that's me."

Tubbo narrowed his eyes confusedly.

Phil turned in place back towards the desk. He swayed towards it before changing course and slowly moving over to the side of his bed farthest from the door. "Uh-huh... Oh, really?"

Tubbo moved out of the way as Phil padded towards him, passing him and ending up back at his desk, standing by it for a moment before he turned towards the whole of the room.

"I'll be by to pick it up in about... let's say a half-hour? Great. See you then, mate." Phil took the phone away from his ear and tapped something on it. He glanced down at himself, at the pair of sweatpants and the video game-themed t-shirt he wore, before sighing and heading for his dresser.

Tubbo decided now was a great time to see if Techno was back in his room yet.

"I'm heading out!" Phil called before his footsteps creaked past speedily, descending down the stairs in record time.

"What for?" Wilbur asked. When Phil didn't respond, he asked again, louder: *"What for?!"*

The front door shut.

Tubbo looked back to Techno's laptop screen, where he was scrolling through a bunch of comments. If he listened closely, he could hear Wilbur grumble out a *"fuck you, too."*

Techno clicked a thing beneath the comment and it changed color.

"I think your computer's here!"

"Phil wouldn't lie to us," Techno called back, not sounding very serious.

"We'll head down later to help him bring it in, right?"

Techno replied with a grunt soft enough Tubbo was sure Wilbur wouldn't be able to hear.

Tubbo watched him scroll and stop at another comment before he startled, realizing that Tommy and Ranboo might have gotten bored and gone looking for him.

With a quick turn, Tubbo hurried out the door, barrelling through Phil's window and gluing his eyes to the barn. He couldn't see Tommy and Ranboo, but that wasn't a guarantee that he

was safe.

Tubbo advanced further into the forest, careful to weave around any bees he saw and the trees for fear of goofing up something inside. Or the tree. Well, trees didn't have blood vessels, so would they be affected by a sudden random cold spike?

Hm.

He'd have to ask Tommy, he supposed. He knew about plants, he was a farmer. He could control a few of them.

(Were trees in a farmer's area of expertise? Were there tree farmers? Lumberjacks probably just cut them down, but would one of them know how a tree's biology worked? Probably not, right?)

Tubbo turned himself nearly upside down to watch a bee nestle its way into a purple flower leaned against a tree. It was to be summer, soon, so there were tons of colorful flowers dotted amongst the undergrowth.

The bee suddenly lurched out of the flower, buzzing off as if startled.

Confused, Tubbo leaned in to see what had startled the bee.

A small spider lay inside, its front legs extended upwards in a defensive posture. It swayed lightly, challenging whatever spooked it to fight.

Tubbo let out a soft "*oh*" and backed up, satisfied with his answer.

What was he thinking about before...?

Natch! Trees. Did Tommy know the names of trees like he knew all those weird tools in the barn? Like the different pests that roamed his old farm, or the words of the almanac he said his dad made him memorize to get him in the habit of it before he took over the farm?

(Well, he supposed Tommy knew more about the pests and tools than he did an almost century-old almanac's weather report and crop suggestions or whatever the hell else it had. His guesses on that weren't likely to be on the nose. Point still stood.)

"D'ya think Phil's a good dad?" Tommy asked, disrupting the silence of the barn as the two stared down at the chessboard.

Ranboo glanced over the edges of his two-toned lenses. "Well, Techno says so. And I trust Techno, y'know?"

They fell back into quiet.

Tommy moved a pawn. His arms returned to holding his head up, blackened fingers curling around his sunken-in cheeks.

A bird tweeted distantly.

"You ever wonder what he'd be like if he met us?" Tommy elaborated, his tone casual with an air of forcedness that he knew Ranboo could pick up on due to their years of ~~friendship~~ forced isolation.

Ranboo tilted his head. "Uh... I dunno. Tubbo's the only one who got really close to him, and you know how that turned out." He reached forward and moved his bishop. "I think... Well..."

Tommy's eyes finally traveled up from the board to land on Ranboo's furrowed brows. His throat bobbed quietly, his pale lips pursing into a thin line as he contemplated what he'd say next.

With a false start that ended just as soon as it started, Ranboo shifted backwards, arms coming up to cross over himself.

"He's not like your parents."

Ranboo's head jolted up, but Tommy had already looked back down. "I know," he stated defensively, loudly.

Tommy moved a knight. "You know what?"

"That Phil's a good dad." Ranboo cleared his throat, randomly moving a knight of his own. "Um... I think... I don't think he'd ever see us as... like, y'know, his kids, like with Techno and Wilbur. But, uh... maybe...? he'd be...?" He shook his head vaguely, slowly. He inhaled deeply. "Maybe he'd be... nice?"

"You know he'd be nice?" Tommy challenged, meeting his gaze.

Ranboo hesitated. "I trust Techno, so..." When Tommy didn't back down, he nodded. "Yeah, I know he'd be nice. Not, like..." He made a vague noise.

Tommy looked back down to the chessboard and seemingly picked a random piece to move. "There's one thing I don't know, Ranboo."

"... what?"

"How that managed to distract you enough I put you in checkmate."

"Wha... *Tommy*==!"

me a few months ago: eh i dont need to keep up with what theyre doing as long as ive got a good handle on these characters and i dont want to have to force anything yk? i cant be bothered to fit new people into the outline and there's just so much content i dont have time to watch with everything:

aimsey, freddie, and billzo being cool people: :D

me:

me, knowing i can't have them in the fic bc i dont know how to insert them and i also dont know jackshit about them and dont have time to watch enough vods to write them accurately: fuck

the school's taking away the laptops they issued out tomorrow, which is what i mainly write deathlessness on. ill be able to access the doc from my phone to write but its just gonna be a lot more pain-staking
also i hate writing on my phone

(i don't know if a tiny spider would do a threat posture i only watch tarantula feedings not tiny ones im just guessing)

1930s

- Mamzer | Bastard (affectionate)

1940s

- Goof | To make an error

- Natch | Of course/Certainly (in this context im using it in an "oh, yeah!" kinda way)

- On the nose | Exactly correct

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

welcome to this world have as much fun as you would like-

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Personal Space Invader" by AJJ

[cw for mentions of cannibalism , mentions of sexual themes, and body horror]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo looked up from watching the bees enter and exit the hive when he heard the faint rumbling of a car. He abandoned the bees and carefully made his way back through the forest, trees parting to reveal the house. He moved closer towards the ever-encroaching treeline, looking towards where the car was normally parked--the barn.

When he didn't see it, he moved to the right to see if Phil was closer to the house, and noticed Tommy and Ranboo moving out from the forest as well, likely just as curious as him.

Wilbur and Techno exited the house with over-the-top and undoubtedly fake shouts of surprise, which Phil just stared at them for.

"What's goin' on?" Tommy asked, sidling up to Tubbo, Ranboo close behind him.

Tubbo shrugged.

"You could've at least *pretended* to be surprised," Phil scolded as he opened the trunk, revealing cardboard boxes with very official-looking logos on them.

"I can't believe you didn't tell us," Techno said, his words those of shock, but his tone a monotonous drawl. "I'm hurt, Phil. Wounded. Bleedin' out. I need a hospital. Which one's the heaviest?"

After taking a moment to survey the boxes, Phil pointed to two shoved to the side. "Maybe those? They're the monitors. Wilbur, can you get the fans, and I'll get the cords. We can come back for more."

The three of them each gathered a box, Wilbur grabbing a few small ones, Phil grabbing two, and Techno hoisting up a heavy-looking one.

"Do you think we should help them?" Ranboo asked.

Tubbo pondered this for only a second before he shrugged and moved towards the car. "Why not? Ranboo, you get the big one on the bottom, Tommy you get the heavy one, and I'll get a bunch of little ones."

"Why do *I* have to get the heavy one?" Tommy whined as he reached into the trunk.

"Cause I said so." Tubbo grabbed a couple tinier boxes, carefully stacking them in his arms.

Tommy grumbled but picked the box up with relative ease.

("Phiil?"

"Yea'?!"

"*Why are the boxes floating?*"

Phil paused. He blinked and turned away from Techno, the two pausing in lowering the monitor onto the desk. "*What?*")

Techno leaned back in his chair and heaved a sigh, finally having finished setting up the computer. He rubbed his eyes before blinking them open, his gaze landing on the dirty plate and silverware he'd pushed to the side. He had yet to fill that side of his desk with junk to prevent him from just... leaving shit there, so the plate had been abandoned the moment he'd finished the dinner Wilbur and Phil had cooked earlier.

He really should take that down.

But he could also leave it on his desk.

His phone gave a sudden buzz, notifying Techno that he'd gotten a notification. His eyes glazed over the piece of fanart he had as his lock screen, put in the password by muscle memory, and took only a second to view his home screen--a picture of Dream, Sapnap, George, Wilbur, and Phil from a few weeks ago--before he checked his notifications.

It was a text from Dream, who was listed as "*homeless man*" in his contacts, which read: "*hope u enjoy all the viruses i put on ur shit while sap was holding it at his house*".

Techno rolled his eyes.

bold of you to assume they didnt go to ur house instead

oh wait

dont u dare

thats right

u dont have a house

techno i swear

NOOO STFU I HAVE A HOUSE YOVE BEEN HERE BEFOER

IM NOT HOEMSLSS

TEHCNO

Techno chuckled. He put his phone on silent and set it back on his desk.

"*Techno.*"

Techno prided himself in the way he did not flinch, as he thought Ranboo would have wanted. He looked to the side, where the whisper had come from. "Sup, Ranboo?"

"*You have a big computer.*"

"That I do."

"*It's like the small one. But bigger.*"

"Yes, yes it is." Techno stifled a yawn.

"*Very pog.*"

"Yes, it is." Techno felt the patch of cold that had been lingering over his shoulder for the past few hours move closer. "Do you need something?"

Ranboo was quiet.

Techno turned back to the screen. He closed a few of the tabs before he got invested into anything, waiting for Ranboo to say something more.

He'd managed to pull up YouTube and began searching for a subject to rabbit hole down==the previous one being Greek mythology for the millionth time==when he got another whisper:

"*I trust you.*"

Techno tore his eyes away from the latest Film Theory upload that he *could have* rewatched again. "Hm? Oh, cool. I trust you, too." He looked back, debating over if he should show Matpat to Ranboo, or if that would only make him scarier.

Hm... Well, he had already scrolled through nosleep with him, so he might as well equip Ranboo with the proper knowledge to back up his scares. Maybe he should show him Village

while he was at it so he could really sell it.

"Wanna see me?"

Techno paused, his mouse hovering over the Film Theory channel. "Uh... I guess? Not if you don't wanna show me, obviously."

"I want to."

Techno slowly pushed himself away from the desk, glancing over to his side. "You do?"

There was no verbal response, but Techno had an inkling that the ghost nodded. So, he asked, "Do you want me to look away?"

"... no."

Techno gave a little raise of his hands. "Okay, then. Whenever you're ready." His eyes flicked to the plate on his desk and the absent thought of *I should bring that back to the kitchen* crossed his mind.

The world before Techno began to... blur. Colors appeared where they hadn't been before, combining into a dusky gray and beige and white and why the fuck was it so tall=

Red and green wisped into being, followed by brown and white.

And then there was a person stood before Technoblade. They loomed over him, their face obscured by black and white and red and green and messy brown hair. A suit hung from their figure, jutting out in strange places like it was trying to keep in broken limbs.

Technoblade stared up at Ranboo for a solid moment before he muttered a quiet, "Hi."

Ranboo's throat bobbed. "Hi," he whispered back.

Techno's eyes roamed Ranboo's figure, still shocked that he was *there*. "You're very tall."

"I'm taller than Wilbur," added Ranboo. "We checked, y'know?"

Techno slowly stood, half-convinced this was an illusion because how in the hell was someone *that tall*. "Huh... Well, can't wait to hold that over his head."

Ranboo let out a chuckle, which attracted Techno's attention to his neck.

Oh, his neck.

Oh, his neck.

"Dude, your neck's broken."

Ranboo made a confused *hm?* sound. Then he drew out an, "*Oh!*" He tilted his head upwards, a hand coming up to prod at the way his neck bent in the middle. "Oh, yeah, I

forgot about that. Actually, I can, uh==" He stopped talking and stretched his head up, then let it go limp==

Techno was not proud of the way he flinched when Ranboo's head promptly fell forward with a painful-sounding *crrrk!* and hung down to his sternum.

"I broke my neck when I died," Ranboo explained, eyes peeking over the glasses to look at Technoblade, "along with a bunch of other bones. Tom==Tomorrow, I'm gonna scare the other two with it, cause they *hate* it when I do this."

Techno moved to the side to get a better look at the way Ranboo's broken bone pressed against the skin, thoroughly broken and exceedingly disturbing. "I think I hate it, too." He let out a nervous chuckle.

Ranboo reached up for his head and picked it back up, slotting it back into place with ease. His hands pulled themselves away and he tilted his head side-to-side to release a couple of crackle sounds. "I can do the same with my spine!" he added gleefully, likely grinning behind his mask. "And, like... three of my limbs. Actually, I might be able to do it, like, twice with my spine."

"Terrifyin'," Techno assured with a grin. "So, was this, like, your everyday wear? With the glasses?"

Ranboo looked down at himself. "Oh, no, I was visiting my grandparents. Then I, like, got high and jumped from the attic window."

Techno... did not know what to say to that. So, he settled for, "Sounds fun."

"It was not," Ranboo stated matter-of-factly. "In *theory*, though, it does sound very fun."

Techno hummed. "So, can you, like, change clothes? Or are they part of you?"

Ranboo tilted his head. He reached down and tugged at his sleeve. "Um... I dunno. Never thought about it. I could probably take off the mask and glasses at least, though."

Techno 'huh'ed. "Cool. Anyways, I have a YouTube channel I wanna show you, Ranboo, I'll move the monitor, just sit down=="

The video ended, leaving the room in silence.

Techno glanced at Ranboo, who had yet to move. "So, what's your favorite food?"

Ranboo jolted to life. "Wait-wait-wait-wait-wait, hold on, gimme a second=="

A bark of laughter managed to escape from Techno's chest.

"So==hang on..." Ranboo trailed off, bringing a hand up to run through his hair. "There's a game about cans that *moan* when you click them=="

Techno's laugh transformed into silent wheezing.

"And it's somehow secretly about..." Ranboo shook his head. "*What?!?*"

Techno beat his fist against his desk lightly.

"Techno==Techno, what is wrong with this generation?" Ranboo turned his wild gaze to Techno. "Gag me with a spoon..."

Techno took in a sudden breath and coughed. He inhaled, then exhaled, then let out a few more chuckles.

Ranboo said no more, still as a corpse.

"So, favorite food?"

Ranboo barely glanced at him. He began to spindle out of existence, colors dulling and weaving away from one another. "I'm going back to the barn."

"Wait, Ranboo==" Techno's shoulders shook. "No, hang on=="

He sharpened once more. "I can't believe you're making me think of food at a time like this."

"But what's your favorite food?"

Techno intended it as a joke, sure Ranboo would threaten to leave again or start an argument, but Ranboo still fell silent.

"Huh," he said plainly. "I don't remember."

Techno blinked. "You don't remember your favorite food?"

"Does Mary Jane count as a food?"

Techno barely resisted the urge to laugh. "No, Ranboo, weed is not a food... Can you eat like this?"

"What, like, as a ghost?" At Techno's nod, Ranboo went quiet again. "Maybe. We've never tried."

Techno nodded slowly. He got to his feet with a grunt. "Let's go test it out. You're not allergic to anything, right? Be quiet on the way down."

"What? No. Should you bring the plate?"

"... oh, yeah."

i dont know how big computers like that would be transported when everything is bought in bulk since im almost certain a PC like that is built like a good wardrobe: slowly over time as you mold it to fit you
but yeah if i said before that phil was keeping the computer at the mail place, i changed it cause fuck you. now sapnap was holding it for him and bad was the one that called last chapter. bad was the one that called.

my wordcount says the first draft for this chapter was 1,696 words ayyy

also it's finals week. hm. don't like.

1930s

- N/A

1940s

- N/A

1970s

- Gag me with a spoon | That was weird/disgusting!

- Mary Jane | Weed

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

i will fill my feedbag full of food! today!!

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Feedbag" by AJJ

was gonna do "i will fill my feedbag full of food today" from Feedbag but i figured id save it after asking the discord for help
edit from november: nope switched them around now this one's feedbag

[cw for body horror]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur couldn't help but curse when he realized what had startled him from his sleep.

T hadn't shown up that night, so Wilbur decided to get some sleep and see if he could get T to come tomorrow when he'd blocked the sun from the window and turned his own room light off.

(It felt *weird* to call him T. Maybe Wilbur should have just kept calling him Field Kid.)

Wilbur had just been dozing off when something startled him back awake. He'd frozen stiff as a board, trying to find out what it was==

Footsteps and mumbling crept past his door. His first thought was a ghost (but they didn't mean any harm... mostly), then he thought it was intruders (they'd be quieter, and he doubted said ghosts would take too kindly to burglars), then he realized it was probably Technoblade or Phil.

A sour expression crossed Wilbur's face.

(Why was there talking, though...?)

Something was shushed and the footsteps disappeared down the stairs.

Wilbur relaxed back into his sheets, shifted a bit, then relaxed again.

He let out a little sigh.

...

Goddammit he was thirsty.

Wilbur tried to ignore the creeping sensation. He just repeated the words *sleep sleep sleep sleep* in his brain until he was forced to admit he needed a drink.

Ruefully, he cracked his eyes open. One arm snaked itself out of his blanket as he twisted to reach for his bedside table.

His fingers enclosed around the chill metal of his water bottle.

Wilbur lifted it up and, with a horrifying realization, froze.

The water bottle was empty.

"*Mother==*" Wilbur cut himself off as he set it back down. He lay there for a moment, wondering if he could just go back to sleep, but the whole ordeal had woken him up, so he might as well get more water.

A quiet, drawn-out groan escaped him as he dragged himself up. He brushed some hair out of his eyes and tossed his legs over the bed, shivering when his warm skin met cold air and even colder flooring.

Wilbur tugged his sweater down over his sleep shorts and stalked to the door, cursing Phil for not getting the bathroom installed in the upper floor. They didn't need a storage room, but they could always use an upstairs bathroom.

(A moment of realization passed over Wilbur. A sense of relief overtook him that his greatest worry nowadays was the number of steps it took to get to the nearest sink.)

Wilbur turned and made for the creaky stairs, hearing Techno and an unfamiliar yet assuredly American voice talking quietly downstairs.

It was probably Dream or Sapnap or something. Voices never sounded quite right over calls, and this was probably one of the more drastic examples.

(Did Techno really need it that loud, though, honestly==)

Wilbur quietly stepped down the stairs, trying to listen to what they were saying.

"*What kind of sandwiches do you like?*" Techno asked, accompanied by the faint hum of the fridge being open.

There was a moment of contemplation. "*No idea,*" said Dream-or-Sapnap-or-someone-else. "*What kinds were popular back then?*"

"*Bruh, I wasn't alive back then!*" Techno's voice went that faux high-pitched tone that Wilbur could only think of as the verbal embodiment of *?!?!?!?!?*. "*Why are you askin' me?!*"

"*Cause you have the internet!*" cried the other voice, which was decidedly sounding less and less like Dream-or-Sapnap-or-someone-else the closer Wilbur got.

Wilbur stepped down the final stair and looked into the kitchen.

Confusion, fear, astonishment, and a bunch of other things he couldn't name surged through him when he saw the *thing* that loomed over Techno as they both looked into the

fridge.

Techno was in his usual red hoodie, basketball shorts doing little to protect his shins from the cold, in stark contrast to the thick socks he had on just over his ankles. His pink hair had been done back into a loose braid, stray hairs flying this way and that when he moved his head even the slightest bit.

Beside him, basked horrifically in the light of the fridge was something Wilbur could barely even begin to describe. It was about the same height as him, with a bloodstained suit hanging from its wiry frame. The jacket and pants jutted out at weird angles, like the bones underneath had been viciously snapped and left there.

He could see a decisive break in the thing's neck from where it was bent over, the top of the spine threatening to break through skin while the part connected to its head had been pushed to the side to make room, the sharp edges of bone undoubtedly shredding whatever muscle it brushed against.

Black disguised the underside of the face, with a similar-colored pair of sunglasses doing little to hide the side view Wilbur could see of the eye.

Oh, the eye==

"Oh, hey, Wilbur."

Wilbur jolted when the thing addressed him, startling backwards. It had turned to face him, revealing a black and white mask and red and green glasses.

"Uh, I think you scared him," Techno mentioned off-handedly before he turned back to the fridge. "I guess I'll just make my kind of sandwich and give you half."

Was that Schlatt? It had to be, right? Son of a politician, that must mean he wore a suit, right?

... But was Techno all that close with Schlatt in the first place...?

Wait why were they talking about sandwiches==

"Cool," said the ghost as it stepped back, allowing Techno room to reach in for what he needed. The ghost waved at Wilbur with a pleasant, "Wassup?"

Wilbur gaped at it. "Uh... hi... Which one are you...?"

"I'm Ranboo," the ghost greeted. "Er, Beloved, I guess? My name's Ranboo."

Wilbur nodded slowly. "Uh-huh..."

The fridge door shut.

Techno reached for the bread.

Wilbur continued to stare at Ranboo while Ranboo curiously watched Techno prepare the sandwich.

There was ~~no~~ *God*, there was just something *wrong* about him. It was the crick in his neck, the lopsided shoulder that looked dislocated, the hunch that curved his body over itself...

(What did Field Kid and Tubbo look like, if that was Beloved...?)

"You're very tall," Wilbur observed.

Ranboo nodded surely. "Yep! I'm about an inch taller than you. We checked."

Wilbur was almost certain that was wrong, but that still pissed him off.

"What's it like being a ghost?" Wilbur asked before he could get himself to shut up.

Ranboo glanced at him. "Um... Hm. I don't really know. I mean, at this point, the better question is what is it like *not* being a ghost." He chuckled.

"Oh," Wilbur said. "What's it like *not* being a ghost, then?"

Ranboo took a moment to think about this. "Well... It's a lot more heavy. It's... It's *unreal*. But a good kind, y'know? I think I missed it."

Wilbur blinked, furrowing his brows. "You *think*? "

With a sure nod, Ranboo repeated, "I think. I don't know yet. It's, like, kinda comforting after so long of being... y'know. It's nerve-wracking. I keep hitting my shoulder on the doorways."

Wilbur's eyes flicked to the dislocated shoulder. "Does it hurt?"

Ranboo took a moment to think. "Um... Maybe. I don't actually know. I mean, everything's a little achy. I did fall from the attic."

"Do you feel pain when you're a ghost?"

"We don't feel *anything* when we're ghosts," Ranboo said. "I mean, I don't, anyways. If I touch something, then there's like... kind of a pressure? But I can't, like, feel textures or anything... I don't think we breathe, either."

Wilbur couldn't imagine not breathing.

"It's fun being corporeal again, though," Ranboo said. "It's ~~no~~ It's ace! I don't get to fly when I'm, y'know, but I take up *space* now! It's a lot of fun, y'know?! It's kinda funky at first, but you guys can hear me without my throat hurting, and I can touch stuff, and I don't go through walls no matter how much I tell myself I can!"

Wilbur was almost scared at how excited Ranboo was getting, but the pure joy echoing through the room, though loud, was a bit endearing.

"You're bein' loud again," Techno reminded as he turned to reveal a plate with one of his sandwiches on it, cut cleanly into two triangles. He picked one up and held it out. "Here."

Ranboo shambled a step closer and Wilbur winced at the way his bones pulled awkwardly beneath his suit. An arm reached out and grabbed for the sandwich, pulling it towards him.

"Oh, wait, your mask," Wilbur said.

Ranboo paused. He glanced behind him and took a step away from the two.

Then a room divider sprung up, curving around where Ranboo was and reaching from ceiling to floor. It had blood-red panels with jade frames. Etched onto the panels were images that Wilbur had to squint to make out==dogs and cows and leaves and bees and snowflakes and windows and glass bottles==

"What the fuck?" Wilbur asked.

There was the sound of someone chewing. It stopped for a minute.

"*Huh*," came Ranboo's voice, muffled, perhaps from a bite of food in his mouth.

"Good huh or bad huh?" Techno asked.

When Ranboo spoke again, his voice was almost sad, slightly frigid: "*I forgot what it was like to taste.*"

Wilbur blinked, eyes wide.

There was a small mumble, followed by loud chewing noises. An almost painful-sounding gulp sound echoed through the room.

"*I*==" Ranboo let out a sigh, sounding just a little overwhelmed. "Oh, my God. That's=="

Techno pushed the plate so that it was accessible from behind the divider.

Wilbur huffed, crossing his arms despite himself. "It can't be that good. Techno's sandwiches are shit."

A hand reached out and snatched up the sandwich, a satisfied, drawn-out sigh escaping Ranboo.

"But you'll overwhelm him if you give him something else so soon," Techno said with a smug smirk. "You're gonna have to wait while he readjusts."

Wilbur scrunched his face up. "You're gonna feed him that shit for the next week?"

Techno shook his head, seemingly appalled by the thought. "Of course not. It'll take more than a few weeks for him to get used to it."

The divider disappeared to reveal a mystified Ranboo. Despite his face being totally covered, his posture was clearly that of someone who has just experienced *something*. Half of the half of the sandwich was still in his hand, a ripping bite mark apparent in the side of it.

"You gonna save that for your friends?" Techno asked.

Ranboo nodded excitedly. "Mhm! Yeah, they==hang on, I'm gonna==" He whipped to the side and made for the wall, stopping before whirling to run past Wilbur for the door.

Wilbur heard something knock into the front door. It opened and someone ran out.

Techno glanced at Wilbur. Both of them stepped out of the kitchen, eyes landing on the open front door.

No Ranboo.

"Huh," Techno said as he moved to shut it. "I hope they enjoy that."

Wilbur sent him a halfhearted glare. "Can't believe their first meal in who knows how long is gonna be *your sandwich*."

Techno shrugged easily, sending Wilbur a confident grin. "If you wish to defeat me=="

"Techno, for fuck's sake=="

"==train for another hundred years."

"I hate you so much=="

"What's in it?"

"Oh, uh... I dunno."

"Looks like meat, mayo, and cheese to me. Tommy, have you even had mayo before?"

"What the hell is *may-oh*?"

"Wait, you've never heard of mayo before?! That's *cockeyed*, man! Ranboo, it's time to exile Tommy."

"Oh, *fuck you*=="

"... oh, what the fuck."

"See! See, it's funky!"

"This is, like, the best thing I've ever eaten."

"You lived during the Great Depression, shut the fuck up... I can't tell if it's good or=="

"==or if it's just shocking, yeah! I'm gonna see if we can get more tomorrow=="

"*Holy shit...*"

"... Tommy, are you crying=="

Chapter End Notes

tommy wasn't crying he just got some may-oh in his eyes. yep. totally.
anyways tommy has never even had turkey either bc his family didn't have turkey, just chicken. also did you know that mayo comes from a spanish island and wasn't made popular in the uk until the 70s when a company named hellmann started making it?
tubbos had it bc he's from the us, where kraft mayo was started back in 1933 after kraft miracle whip.

yes i did all that research. what are you gonna do about it.

so sorry i didnt update last week i have no excuse other than "brain = shit". also, i lied, the friday two days before this was finals and i have one more day of finals again after this. then ill be on summer break. ill also be getting a summer job, which means ill have to start writing during my downtime again.

ive picked up a few sewing projects too while im at it so im gonna be binging critical role while i stab myself repeatedly with pins and needles. if you sew i highly recommend getting wire needle threaders i would not be able to function without them.

btw techno's sandwich is turkey, mayo, and swiss. this was suggested by the discord (specifically acestyx). wilbur and phil also have their own sandwiches with wilbur getting chicken, cheese (idk which kind), and avocado (from e), and phil getting roast beef, swiss, and lettuce (from acestyx again).

!!IMPORTANT!!

if you join the discord, please note that ace started a war between numbers, fonts, and symbols. if you join please state immediately if you don't want to have to deal with the war so you aren't bombarded by people begging you to join their faction.

lots of 70s slang this chapter o boi

1930s

- N/A

1940s

- Cockeyed | Crazy/Impossible/Stupid

1970s

- Ace | Fun or awesome
- Funky | Weird
- Cool | Awesome
- Like/Y'know | Filler words
- Man | Dude/Used to address people
- Unreal | Weird
- Wassup? | "What's up?"/General greeting

god made dirt! // and dirt don't hurt!

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "God Made Dirt" by AJJ

happy gay days, everybody

[cw for mentions of muder, brief mention of killing farm animals]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil yawned and wrinkled his nose, off-put by the chill in the air. He grabbed a worn green robe from over his desk chair and threw it over himself, tying it about his waist and feeling the fabric swish past his knees.

He tapped the fan he'd placed by the desk, turning it off as he slipped his feet into some slippers. He doubted it was that cold elsewhere, but he'd rather be safe than sorry.

With a quiet *crrrk!* he opened the door and stepped out, footsteps mingling with the creaking of the floorboards as he slowly moved to Techno's door.

Which was open.

Phil pushed the crack open further, eyes landing on... an empty bed...?

Hm. Must've woken up already.

Phil left it open as he moved to Wilbur's door, which was also open, and... also empty.

Strange.

He left the door and made for the stairs, sniffing quietly as he slowly made his way down, debating what he'd eat. Maybe toast? Ooh, beans on toast sounded good, but Techno would need something different—it was the American in him, no doubt, no taste in good breakfast food.

Well... Phil drawled internally as he debated what to make. He nearly sighed as he decided, *Techno can make his own food.*

He had the feeling that if he were Wilbur, his thought would be more along the lines of, *Eh, fuck Techno.*

His slipper landed on the ground floor, followed by the other. Instinctually, he glanced out to the front yard, wondering if today would finally be the day he'd move the TV and such so

he could actually see through the window, and paused.

He looked just a bit farther right.

A soft snore echoed through the room.

Techno and Wilbur were laid on the couch, the latter sprawled across the other. The TV had a Film Theory video on, ended and waiting for input as to what to watch next. Another step closed revealed an almost assuredly melted icepack slumped half on Wilbur's face, the other half on Techno's chest.

Phil carefully reached over Techno's head and removed the ice pack, revealing a dark spot where the ice had melted and tried to cool itself. He shuffled into the kitchen and tossed it into the freezer.

After a deep yawn that brought tears to Phil's eyes, he began to busy himself by making breakfast, fetching what he needed and readying the toaster.

He grabbed a glass of water, filled it, took a sip, and made to get the beans==

There was a loud clatter to his side.

Phil glanced over.

The dish soap, which had previously been perched on the back of the sink alongside the faucet, now lay within the shiny metal base.

"You motherfucker==*why did you do that?!'*" Tubbo hissed as Phil stared into the sink.

"What is *wrong* with you?!" Tommy added, a bit louder.

Phil sighed, a smile creeping across his features as he shook his head.

Tubbo and Tommy silenced themselves, wide eyes gluing themselves onto Phil.

"Oh, not this again, mate," Phil muttered, reaching in and placing the soap back where it was.

Phil went back to making his breakfast.

"Don't do that again!" Tubbo hissed, jumping up high enough to plant both hands on Ranboo's shoulder and shake him viciously. "You fucking yuck, what was that for?!"

Tommy grabbed hold of his other arm, tugging him in turn. A spew of vitriol left his mouth, words unfamiliar to the other two peppering his screeches to join Tubbo's own insults: "*You fuckin' berk, if you do anything that bold again, I'll fuckin' crease you!*"

Ranboo let this happen because he knew better than to fight back.

"You must be in cahoots with her to do something *that* cockeyed!"

"Ruin your whistle even more, I will! I'll stripe ya with the sharpest chiv I can find=="

"You're a *pain in the neck!* You're a drip when it matters, but you decide to show off your moxie by doing shit like this=="!

"==or I'll steal a bright'un and blow off your fuckin' garret=="!

When the two calmed down, Ranboo glanced at the two of them and asked simply, "Y'done?"

With a begrudging set of grumbles, the two let go of him and backed up slightly.

Ranboo hurriedly took a few steps forward and whirled around, arm poised and pointed at the soap.

Tommy and Tubbo were frozen, reaching out for him.

"Don't you fuckin' dare," Tubbo spat.

"*Ranboo*," Tommy warned.

Ranboo shuffled a bit closer.

The other two lurched for him, stopping.

"Bet," Ranboo said.

Ranboo smiled.

Ranboo jumped.

(For the dish soap container.)

The clatter sounded again, momentarily making Phil jump.

Phil sighed and rolled his eyes. He returned to what he was doing.

He didn't even look at the sink, unknowing of the two ghosts that had just tackled their cackling friend and were now asking him how ghosts managed to get brain damage.

Ranboo found that being beat up by two ghosts while the three of them were half inside a wall was... an interesting sight.

"*We're safe!*" he shouted over the sound of their yelling. "We're safe==stop hitting me!"

"You deserve it!" Tubbo yelled back, pushing against Ranboo's arm that had come up to protect himself. He was partially inside the wall, which obscured part of him from view.

"Fuckin' tipping over shit!" Tommy added, his (admittedly quite weak) strikes doing very little against Ranboo's raised arms.

"We should be fine as long as we don't scare them again==ow=="

The scuffle lasted a little while longer before Tommy collapsed to the side with a loud huff, removing his leg from Ranboo's own as he gave out.

Tubbo managed a good hit and pointedly dug his knee into where it was placed in Ranboo's abdomen before he fell back, shifting to sit cross-legged, partially facing the field.

Tommy gasped for breath on Ranboo's side, far more worn out than he ever had been before. If Ranboo hadn't known him, then seeing a malnourished about-six-foot-tall kid struggling to regain his breath lying in the dirt, the sight of it might have sparked some sort of worry in his heart.

There was also the fact that Tommy had just tried to beat him up. So.

Tommy's panting slowed down, leaving them all in silence.

Ranboo blinked up at the gray morning sky. A part of him missed the bright blue back in the US.

"Y'know," Tubbo spoke up, "I never understood why we moved into an old farm out in the sticks."

Ranboo looked up and over at him, hearing Tommy shift at his side.

"I mean..." Tubbo shrugged a shoulder. "Politician and future politician. Farms shouldn't really fit with that, y'know? But I don't regret it. The view's nice."

Ranboo placed pressure on his head to get a partly upside-down look at where Tubbo was looking, Tommy pushing himself to follow his gaze as well.

The colorful brushes of the sunrise streaked out across the gray-blue morning sky, mingling with fluffy clouds and ducking behind them where they were thick enough. The lush green of approaching summer masked the skyline, trickling down into brown stalks and even further towards the ground.

Or, well, trickling *up* in Ranboo's case.

"Looks a bit gravity-defying to me," Ranboo said, "but otherwise cool." He grimaced as Tubbo hit where he'd previously kneed him.

"It used to look a lot better," Tommy said, face audibly scrunched up. "Back when the forest wasn't part of the farm, y'know?" He paused. "One day, I'll clear it all up, so you can see what it looks like when it's all nice."

"Instead of having farm animals," Tubbo spoke up, "so we don't have to kill them, can we, like... move the fence and make an apiary? A bee... thing? Have flowers and stuff?"

Tommy contemplated this. "I guess. I never got the hang of butchering, anyways. But the fences would need redoing==they look terrible all messed up and shit."

Ranboo felt something inside his legs, but he ignored it in favor of asking if Tommy ever learned how to fence an area, which earned him an insult and a "*fuckin' obviously, bitch boy, I'm a farmer*".

(Inside the house, Phil had sat himself down with a curse, grabbing at one foot that had suddenly gotten *really really cold* when he stepped over to the sink.)

"You two are disgusting."

"Silence, American," Wilbur shot back, not bothering to look up from his breakfast.

Techno picked up his own piece of cinnamon toast. "Phil, he's bullying me."

"Silence, American." Phil reached for his water.

Techno paused. "Ghosts, they're bullying me."

There was no response.

"Oh, yeah, only one of them's American." Techno cleared his throat. "Beloved, they're bullying me."

"Ghosts can't save you, bitch," Wilbur said, voice muffled by the beans and toast in his mouth. A second after he'd swallowed, his glass of water *plink!*ed to the side, spilling into his plate and onto the table. "Oh, go fuck yourself."

("That was a perfectly good breakfast!" Tommy shouted as he hit at Ranboo.

"That was an abomination!" Ranboo shot back, easily batting his hands away.

"I don't even know that word, you mamzer!"

Tubbo, who had never had beans on toast due to his father being American, watched them passively.)

"Why are you just leaving it there? Do you want us to get ants?"

"Don't worry about it, Phil, let's just go play Skywars."

(Ranboo watched him leave the sandwich from the kitchen doorway, eyes glued on the plate while Techno finished cutting it in three and placed the knife in the sink.

Techno paused. "Phil, why is the soap in the sink?")

"Meeting!"

Tommy and Tubbo each let out noises of surprise, scattering the chess pieces they'd been setting up.

"Meeting! Meeting! Get to the bench right quick!" Ranboo yelled from the door before he went quiet.

Tommy glanced down at the chess pieces. "Fuck."

Tubbo heaved a sigh and began his descent.

"Another sandwich!" Ranboo yelled at them, floating excitedly above their bench. "We got another sandwich!"

Gasps met Ranboo's ears, followed by the other two grabbing for him, Tommy tugging viciously at his leg while Tubbo wrestled for a slice.

After he'd split the three slices and they'd settled down on their bench, Ranboo took down his mask.

"Wait!" Tommy said, making an aborted movement to stop Ranboo's hand. "Let's count down from three."

Tubbo hummed curiously and looked over, sandwich already half gone.

Tommy sniffed disdainfully. "Nevermind."

Ranboo and Tommy both dug into their slices, relaxing as flavor burst across their tongues.

The three sat in silence as they relished their sandwiches.

"This is shit," Tubbo said blankly. He took a second bite.

Tommy told him to shut the fuck up.

Chapter End Notes

deathlessness!boo is not a fan of beans on toast.

i think this chapter is unfortunately more filler than anything but i promise ill try to fit the next major plot point in the next one

woo lots of 1930s bc tommy did what tommy does

also. methinks that this sudden influx of slang makes sense bc generally the words that they've used before don't have very many equivalents, so they've just never had the chance to use it before. but when you're telling off a ranboo, you've gotta do it with words he won't understand.

cause like. let's be honest. people use slang more when they're upset. they'll probably use it when talking to their friends, but definitely more when they're upset.

IMPORTANT ill be going back and adding more slang to previous chapters where i can, especially the first three. so hopefully this chapter's amount of slang usage wont seem as out of place, esp when i change what's said when bench trio are upset.

1930s

- Berk | A fool
- Bold | Daring
- Bright'un | A gun
- (To) crease | (To) kill
- Chiv | Knife
- Garret | Head
- Mamzer | Bastard (endearingly)
- (To) stripe | (To) slit someone's throat
- Whistle | A suit

1940s

- Drip | Someone who is boring
- Cockeyed | Crazy/Impossible/Stupid
- In cahoots | To conspire with someone
- In the sticks | In the middle of nowhere
- Moxie | Courage
- Pain in the neck | Someone who is bothersome/annoying
- Yuck | A foolish or stupid person

1970s

- Cool | Awesome or nice
- Right quick | Really quickly
- Like/Y'know | Filler

there's a reason // that london puts barriers on the tube line // **there's a reason // they fail**

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Jubilee Line" by Wilbur Soot

[cw for discussion of murder/implied murder, mentions of child abuse]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo swallowed thickly as he stared down Phil's door.

He knew Ranboo was with Techno, and that Ranboo had, like, revealed himself to him and Wilbur the other day, before he'd shared that sandwich. He and Tommy'd given him an earful, but ultimately, there wasn't much they could do. Ranboo wanted to show himself, and he did.

(When they'd taken down the front of being upset, Ranboo began ranting to them about how *good* it felt to be corporeal, to have *mass*. He could feel the breaths he took, feel his eyes water if he hadn't blinked, feel the way his feet pressed against the ground to hold himself up=)

So, Ranboo trusted them. Or, most of them, anyways. He didn't quite trust Phil yet, but none of the ghosts did.

And that... irked Tubbo a little bit, y'know?

Sure, he'd summoned a demon lady to scare them off. But... But *Techno and Wilbur* trusted him. And Wilbur was so soft he forgave Tommy for near murdering him! And Tubbo refused to accept that someone that gullible had moved into their farm, so he chose to believe that Wilbur was so smart he was playing 4D chess about who he trusted rather than checkers.

Tubbo wouldn't like it if Tommy and Ranboo were alive and being favored by ghosts because someone he knew scared one of them off.

Phil knew they didn't mean any harm anymore, right...?

Tubbo stepped through the door.

"So," Wilbur began, sat on his bed with his light off, nothing but the full moon to shine through the window, "what do you think of summer?"

"*Summer?*" repeated that frigid, choked voice that Wilbur had grown to know. It was to his right, accompanied by a chill that was starting to make his arm go numb.

The teal blanket beneath him was the same color he associated with T. Field Kid. T?

Regardless, Field Kid's voice was a stiff thing. It was cold, icy, and honestly, Wilbur wouldn't be surprised if there were puffs of chilly smoke that emitted from his mouth when he spoke.

"Yeah," Wilbur said, staring down at his dull phone screen, giving a sniff. The video of one of Dream, Sapnap, and George's ghost hunt videos played on near-silent. "Tomorrow's the first day of summer."

Dream gave a curse and a chuckle on-screen, startled from a bird.

Field Kid was quiet for a moment. "*Long days*," he settled on. "*Good for checking crops. Played in the creek.*"

Wilbur looked up at that. "There's a creek nearby?"

There was a moment of silence, and Wilbur assumed he'd either nodded or debated on expanding.

"*Mhm... You like summer?*"

Wilbur shrugged. "It's okay. I prefer autumn."

"*Harvesting season*," said Field Kid. "*End of school. Friends got out.*"

"What kind of plants did you... y'know, plant?"

The video went quiet, the three of them reacting to a few distant noises.

"*Rotated. Wheat, even though it was imported a lot... Butter, too. We sold to local places. Tariffs or some shit.*"

Wilbur nodded slowly. "Did you also do meat, or was it just...?"

"*Beef, mostly. Big on dairy farming. We had pigs and chickens too, though. Sheep.*"

"Did they live out in that giant field?" Wilbur asked.

"*Took 'em in at night. Chickens had a separate pen, though, in the open space behind the house... Got torn down way back when.*"

Wilbur furrowed his brows. "Wouldn't there be some small... thing left over? A coop? You didn't just put them in a small fence and call it a day, right?"

There was a movement of the chill beside him where it moved, likely a shrug. A bit more strained than before, the voice said: "*They took that, too.*"

Huh.

Maybe Wilbur should look into getting a chicken coop.

George gave a sudden jolt of surprise, the camera turning to blur. Dream's signature wheeze filled the speakers, followed by George angrily telling him off and hitting at his arm.

"*Hey, Wilbur.*"

"Hm?"

"*You didn't answer before. Why did you forgive me?*"

"What, for the whole name thing?" Wilbur reached up and touched his nose on instinct, which gave a little shock of pain at the touch, but was otherwise healing just fine. "That was my fault. Besides, if you knew how to use telekinesis, you'd throw a lot more shit at me. I kinda figured you, like, lost control=="

"*Not that.*"

Wilbur swallowed.

"*About when I...*"

He stared blankly down at the phone.

"*When I tried to crease you. Kill you.*"

The two were silent.

"*Did it just say Sam?*" Sapnap asked, the camera pointed at a spirit box against a wall with a graffitied rabbit on it.

Wilbur turned the phone off.

The static trickled out.

(Tommy found himself remembering the way Ranboo's parents reacted when Ranboo had upset him.)

Wilbur's face was blank. He took a deep breath. "I..."

He felt like eyes were on him.

"So..." Wilbur shifted. "I used to... be in foster care."

(Tommy's eyes widened, clearly not expecting Wilbur to actually talk.)

"I... I'm not saying this because==" Wilbur's brows furrowed. "Fuck. I want you to know this. Not because I feel like you deserve to==you do! I just... I want to tell you. Okay?"

"... 'kay."

Wilbur nodded. His eyes roamed the room nervously. "Okay. So, I used to be in foster care. And==Do you know what foster care is?"

"Yeah...? *Friends lived in an orphanage. That's similar, right?*"

Wilbur nodded. "Mm. I dunno how different it was back then, but the foster system... sucks. If you don't get adopted when you're young, the workers just start throwing you at the wall of people to see which houses stick. A lot of them were shit. Some people were only in it for the money, some people were fine but the kids were the problem, some people didn't realize that we kids were people and needed things other than the basics..."

He cleared his throat. "Um... but I also have asthma, which kinda... makes my lungs super weak and such. And it's been better these past few years, but it was *shit* when I was younger. Especially this one school I went to for a bit, the gym teacher didn't believe me when I told her I had asthma and it took a *long-ass time* to get the proper paperwork in.

"But one time, I went to this one family. There was the husband and wife, who were kind of old, they had a few other foster kids... they meant well, but, uh... they were really into *traditional medicine*, y'know? Or==wait. Maybe you don't. It's like==instead of going to the doctor, you make the house smell in order to fix any medical problems you have."

"*Sounds dumb.*"

Wilbur nodded. "Mhm. And the smells made my asthma worse. Anyways, the point of this, uh... one day, the husband and I went out alone. We, um... I don't know what it was for. But we were on our way somewhere, and we were going on the tube to get there... And I remember asking for a drink of water, so he gave me a few pounds to go get a bottle.

"And, um... I had to hurry back, cause I didn't wanna miss the train... so I started running."

(Tommy didn't think he liked where this was going.)

"And I saw him, and I..."

Wilbur's chest expanded.

It deflated.

"I didn't stop."

If this were a horror movie, Wilbur was sure that was when the bass would have dropped.

"I ran straight *to* him, then *into* him. And he was standing... just a *bit* too close to the edge..."

Wilbur went quiet then, face pinched as he remembered the feeling of flinging himself into the man, the twisted satisfaction of seeing him fall, then the panic of realizing what he'd done==

"I forgave you," he muttered, "because *I* wasn't able to take it back. And I... felt like I deserved it? I guess? To know the sensation==the panic, of knowing you were going to die..."

"*You regret it, right?*"

Wilbur laughed wetly. "Of course I do. Fuck, I killed him. I *killed* that man. I can't even use the excuse of being a kid, I was 14, I knew what the fuck I was doing. I killed him and got away with it, because everyone assumed it was an accident and I knew enough to keep my fucking mouth shut when they asked me about it=="

"*You don't.*"

Wilbur quieted in an instant.

"*You don't deserve that. You didn't deserve it.*"

"I killed that man," Wilbur insisted. "I don't know if his ghost is still there, now. Knowing that ghosts exist==*fuck*, what if he knows? What if he==What if death tells you who murdered you, or if it was intentional, or whatever? What if he *knows* I killed him, but he can't do anything?! He'd been there for a decade cause the kid he was fostering *killed him*=="

Something cold passed through his face, freezing his teeth and making his lips go as numb as his arm.

He fell silent, face muscles *squeezing* in an almost painful way. His hands instinctively went up to his face, his phone being dropped to the blanket. He didn't shiver, *couldn't* shiver, there was no *feeling*==

"*Shut,*" said Field Kid.

Wilbur tried to say something, but he was *frozen*, so it came out a jumbled mess.

"*You didn't deserve it. I dunno what makes a ghost, but we don't==don't gain... extra stuff like that. We're human.*"

They were human.

Ghosts were human.

Ghosts had all been alive at some point.

(If Wilbur had died, would he come back a ghost? What would he do? What would Phil and Techno do? Would he have been able to convince the ghosts to teach him to communicate with the living?)

"*Honestly, if he was so intent on using smells to ward away sickness, then he didn't have that long a life left.*" Field Kid's voice hitched like he'd been hit in the throat. "sickness, then he didn't have that long a life left."

Wilbur snorted despite himself. "on't sh'eak ill o'va dead."

"*I am dead, bitch.*"

Wilbur opened his mouth to protest. He closed it. "ell, you shouldn't talk bad about other 'eople anyways. Din't your parents teach ya manners?"

He realized with a jolt that maybe he shouldn't have said something like that to someone who might have watched his parents die thinking he had been gone for years==

"*Nah. Too busy teaching farming, butchering, dishes, and sewing. Brain can't also fit manners.*"

Wilbur hummed disbelievingly, still rubbing at his face. "Uh-huh. Sure... Wait, you can sew?"

"*Not well.*"

"Do you enjoy it, though?"

There was a vague movement to his side, possibly another shrug. "*It was fine enough. Good before bed. Necessary to learn, for clothes.*"

Wilbur sat up suddenly. "Oh, yeah! You were a farmer in the 1930s, when the summers started getting shit for crops! You probably didn't have money for lots of clothes!"

Field Kid remained quiet for a heartbeat he didn't have. "*Are you calling me poor?*"

"Yes."

He was quiet again. "*Fuck you.*"

Wilbur waved him off, glancing at his dresser. "Oh, man, when you start going corporeal, I've gotta put you in one of my sweaters. Techno's too tall and I forbade Phil from wearing my sweaters when he got a hole through the sleeve of one years ago..."

"*You do know I'm taller than Techno, right?*"

Wilbur stopped imagining a skinny farmhand with neatly-trimmed hair in slacks and a white dress shirt being swallowed by grey fabric. "What?"

"*Doctor said I'd be 6'3 by this age.*"

"No way you're 6'3!" Wilbur dismissed, almost offended by that. "You==didn't you live during the Great Depression?!"

"*What, the Slump? Yeah.*"

"You're malnourished and from the 30s, neither your genes nor your nutrition status would have let you grow over six feet. You're 5'11 *at the tallest.*"

"Maybe I should make your teeth go cold again. That shut you up earlier."

Wilbur's hands flew to his mouth with an offended gasp. *"Don't you dare,"* he said, voice muffled. He took them down and asked, "Wait, how tall were your parents, then?"

"Mum was kinda short. Or, average, I guess. My dad was taller, but not as tall as Techno."

Wilbur hummed. "Were your grandparents short?"

"Uh... I think my grandmother was the taller of the two when she was younger, but not six feet tall." His voice tapered out at the end, like he'd run out of breath.

Wilbur hummed. "I'm not all that into genetics, but for you to be over six feet, you'd have to have ample nutrition and a mutation in your DNA. It's impossible for you to be *that* tall."

"Fuck you."

Wilbur fell back into place against his headboard, eyelids beginning to droop. "What were your parents like?"

"Um... nice, I suppose? Parental?"

Wilbur smiled. "Like, compared to Phil."

"Oh. Uh. Hm... Father was a lot tougher. Uh... Stronger, too, enjoyed more physical tasks. Mother... Mother was stricter. Made sure my chores were done. Didn't get dessert if I lied when I was younger."

Wilbur glanced to his right, eyes drifting down to where Field Kid's weight was pressed into his blanket. "Must've been tough, not getting dessert."

"Eating my pets was tougher."

Wilbur felt like he stopped breathing for a second when his eyes shot open. He managed to force the bottom half of his face to stay in a relaxed smile, but he was sure his body had went rigid. "Ah."

"Dealing with you's worse." There was the faintest brush of cold over his eyes, making him shy away instinctively. *"Go to bed."*

Wilbur grumbled but didn't want to risk going blind, so he set to shuffling under his blanket, asking Field Kid to move so he could plug in his phone without getting frostbite.

His head hit the pillow, eyes unable to stay open much longer. "G'night, Field Kid," he mumbled while shifting to get comfortable.

"Goodnight."

Wilbur gave a final shift.

He sighed.

Sleep began to crawl through his body.

"*Tommy. M'name's Tommy.*"

Wilbur didn't realize the edges of his lips quirking up in a tiny smile. "*Night, Toms.*"

"So, what was your dad like?" Phil took another sip of coffee, typing rapidly on the computer to reply to the email he'd just received about the server security bug they'd been dealing with for the past few hours.

The ghost, Tubbo, took a moment to contemplate this, before the slightly chill looming over his shoulder answered, "*Very pog souse.*"

Tubbo's voice was strained like the cords had been burned badly. It reminded him very much of *smoke*.

"I know half of those words, mate," Phil said with a small chuckle. "Oh, wait==a souse is an alcoholic, right?"

"*Mhm.*"

"An alcoholic politician. Honestly, he'd have fit right in in modern times."

"*I think he'd like mobile phones, if he were alive.*"

"When'd he die?"

"*Um... '55, I think? He moved out after I died, so I dunno for sure.*"

Phil nodded slowly. His eyes started to weigh again, so he reached for more coffee.

Chapter End Notes

tommy had a chicken coop now ignore that it's never been mentioned before it's canon now

AAAAAA YOU GUYS WE GOT ANOTHER FIC INSPIRED BY DEATHLESSNESS
AND IM AJRHAGIOIFDK

[HERE IT IS IT'S 21K WORDS AND VERY HURT/COMFORT dw no one stays permanently dead and everyone's okay in the end](#)

GO GO GO GO LEAVE COMMENTS KUDOS BOOKMARKS my comment is so long i had to split it into three parts im so sorry author

i think like 3 people from the discord were at least either in tears or crying.

you can see the parts inspired by that fic in this chapter and i am so unapologetic

there's a reference to someone in here and if you catch it then you get uh..... nothing.

BY THE WAY!! those who read christmas island, the christmas special, were informed of wilbur's past early on!! it was modified a bit tho since deathlessness wilbur doesn't hate christmas.

sorry there's not a lot of slang tubbo and ranboo aren't there or don't talk v much and tommy has to carefully pick his words to limit the amount of time he talks.

1930s

- (To) crease | (To) kill

1940s

- Souse | An alcoholic

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

your friends and enemies and all your family // we will all be buried in the ground, in the ground

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Jesus Saves" by AJJ

no one mentioned the parallel between wilbur singing the end of jubilee line way back when and someone dying from the lack of rails at a train station so i made it more obvious by changing the chapter title

[cw for body horror, mentions of murder/suicide, depictions of death/violence]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Is Phil..." Wilbur trailed off, phone in hand and lounged comfortably on the couch. His legs were sprawled across Techno's lap, who was "resting his eyes", as he put it.

Techno blinked and glanced at the staircase. "Uh..."

"He's still asleep," confirmed Ranboo as he appeared in the empty chair, chill as could be. "Tubbo kept him up."

The pillow Wilbur was using beneath his head ripped itself out from under him and flung itself violently at Ranboo.

"That was mean, Tubbo," Ranboo said when the pillow had hit him and fallen into his lap. After a moment, he added, "That was even meaner."

Wilbur sat up and moved so he was backed into the corner of the couch, taking his legs from Techno and sitting with them crisscrossed. "Hi, Ranboo," he greeted, somewhat awkwardly.

"Peace, man," he greeted casually with a peace sign as Techno gave a large yawn. Ranboo looked up at something. "No, I'm not going to tell him you said that."

The pillow tried to pick itself up again, but Ranboo grabbed at it and fought against whoever was tugging, resulting in a short tug-of-war that ended when the other ghost gave a violent *jerk* that ended up with the pillow flying from Ranboo's hands.

He cowered as the pillow started to beat him, sputtering complaints and hitting out at it to try to bat it away.

Techno sniffed. "Keep goin' like that an' you'll knock his head off again."

The pillow gave Ranboo a final whack before it finished with launching itself at Techno.

"... What do you mean again?" Wilbur asked warily.

Techno shrugged. "I mean again."

"Yes, but what does that *mean*, Techno?"

"It means again."

"I can show you!" Ranboo chirped, already moving to stand.

Wilbur grimaced. He glanced at Techno, who didn't seem all that perturbed. "Uh... sure...?"

Ranboo threw himself from his seat and reached for his head, fiddling around a bit before there was a *horrendous* scratching sound, accompanied by his head *nearly falling the fuck off*.

Wilbur jumped in surprise with a quiet curse.

Ranboo's head hung down to the center of his sternum, the top of his *fucking spine* jutting upwards and threatening to cut through. The skin, normally tucked safely within his suit, now stretched itself before Wilbur to reveal mottled flesh, bruises running up the back where he'd impacted.

"Oh," Wilbur said, for lack of any other words. "That's... horrifying. Does it not hurt?"

"Ghosts don't feel pain," Ranboo said plainly, eyes glancing over the tops of his glasses to look at Wilbur.

Techno yawned deeply. "Is that all you've got from fallin' from the attic?" he asked. "Surely you broke somethin' else, right?"

Ranboo moved to face him, which ended up just making his limp neck swing his head. "Oh, yeah. I know I broke my spine, my shoulder's dislocated, probably==hang on==" He reached up and grasped his head, pulling it up and slotting it back into place with a painful bone-on-bone, scraping sound that made Wilbur wince.

Ranboo tugged at the left side of his jacket to reveal the offset shoulder, baring the janky connection for Wilbur and Techno to see. Still-wet blood had soaked into the shirt, sticky and red. "I don't know if, like, it's a dislocation, or a break, but since the shoulder's kinda... it doesn't like to stay where it belongs, I think it's a dislocation."

(Wilbur figured the blazer was blood-soaked, but the dark color of it skewed any analysis he could do.)

"Did you break a bone that's supposed to keep it in place?" Wilbur asked, getting to his feet to move closer despite himself. "I dunno the names of them, but what about that big, flat one in your back? Or maybe the one right here?" He tapped at his own bone for that, moving his shirt aside to show where his collarbone stuck out from his skin. "The collarbone?"

Ranboo tilted his head. A hand reached up to feel where Wilbur demonstrated. He pressed down in a few areas before he let out a laugh. "Oh, yeah, that part's definitely broken. Maybe some of the muscles got torn, too, y'know?"

Though he nodded and let out a sound of agreement, Wilbur couldn't take his eyes away from where Ranboo would press down onto where his collarbone was highlighted against his short, and the bone would sink on the side closest to the center of his body, but would lever itself to fight against its confines where it was closest to his shoulder.

God, it just looked so... it made Wilbur *sick*.

"Um..." Ranboo continued to mess with his collarbone as he thought. "The back of my head's been cracked open. I actually think I *landed* on my head partially, so I'm surprised I don't just have, like, brain matter permanently smeared in my hair... I'm pretty sure I don't. Do I?"

Wilbur could barely resist the urge to throw up when Ranboo turned his head to reveal a decisive *split* down the back of his head, chunks of pink and gray and pale beige and red mixed inside to form a mess. The jagged edges of the skin had been ripped away, the skull crushed and the brain smushed flat.

"Uh," Wilbur began.

"Wil, you look like you're gonna throw up," Techno said.

Ranboo looked back to Wilbur and chuckled. "You totally do! Ha! God, I'm not even the worst of us three. I'm probably the *best* of us."

Wilbur's breath caught.

"Why do you look shocked?!" Ranboo's shoulders—one covered by a blazer, the other wet with decades-old blood—shook with laughter. "We *died*, Wilbur."

"I know," Wilbur managed to get out.

"You literally look like you're gonna faint!" Ranboo laughed again, loud and only further serving to make Wilbur's stomach turn. Despite the lack of expression visible on his face, Wilbur could only imagine a sadistic grin and wide eyes, open to observe as much as they could.

"I fell from a roof. I died because my head was smashed open. I laid there for minutes after jumping, waiting for myself to bleed out. I'm covered in blood and my bones are broken and my head has been cracked because *I died*."

Wilbur felt like the world around him was dulling to nothing, leaving only him and Ranboo.

"Tubbo's face was almost torn off from a firework," Ranboo continued. "His skin is burned and charred, and he'd be half blind if he hadn't died, so one of his eyes is all milky."

Wilbur could only imagine the charred remains of a child, one milky eye rolling about, unable to blink from the lack of an eyelid. He could smell the burned skin, the smoking hair, the cotton of his jacket, the ash==

"But Field Kid's the *worst*. He *froze*. His blood's ice, so his skin's the same color as snow. Because of the frostbite, his fingers and nose are all black. So are his toes. They're all necrotic-looking. His skin doesn't even feel like skin at this point, it's like a candle."

Wilbur's image of a black-and-white farm boy began to corrupt itself, the skin freezing and decaying off. His eyes froze over, jaw prying itself open to show dried gums and a rotting tongue that turned to ash. His fingers curled and blistered and blackened, posture stiffening as his muscles locked up.

"*Alright, that's enough.*"

And suddenly Wilbur was back in the living room before Ranboo.

The darkness retreated in an instant.

Wilbur finally took a breath, the air catching in his throat. His heart thudded like it was in a marathon. A hand shot to his chest, lungs struggling to expand. His eyes shut to block out the rest of the world, focusing entirely on just trying to *breathe*.

Something plastic shoved itself into his hand, and his eyes poked open to find it was his inhaler, which he hurriedly put to his lips.

"Sorry about that, man," Ranboo said when Wilbur got his breath back. "You good?"

Wilbur took a few deep breaths. "Yeah," he settled on. "Yeah, I'm good... Holy shit, where did you learn to do that?"

"Techno," Ranboo said at the same time Techno said, "Me."

Wilbur's chest expanded to its maximum before it deflated. "What, did you take him through nosleep or some shit?"

"Yeah," Ranboo said at the same time Techno said, "Yep."

Wilbur glared at the both of them. "I regret letting Techno fraternize with the ghost with illusion powers."

"That's your fault," Ranboo said at the same time Techno said, "Too late now."

"God, I fucking hate you both."

"Good." "As you should."

Wilbur rolled his eyes and moved to sit back on the couch, shaking his head and grabbing his phone. "I'm gonna get Phil to ban you two from talking. Fuck's sake, I almost had a heart attack." He lifted his inhaler to his mouth once more.

"In Ranboo's defense," Techno began, "I came up with that one."

"Fuckin' explains why you didn't get mad," Wilbur said. "Jesus... Do they actually look like that? Frostbitten, burned, whatever?"

Ranboo turned his head to look at something. "*Uh...*" he began in a high voice. "*Yeah, I'd say so. I'd say so. Maybe not as, y'know, gruesome. But we are basically corpses, and I'm ashamed at how, like, alive I look in comparison.*"

Wilbur coughed out a laugh. "You? *Alive-looking?*" His smile fell when Ranboo didn't laugh with him.

Techno gave a deep yawn and fell back against the couch, reaching up to rub his eyes. "I wonder what I'll look like when I die. I hope I look cool."

"How do you become a ghost?" Wilbur asked. "Ranboo?"

Ranboo shrugged. "I dunno. None of us were murdered==or, at least, most of us probably weren't. Uh... Yeah, I dunno, dude. Gonna have to take that up with... I dunno, the God of Death or somethin'?" A moment later he whispered to the side, quiet enough that the other two couldn't hear: "*I'm not gonna ask about her, that might get her attention.*"

"Hey, what was your life like before you died?" Wilbur asked. "Like, I'm pretty sure you didn't commit suicide, cause drugs were a part of your death. But, like, were your parents strict or...?"

Ranboo froze for a moment. "Um."

When he didn't expand on that, Wilbur backtracked: "I mean, you don't have to answer. I'd hate to, like, make you uncomfortable. Even if you did scare me. That was actually kinda cool, we need to do that to Dream next time he comes over. But, y'know, neither Techno nor I grew up in the best conditions, so==I'm not saying your parents were bad, unless they were? Um=="

"Hang on, Tubbo needs something." Ranboo disappeared.

Wilbur and Techno sat in silence for a moment.

"Ah, shit," Wilbur cursed. "Sorry, Ranboo. Are you still in the room? ... Techno, make sure you tell Ranboo I said sorry next time you see him, right? Techno?"

Techno let out a sleepy hum of question.

"Fuck's sake, Techno, take a nap."

Phil blinked his eyes open lazily. He yawned and shut them again, reaching out for his phone.

He held it before him for a moment.

He turned it on.

He opened his eyes.

"How the hell is it noon?!"

Chapter End Notes

not wilbur being more scared of ranboo, the hippie ghost, than tommy, who literally tried to murder him-

techno when the dteam scares wilbur: i am DISGUSTED i am REVOLTED i dedicate my entire life to our LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST and THIS is the thanks i get?!

techno when ranboo scares wilbur: haha L

yes "peace, man" is very much hippie culture

also yes, techno did teach ranboo the word "necrotic" specifically for this scare.

1930s

- N/A

1940s

- N/A

1970s

- Dude | "Man"

- Man | "Dude"

- Peace, man | Hello/Goodbye [usually accompanied by a peace sign]

- Totally | Definitely

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

a/n

hey.

i think we all know what this is about.

it would be (to put it lightly) in poor taste for me to continue writing deathlessness and updating weekly so soon after technoblade's latest video. in fact, i think i would disgust myself if i decided to continue updating as if nothing happened.

i don't want to discontinue deathlessness, though. so, i'll be putting this book on a hiatus for a few months. i don't know when i'll start back up again, but that is irrelevant.

for now, ill be working on other fics on either my quotev or my ao3, if you want to check them out. i would completely understand if you wanted to remove deathlessness from your library, as the subject matter has become far too real as of late.

rest in peace, technoblade. you deserve it.

today i lost my shit in a museum

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Linda Rondstat" by AJJ

i lived, bitch.

but seriously tho sorry this took so long i was having trouble figuring out where to start. anyways, hope the bookmarks dont suddenly decrease when people see this update bc theyre still greiving. nothing wrong w that but as of writing this we're at 666 bookmarks so

heads up for that btw: a lot of future angsty ideas abt the characters thinking about death and such are probably not going to be as angsty anymore. there's a specific scene in the outline that had wilbur and techno talking about becomning ghosts and their gravestones that i ended up mostly scrapping save for a few lines with wilbur making jokes.

while i was gone, a handful of other fics inspired by deathlessness were published!! one got deleted i think, but the rest are down at the bottom!!

BTW this chapter is two chapters (or 5 bulletpoints in the outline) combined into one, with 2.7k words. hope u enjoy!!

[no cws afaik! it's a p light-hearted chapter]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil climbed into bed after a rather short few hours of waking, which included cooking mini pizzas with Techno and Wilbur and later burning the roof of his mouth on said mini pizzas with Wilbur. Techno never burned his mouth no matter how hot the mini pizzas were, because he was fucking Technoblade, of course.

Phil nestled himself comfortably into his blankets, heaved a sigh, and stared up at the ceiling.

He blinked.

He began to climb back out of bed.

"Whatcha got there, Phil?"

Phil didn't look away from the TV, a plate with two rewarmed==one half-eaten==mini pizzas on his lap. "Mini-pizzas."

"*Toons*," spat the person on the TV disdainfully before taking a swig of a flask.

Techno watched the movie for another few seconds before he turned into the kitchen to reheat some of his own food.

The eyes of all three ghosts were glued to the TV, each of their heads tilted as they stared at the screen. They were stood mostly in front of the couch, and if they were alive, Techno and Phil wouldn't have been able to see the screen past them.

"This looks like something you'd know about," Tommy said. "One of you, anyways."

"Never seen it before in my life," Tubbo said, to which Ranboo agreed with a hum.

Ranboo's gaze pulled itself away from the screen, head turning and landing on the spot beside Techno.

"One too many refrigerators dropped on his head?"

"Hey, guys," Ranboo said, "I'm gonna sit with Techno for a bit."

"You *what*."

Tommy sent him an incredulous look. After a moment of silence, in which Ranboo returned his gaze to the two of them, he said, "You're kidding, right?"

"Nope," Ranboo confirmed.

Tubbo looked at Phil. He rubbed his eyes. He looked at Phil again. Then, he looked at Ranboo. "You're seeing the same thing I am, right, big man?"

Ranboo nodded, moving to pass through the coffee table. "Uh-huh."

"You're an idiot, Ranboo," Tommy said.

"Uh-huh." Ranboo slid into place beside Techno, who gave a little flinch when the cold settled in beside him.

Tubbo narrowed his eyes. "You wouldn't."

Ranboo would have grinned at him if Tubbo could see his face.

Techno's muscles, which had tensed up when Ranboo first settled in, relaxed, as though the cold had moved away. He didn't glance over but nudged Ranboo's arm with his elbow in greeting.

Tommy and Tubbo were staring at Phil, wide-eyed, movie abandoned.

"Let's call the other fifty a carrot to finish the job."

Phil took the final bite of his mini-pizza and licked his lips clean of sauce. With the hand he hadn't been eating with, he reached behind him and Techno to get the blanket draped over the back, eyes following the movement of his hand==

Ranboo caught his gaze and sent him a little wave.

Phil seemed surprised at first, but he quirked the edges of his lips up in a smile. He grabbed the blanket and carefully maneuvered it between him and Techno, who sent to helping him drape it over their laps by holding the plates up.

Now, to Phil and Techno, the world was silent, save for the movie. The air swirled around them calmly, filled with the sounds of a detective mourning the sanity he was about to lose over the next hour.

For the ghosts, the air was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

Instead of remaining the same invisible web it always was, it clung to them, thick and palpable. It invaded their lungs, sucking the air out of them, and freezing them in place. The chill that suddenly made their limbs stick also seemed to make their hearts burn, despite not having beat in decades.

They waited.

Tubbo let out a long, silent breath. "Okay," he said. "Okay."

"Fuck," Tommy said, shoulders still far from untensing. He cleared his throat.

Ranboo discreetly sent them a thumbs up.

"Who needs a car in LA? We've got the best public transportation system in the world."

"Okay..." Tubbo forced his shoulders to relax. "So... we can, like, trust him then, right?"

Two sets of eyes turned to Tommy.

Tommy seemed to fidget. He screwed up his features in a glare and crossed his arms. "What? It's obvious enough that if she's not here, then we're good, right? Fuckin' sheep, the lot of you."

"Should we watch the movie?" Tubbo asked Tommy. "Or should we try to sharp some bread rolls?"

Tommy's tongue darted out to wet his lips, looking intrigued by the idea.

A man on the screen gestured to a piece of paper.

"*Laid off!*" read the detective, sounding surprised.

"*A new outfit bought the red car. Some big company called Clover Leaf.*"

"Oh, this is a Tubbo-era film," Tommy said. "They're talkin' like all those people on the shows your dad watched."

Tubbo narrowed his eyes. "No, it's not. It looks a bit off. I mean, the clothing and hair are pretty on the nose, but it doesn't look the same."

"Is it Ranboo-era?" Tommy asked.

They turned to Ranboo.

Ranboo glanced to the side before he stood, causing Techno to shiver and shy away. "It definitely looks like a movie I'd know, but like Tubbo said, the style of everything else is, like, older. Maybe it was made, like, after I died, but it's supposed to look like it's taking place when Tubbo was alive, y'know?"

The three stared at the screen for a bit longer.

"*Don't bust a button, Dolores, you've only got one left.*"

"What kind of movies did you watch, Tommy?"

Tommy narrowed his eyes at Tubbo. "Do you think we could afford *movies*?"

"I'm sorry, is that an anim==an-i-mated gorilla?"

"... yep."

"And is that a human?"

"... yep."

"*Wise guy,*" shot the gorilla, glaring at the detective.

"... huh," Tubbo said. "Hey, what kind of cartoons did you all watch when you were kids? I preferred the radio, but I used to watch Looney Tunes sometimes."

"Oh, I remember Looney Tunes!" Ranboo looked away from the movie eagerly. "I'd watch episodes when I was young, like, while I ate breakfast, I used to love them. Hey, there's Daffy."

He pointed at a black animated duck playing piano on the screen.

"Well, we didn't have a TV," Tommy began snarkily before it melted away. "But... I think when I visited my grandparents, we used to watch Betty Boop and Felix."

Ranboo hummed and nodded. "My grandparents liked Betty Boop. I've never seen it, but they said she was nice... But isn't she an American cartoon? How'd your grandparents get her?"

Tommy shrugged.

"I think I saw a Looney Tunes episode once when I was a kid, and that's what got me hooked," Tubbo said, narrowed eyes glaring at a wall as he tried to remember. "My dad left me at some kind of a daycare once, I think...? Or a friend? Can't remember it, though. I think there was a rabbit...?"

"Bugs?" Ranboo asked.

Tubbo shook his head. "No, I don't think there were any bugs."

"No, that's the character's name, y'know? Bugs Bunny."

"Felix is a better name for an animal," Tommy said, arms crossed and nose pointed upwards haughtily. "Your 50s cartoons are probably shit. Nothin' like the classics."

"Did you even have sound in your cartoons?" Ranboo teased, likely grinning under his mask.

"Fuck-you-fuck-you-fuck-you-you-cowson=="

"Oh, Phil, forgot to ask, do you wanna fake paranormal activity when Dream gets here?"

"Hm? Oh. You're gonna have to ask the ghosts about that. I mean, they might take offense, I dunno. They get here in three days, right?"

Unbeknownst to the three pairs of eyes that suddenly whipped around and glued themselves, wide, onto Techno, he shook his head. "Well, maybe. The permit they applied for to search some abandoned factory finally got approved, so they're goin' away for a bit startin' tomorrow, cause it's like two hours away."

"Wait, seriously?" Phil asked, brows furrowed. "They shouldn't have to hurry for us, we can wait another few days."

Techno hummed, lazy gaze trailing back to the movie. "Yeah, but they only managed to get two days, and they don't know if there are actual ghosts there."

Phil clicked his tongue. "Well, you should tell them not to rush for our sake."

"I will," Techno said, "but we've got genuine ghosts, so I don't think it's for our sake."

Tubbo blinked. "They're going away?"

"What could be more important than *us*?" Tommy asked, sounding offended. "*We're* real ghosts, not that fake shit."

"Eddie Valiant!"

"Betty!"

"What?!"

Betty Boop stood on the TV screen, clear as day, her design in shades of gray in contrast to the colorful world around her. *"Long time no see!"*

"What are you doin' here?"

"What?!" Tommy repeated.

"Work's been kinda slow since cartoons went to color," Betty said mournfully. *"But I still got it, Eddie! Boop-boop-bedoop! boop!"*

"Oh, it's been so long since I heard that!" Tommy laughed, eyes locked onto the screen where Betty was adjusting herself.

The detective sent her a smile. *"Yeah, you still got it..."*

Ranboo let out a huff of laughter, eyes bright behind his bi-colored lenses. "Oh, I have to see if Techno can, like, find any old Betty Boop cartoons."

Tubbo tilted his head. "But if they're so old, how would he do that?"

Ranboo faltered a little. "Well... they might still have the old film rolls somewhere, right? Maybe people have, like, uploaded them to the internet?"

Tommy sent him an unimpressed look. "Right, yes, the *inner-net*. *Because you can find everything on there.*"

"I could buy dope on there."

"Not under my roof, bitch."

Phil yawned tears springing to his eyes while Jessica Rabbit dangled over a goopy pit of Dip.

"Gettin' tired?" Techno asked.

Phil hummed. "Hm. Hey, do you really think they'll be able to contact Kristin?"

Techno shrugged. "Probably. I mean, contactin' ghosts is, like, a weekly task for them. Usually, it's to make 'em mad, but they'll make an exception for you."

("Kristin?" Tommy repeated quietly. *"Is that... you know who?"*)

The edges of Phil's mouth twitched up in an almost-smile. "Maybe she'll meet the ghosts. Like, properly."

"Think she'll like 'em?"

Phil blinked blearily to force his eyes back open. "... I think she'll love them."

(Wilbur would descend the stairs a few hours later and would immediately become very offended that not only was his ghost friend absent, but there had apparently been a movie night he was not invited to.

"It'll rain later," Phil muttered when he met Wilbur's accusatory stare, rubbing his eyes, *"we can have another movie night then."*

"It won't be night, then, Philza! ... shit, it's grocery day, isn't it--")

Tommy sat contemplatively on the bench while Tubbo and Ranboo hovered before him.

"But why *Kristin*?" Ranboo asked, lounging like he was leaning against something with his legs stretched out in front of him. "Why would *she* have the power to do something like that? She can't be all that important if the *living* knew her."

Tubbo hunched over himself, one leg crossed over itself like he was in a chair, one sole a few inches off the ground. "So, was she some kind of a witch in her life?"

"Maybe she was a ghost before she was alive?" Tommy suggested, glaring daggers at the ground like Kristin's corpse would rise up from it and tell her its life story. "Rein==re==reincar=
=re==re-in=="

"Reincarnation?" Ranboo asked.

Tommy nodded. "Yeah."

Tubbo hummed, furrowing his brows up at the sky. "... I mean, I suppose that's possible. But just 'cause she was reincarnated doesn't mean she had any supernatural powers as a ghost. And is it even possible to reincarnate?"

Ranboo paused for a moment. "Maybe that's what happens to the people who don't become ghosts?"

"That's even less of a reason for her to show up," Tommy said, running a hand through his hair, "because we're back at the question of how a ghost does *that*."

"Maybe it's her essence?" Tubbo asked. "What if... she did some sort of witchcraft in her life with Phil, and when she died, part of her stuck around Phil, regardless of whether or not the rest of her became a ghost?"

The stream babbled nearby as they thought about it.

"That..." Ranboo trailed off. "Actually, that would make sense... But even if she managed that, would there be a way to contact her at all, like Phil was talking about? If it's just a part of her that's still around, I mean. Can it, like, call on the rest of her to bring her forth?"

A breeze blew past, bringing with it a butterfly that Tubbo leaned backwards to avoid.

"Maybe it's like a jack-in-the-box," Tubbo suggested. "Like, normally she's all tucked away, but when we scare them, or turn the switch, she pops out, and tucks herself back away when we're gone."

"A what?" Tommy asked.

"Yeah, that's probably it," Ranboo said, nodding. "... I wonder if her ghost is still around, like, where she died."

"Maybe the Dream Team'll go find her at some point," Tubbo suggested. "Bummer that they won't be here for another few days."

Tommy clicked his tongue. "They know there are real ghosts here, so why go two hours away for someplace you had to pay to explore? Wronguns, they are."

"Yeah, I wanna scare them again!" Tubbo suddenly jolted out of his false chair, whirling to the side to fly through the back of the bench, popping his head up from the other side as his leg finished clipping through. He reached two of his arms up and explained: "I wanna go behind them while they're sitting somewhere and make 'em all chilly!"

Tommy pulled himself up from his own chair and tucked one leg beneath him as he turned to face Tubbo. "I should try pulling at them from underground!"

Ranboo straightened out slowly as if moving through water. "Do you think they'll go in the barn?"

The other two turned to face him, Tommy sinking back into a sitting position.

"The barn?" Tommy asked before a nervous smile crossed his face. "Uh==yeah, 'course they will! I mean, come on, it's==it's been our chess-playing area for decades, big man. Bound to be filled with all sorts 'a ghost energy."

Tubbo glanced between Ranboo and Tommy, lips pressed into a thin line.

The clearing was silent for a moment longer.

Tommy cleared his throat, expression becoming more confident. "We didn't get the chance to scare 'em in it last time, so we gotta do it next time! We could make my dad's tools fall, or, uh==or make the chess pieces move on their own! ... Any other ideas?"

The three went quiet.

Tubbo looked down, away from Tommy and Ranboo. He sunk a bit further behind the back of the bench and muttered something.

Tommy turned to him and made a questioning noise.

"... I feel... bad... when I go near the barn." He glanced at Tommy, tensing as if waiting for a verbal tirade to launch itself.

Tommy's skinny throat bobbed.

Ranboo reached up and scratched at the back of his neck. "... yeah, I, uh... I didn't wanna say it's, like... unwelcoming?"

Tommy shifted wordlessly, face pinched. "It... feels angry," he muttered reluctantly. He glanced up at Ranboo, then over at Tubbo, before he straightened out. "But it's not like I'm *scared* of it! No, no, that's *my* barn. I'm not scared of my barn. So what if it feels kinda... kinda..."

"Hostile?" Tubbo suggested.

"Yeah, hostel! So what if it's not... y'know. It's my fucking barn and I'm not gonna tolerate this kind of s... ss... this=fuck==" He strained for a moment. "Sl... slander...?"

"Slander," Ranboo confirmed.

Tommy nodded, leaning confidently back against the bench. "Mhm! So cheese it with your anti-barn shit because you're just gonna have to put up with it."

Tubbo pulled himself up a bit more and crossed his arms, laying them over the back of the bench and dropping his head onto them. His cheek squished against his arm and muffled his voice slightly as he said: "What if we fixed it?"

Tommy glared at him suspiciously. "... fixed what?"

"The anger," Tubbo said.

"... how?"

"No clue." Tubbo sent him a smile. "But we've existed this long, right? We'll figure it out."

Tommy tried to keep his look skeptical, but with Tubbo's easy smile, he couldn't, so he looked away.

Ranboo offered him a thumbs up.

The edges of his lips quirked up.

"Alright," Tommy begrudgingly agreed, trying to force a frown. "We'll figure it out."

Chapter End Notes

L to the queen imagine not living long enough to see this published

MY 70S SLANG WEBSITE GOT TAKEN DOWN SO NOW I HAVE TO USE LIKE 3 OTHER WEBSITES AND MY OLD SLANG LISTS BRB SOBBING

using the same website as the 40s one [here](#) and i hate it, so i also checked the wayback machine and used groovologist.com, and i used [this](#) just to have multiple sources. rip

now that i think abt it its kinda perfect that i started updating again like a month before halloween cause now i can make a halloween special

i was gonna have ranboo and tommy bond over betty boop (1930-1939) by giving ranboo vhs tapes of old betty boop cartoons but vhss werent made for general use until after he already died sometime after '76. the original looney tunes ran from 1930-1969, so tubbo and ranboo have that, and im gonna assume looney tunes went thru reruns after '69 so ranboo had regular access. merrie melodies ran around the same time, so they've also got that.

don't ask if betty boop was around in the UK during the 30s cause i have no idea

who framed roger rabbit is a movie made in 1988, based in 1947, so while it mimics tubbo-era, it's actually philza-era :D btw the whole thing abt betty boop's cameo was unintentional i forgot she was in the movie until i was reading the transcript lol it was just supposed to be a segway into cartoons.

1930s

- Cheese it! | Stop it!/"Cease it!"
- Cowson | Son of a bitch
- Sharper | To steal

1940s

- On the nose | Exactly correct

1970s

- Dope | Drugs
- Like/Y'know | Filler words

this place has taken all my self-esteem!

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Self Esteem" by AJJ

cracks knuckles second chapter since the hiatus and i didn't forget abt it were going strong so far

[cw for discussion of graves, mention of dead dogs]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They did not figure it out.

They spent all night and morning first trying to get into the barn without chickening out and leaving after crossing the threshold, then trying to pinpoint what *exactly* was causing the... buildup?, played a few games of chess, cleared up cobwebs and swept the floors with a rotted straw broom that Tommy sighed when he saw to see if that would help...

"Okay, so this isn't working," Tubbo said after they'd cracked open all the windows to let in more light, positioned mid-air to get a circular window above the door.

"No, it is!" Tommy insisted, seemingly unconvinced himself. He glanced nervously at the window he'd opened on the second story as if expecting the cracked remnants of the glass that had once been there to finally crumble out.

Ranboo 'ehh'ed, leaning against nothing and floating a few feet off the first story floor.

"Shut the fuck up," Tommy bit with no heat.

One of the pillars holding up the upper loft shifted.

Three wide eyes turned to it.

It stayed there.

They stared.

It didn't move.

"Um," Tommy said very eloquently.

"... maybe we need someone who knows more about ghosts," Tubbo suggested.

Ranboo and Tommy looked at him. Ranboo gestured to himself.

Tubbo rolled his eyes. "No, I mean... like, *more* ghosts. We know what it's like to *be* a ghost, but when you think about it, we don't have any knowledge outside what we learned ourselves... unlike the Dream Team."

"What could they know that we don't?" Tommy asked. "If I can't figure it out in a hundred years, what could they learn in *one*?"

"Because they have *other* ghosts!" Ranboo suddenly said. "They're away right now, *looking into other ghosts!* And the other living have probably been documenting paranormal stuff for longer than we've even existed."

Tubbo nodded eagerly. "Yeah! They've got other cases. We've just got ourselves. Stuff like this might have happened before!"

Tommy stepped closer to the edge of the loft. "You really think so?"

Ranboo waved a hand. "Oh, definitely. No problem's unique enough to have never happened before."

("What does *you-neek* mean?")

"I dunno, man," Tubbo said, "my hands being too cold to scoop out honey was never covered in any of my beekeeping books."

"What do you guys think they'll do?" Tommy asked. "Think there's some ritual they've gotta do?"

"Maybe." Ranboo tilted his head, kicking his legs up as if he was reclining in a chair before he stretched. "Maybe they'll exorcize us."

Raindrops began to patter against the roof.

"I'd like to see them *try*," Tommy said confidently, with a sideways grin. "I'll crease 'em, I will."

Tubbo scoffed. "Leave the killing to me, you cried at a flower."

"*Shut the fuck up, I did not! It was the pollen!*"

"Pollen doesn't affect ghosts."

"Maybe they'll tear down the barn."

Tubbo hummed, looking confused at Ranboo's suggestion. After a moment, he reached a hand up to scratch at his chin. "Actually, that'd make sense. But that'd be expensive. This place looks like it's gonna collapse in a few years regardless of if something happens, so if that would get rid of it, then there'd be no point in telling them about it."

"*Collapse?*" Tommy repeated quietly, brows furrowing. He glanced around.

Water dripped through into the barn, leaking through the old roof tiles.

"But what if it has to be torn down in order for it to work?" Ranboo asked. "Like, what if letting it stand for much longer'll do some irreparable damage to the surroundings... if it hasn't already."

"Tear down?" Tommy repeated, louder this time.

"Well, yeah," Tubbo said. "I mean, it would make sense. This is the only place on the farm that feels like this, and it'll collapse sooner or later. Honestly, I'm surprised it's still standing with no repairs after... what, eighty years? *Thirty*... no, ninety years? Were there repairs done after you died?"

"They won't be tearing down my barn," Tommy said, shaking his head lightly, eyes flickering between Ranboo and Tubbo. "They *won't*."

Thunder rumbled distantly.

"Tommy, if you were alive, the loft would have given out from your weight," Tubbo pointed out. "The *chessboard* is the rookie here, and that's been here longer than I have. If we hadn't watched it decay, we wouldn't tell it a chessboard from any other slab of wood."

"My barn is *not* getting destroyed!" Tommy half-yelled. "I'll fix it alone if I have to, it's not!"

"It's gonna fall down anyways=="

"Then I'll build it back up!" Tommy interrupted, gesturing to the tools buried in one corner. "Hell, I'll start on repairing it now! But it's not getting *torn down*! "

The window Tommy had been stood by crumbled.

Ranboo sighed. "Okay, Tommy, we get it. We won't tell Dream and George and Sapnap about the barn. But we do need a break, so let's head inside, we can ask for a sandwich=="

"*You* can head inside. *I'm* gonna fix the barn."

"You're not gonna do shit while it's raining," Tubbo said.

"No, no==the anger part. I'm gonna fix that." Tommy nodded surely to himself. "I'm gonna fix it."

Ranboo and Tubbo shared a look.

"Okay, Tommy," Ranboo acquiesced. "We're gonna go take a break. We'll be back in a little bit, yeah?"

But Tommy had already turned and had set to removing the cap of a crate, carefully removing rusted metal instruments, the use of which Tubbo and Ranboo couldn't begin to guess. Some dripped as they came out.

Ranboo and Tubbo stepped through the wall.

"God, I love being corporeal."

"Why the fuck are you corporeal."

"Cause I can be," Ranboo replied flippantly before gracefully flopping onto the couch, one leg swinging up to drape itself over the arm. "Where is everyone, d'you think?"

Tubbo glanced upwards. "Hm... Phil's probably asleep. Techno and Wilbur... I'd say upstairs, but I dunno."

"Maybe Techno's doing his, uh... You-tube thing," Ranboo suggested, not looking all too eager to get up and find out. "We should leave him alone. Wilbur... I dunno, you'd have to ask, uh, Field Kid, they're close."

"Fuck's sake, stop *shouting*. If someone hears you and comes down, do you really think they'll be overjoyed to find a ghost taking up their couch?"

"I'm not *shouting*, " Ranboo dismissed, squirming to get comfier. "And I can *move* if they're so upset."

"Still."

"Tubbo, they *literally* stole our pad."

"... well, it's not like we were using it."

Ranboo stared at Tubbo.

Tubbo stared at Ranboo.

"... Are you gonna stop complaining now?"

"Yes."

"Good. Be corporeal with me, it's fun."

("Goddammit, the fucking almanacs are all soaked!")

Tommy, thoroughly upset over his lack of progress in cleaning up the barn, had followed the sounds of the car arriving to watch Techno and Wilbur and Ranboo carry in gro

sorry *who*.

"Tubso," Tommy began gently while he approached the car, "what is Ranboo doing?"

"Helpin' them carry in groceries," Tubbo said easily, sat cross-legged on the roof of the car, water falling straight through him. "They've got a lot, and the rain's comin' down hard. Phil's still asleep inside, I think."

"Why==" Tommy cut himself off. "Hm. Nevermind."

The hours passed with ease, the ghosts all working together to drag rain barrels outside and position them in a way to collect as much rain as possible. Tommy said they'd use it to first scrub the dirt off the floors, then to clean the walls and pillars and such if they had enough left over, then they'd wait for rain again to clean any tools they wouldn't need for the initial cleaning.

When Ranboo asked about soap, and Tubbo about rust remover and polish, Tommy said they'd figure that out as they went.

Once they dragged the barrels out, Ranboo left to fetch them sandwiches while Tubbo and Tommy ensured they wouldn't fall over or leak as rain collected within.

Techno felt a poke on his leg. He sniffed and glanced at the chat before he muted his mic, character stopping. "Yeah?"

"*Want sandwich*," came Ranboo's rumble of a voice. "*Give sandwich*."

"I'm streamin'," Techno said, "so gimme a second to pause it." He unmuted and told the chat to wait a few minutes before he muted again and made for the door.

As he was making the sandwich, he asked: "Any particular reason you need a sandwich now?"

"*Working*," Ranboo explained. "*Cleaning up the barn*."

"Isn't it gonna collapse soon?" Techno asked.

"*Field Kid's sentimental about it*."

He nodded slowly with a hum before he held out the sandwich, which plucked itself out of thin air.

"*Thank you*."

"Yer welcome. Tell Field Kid to tell Wilbur my sandwiches are better than his... Wait, isn't it gonna get wet when you go outside?"

But Ranboo was already gone, and the door closed behind the sandwich he'd brought with him.

"Techno's got better sandwiches."

"Oh, you haven't even *had* my sandwich yet," Wilbur immediately dismissed, glaring over at where the voice had come from. "Did he put you up to this? He made a sandwich for Ranboo earlier, was that the payment for it?"

Tommy grinned despite Wilbur not being able to see it. *"Nope. Yours are just shit."*

"That's impossible," Wilbur vowed. "You're just biased. You'll fuck up your taste buds if you eat any more, I should make you one right now and have you try it."

When Wilbur got up to leave, Tommy held a hand up like he was about to open a door and jammed the handle.

Wilbur reached out to open the door and pulled==

and pulled==

and *pulled*==

Wilbur sighed. "Really?"

Tommy wheezed as he gave the door a good few shakes, the lock not budging and creating a set of very loud *BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG* sounds.

Something heavy hit the wall joining Wilbur's room to Techno's.

Reluctantly, Wilbur returned to his bed. He tucked his legs back under the blanket and cleared his throat.

Tommy waited for him to say something while he released the lock.

"Oh, hey," Wilbur began, "I forgot to ask. You're all buried on the property, right?"

Tommy took a second to think about this. *"Yeah."*

"So, where are your graves? Tubbo's dad was a politician, so he had money to make a big, fancy one, right?"

But he didn't, Tommy held back. Probably, he guessed, to stop the press from getting pictures and zooming in to read the text. Both Ranboo and Tubbo had the types of stones that were sunken into the ground, presumably right above or slightly back from their heads.

Tubbo had gotten his name and lifespan, along with some sappy quote Tommy hadn't looked twice at. Ranboo's parents had only gotten the basic engraving, and Tommy remembered hearing his grandparents being upset over the plainness of the grave.

Tommy realized he hadn't replied for a long enough time to make Wilbur worried when he was pulled out of his thoughts by: "Sorry, you don't have to answer that if you don't want to. We can talk about something else, if you want. You were the ones who pulled all those barrels out to collect rainwater, by the barn, right?"

"Have to ask them for graves," Tommy said. *"Dunno what's written."*

Wilbur *huhed*. "Yeah, I never thought about that. There's probably some sappy quote on their graves, right? That could be embarrassing... Wait, are you all buried close by each other?"

Tommy's face pinched in thought. In terms of the farm as a whole, no==there was such an expanse of woodland on the property that their burial sites might as well have been a few feet from each other. But in terms of walking distance...

"Not really," Tommy settled on.

"Then where's your grave?" Wilbur tilted his head at Tommy's lap, looking through to where his weight had sunken into the mattress. "Or are you buried in a different place than your grave? Is it like a memorial thing?"

Tommy shrugged. *"Don't have a grave."*

Wilbur faltered. "You don't have a grave."

"Fuckin' expensive. 'Sides, buried with my dogs, right next to my barn." He cleared his throat. *"'m happy."*

Wilbur's mouth was open like he intended to say something, but he remained silent.

Tommy resisted the urge to make fun of him.

"Expensive... You're buried *with your dogs?* "

Tommy narrowed his eyes at Wilbur. *"Didn't I tell you?"*

"What were their names again? And where did you say you were?"

"Betty 'n Walter. By the barn. Can show you t'morrow. If you help."

"Mm... help what?"

Tommy felt himself grin again. *"Clean my barn."*

"... I can get you rust remover and soap?"

Chapter End Notes

halloween special should be started soon! was gonna host a vote but then my brain went "but what if hocus pocus au" to go along with my nightmare before christmas au. soooo idk if sbi will play a huge role so idk if ill make it an *official* deathlessness halloween special, but ill at least link it

btw what do we think of hocus pocus 2? i didn't watch it but my mom did so i overheard a bit and she talked abt it a bit. im glad the original cast had fun but i think the main two leads are too obviously trying to "cater" towards modern teens, which makes it a bit iffy in some aspects. i also hear the songs are mid and ik one tried so hard to become the new i put a spell on you which. hm.

i might watch, might not, but hocus pocus will always have a special place in my heart. it's a classic at my house, instead of watching christmas movies we watch hocus pocus whenever its on tv.

suggestions r welcome for the hocus pocus au even if it might not be fully deathlessness.
:thumbsup:

junji ito is doing nfts and now im worrying if i should still write that souichi's diary/saiki k crossover bc i was so excited for it but now. mmm.

30s

- Crease | To kill

40s

- Rookie | A new recruit

70s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

- Literally | Actually

- Pad | A house

and i-i-i! hope that our candles flicker and die! // so-oh tha-at our hearts don't burn to the ground!

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Randy's House" by AJJ

sorry i was scrambling idk what the title has to do with the chapter but it's been an hour since i was supposed to update and i saw something about flame so

(cw for body horror, mentions of death, discussions of coffins)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo settled back down onto the bed after hitting his fist against the wall to get Tommy to stop terrorizing Wilbur.

"Man," Tubbo said, perched a few inches off the bed while Techno scrolled through more comments, "I miss being corporeal."

"Why's that?"

Techno glanced over, but returned to his comments. He huffed a short laugh and clicked something.

"I dunno, it's just..." Tubbo shrugged. "Being able to fly and go through stuff is nice and all, but... I dunno."

"You could just..." Ranboo trailed off and nodded his head at Techno. "I mean, he's chill, right?"

Tubbo stared at Techno for a good few seconds. "... yeah."

"So, why not?"

Tubbo stared at Techno for another few seconds. "I dunno... I kinda want to now."

"So, do it, then."

"Alright. Tell him."

Ranboo reached over and lightly tapped Techno's arm. "Tubbo wants to be corporeal for a bit," he said.

Techno let out a hum of acknowledgment. "Mkay."

"Should you tell him about...?" Tubbo gestured to his face, both eyes==both damaged, one almost normal-looking==filled with apprehension.

"Oh, Tubbo says to prepare yourself," Ranboo said. "He died to a firework, so his face is all..."

"Fucked up," Tubbo finished.

"I'm not saying that," Ranboo replied. He sniffed and sat up straighter. "Are you gonna stand up for it, or just...?"

"Me?" Techno asked, head turning.

Tubbo shrugged and moved to the side of the bed that Ranboo was closest to. "Okay... this is nerve-wracking."

"You don't have to," Ranboo reminded.

"No, I want to." Tubbo cleared his throat.

Techno found himself looking between Ranboo and the space his vision was glued on, tempted to shut his computer.

"You don't have to," Ranboo said.

The room rang with the following silence.

"Ready?" Ranboo asked him. Or maybe he asked Tubbo.

Techno sniffed.

And then he saw Tubbo.

Tubbo was probably around the same height as, or shorter than, Philza. He wore a brown jacket with old white fluff lining the insides and puffing up around his hood, and a dark pair of pants. A mop of brown hair was placed on his head, curling up around his ears and hiding his forehead.

All along his neck was glistening tissue, blood spotting itself here and there where the heat hadn't fully sealed off the charred skin. The wound sunk beneath the singed edges of his jacket, clawing its way up to his face, where Techno could almost *smell* the burn.

One side of Tubbo's face had taken the brunt of the attack, the impact site indeterminable in the destruction. Techno could see a small sliver of jawbone, framed by cauterized tears. Part of his lips were torn up, some still clinging on to where they'd been blasted off, leaving a hole that allowed one to see through into his mouth, where a row of teeth knocked inwards hinted at the gap.

His nose had also been made askew, likely impossible to breathe through based just on the angle that the bone had been cricked towards. The eye on the same side that Techno assumed the rocket hit was as Ranboo said, only so, *so* much worse.

Instead of just *milky*, it looked like it had simultaneously been squashed and stretched. Techno didn't know if it had popped, as it seemed perfectly spherical, but he wouldn't have doubted it. Blood vessels popped out from the sides, the pupil and iris nothing more than faint outlines through the white fluid covering them. The other, while mostly intact, still appeared like there was enough nerve damage to make him go blind.

Curls singed after the accident framed the whole thing, providing Tubbo with some... *fucked up* version of dip-dyed hair.

(Ranboo said Tubbo wasn't that bad, especially in comparison to Field Kid... Was Ranboo just desensitized? Was Field Kid so horrifying this looked tame?)

The burn tissue on Tubbo's face pinched, pulling against itself in a way that made Techno want to call an ambulance for him. "I'm not *htat* bad," he said, voice far too calm for something that looked so *painful*.

Ranboo nudged Techno.

Techno forced himself to speak, eyes still roaming the horrifying sight. "Nah, there's worse stuff online. But, uh, I thought you said he had scar tissue?"

Ranboo looked over at Tubbo. "Yeah."

"That's just *burn* tissue." Techno swiped a hand over his nose. "Scar tissue is when it's healed."

Ranboo's mask and glasses faced him for a moment before a long "*ohhhhh*" escaped him, mask puffing out along with his voice.

"I thought it was inter-changeable?" Tubbo asked, hesitantly shifting his weight to climb onto the bed. "Cause I definitely died before these healed."

"How *did* you die?" Techno asked. "Cause, yeah, it looks bad, but it's not enough to kill you."

Tubbo's torn lips pressed into a thin line. "... maybe I choked on something? Or maybe we lit two fireworks, and one hit my head?"

"I think it's gotta do with your teeth," Ranboo said. "Cause if you look, they're all pushed back, and your cheekbone's broken. Maybe a shard broke off and hit your brain? Or maybe just the pressure did you in?"

Tubbo clicked his tongue, and Techno didn't wanna think about what the inside of his mouth looked like. "Damn pressure."

"T'be honest," Techno said, "I don't think the press woulda been fond of you if you survived."

Tubbo let out a quiet snort. "Oh, no, they would have *hated* me. I'd never make the front page."

"Did they have the ability to edit photos in the 50s?" Techno asked, already turning to search it up.

Tubbo glanced away. "Um... well, it definitely existed, yeah, but I dunno if a newspaper would use that to make a politician appear nicer... They'd probably just use my photos to get people against me."

Techno let out a short laugh. "Oh, yeah, that's just like the media. There have been *so* many articles criticizin' the length of my *hair*, the color, the fact I dyed it in the first place==it's gotten better, but it was *so* annoyin'."

"To be fair," Tubbo said, "I think your hair looks nice. Field Kid liked it, too."

"So I heard." A grin spread across Techno's face. "Maybe I'll let you three help me redye it."

"Really?" Ranboo asked, brows raising behind his glasses.

"Yeah. Anythin' to keep Wilbur away before he bleaches my scalp raw."

(Not that he would==Wilbur would never be *that* careless. Wilbur just couldn't handle the smell of bleach, and Phil was either too careful or too heavy-handed and it turned out splotchy.)

"Bitchboy Wilbur's getting us soap and shit," Tommy announced the next day when they started rooting around to clear a space to drag a barrel inside, "so let's just clean off the top layers of dirt first."

Tubbo let out a short "*hm-hm*" as he pulled up the ladder. "Oh, by the way," he looked over his shoulder at Ranboo, who was propping open the doors, "Techno saw me last night."

Tommy clicked his tongue. "Steamer." He set a bucket down against the wall.

"Well," Tubbo said, "fuck you."

"Fair enough." Tommy sniffed. "Are we ready to bring it in?"

Ranboo and Tubbo both gave thumbs up.

"Hey, Tommy." Tubbo descended to the ground floor and made to join Ranboo at the door. "Is this reminding you of when you were alive? Like, farmwork?"

Tommy shrugged. "Kinda. We didn't clean the barn like this, but we did have our cows and stuff in here, so it's not like we *never* cleaned it."

Ranboo and Tubbo floated up and hooked their hands into the lip of the barrel. Tommy paused for a second before he disappeared belowground, pressing up on the barrel from beneath.

"Did you store milk in these?" Tubbo asked while they carefully maneuvered themselves back inside, water sloshing gently over the sides.

Tommy let out a loud *HA!* of amusement that made the barrel tilt slightly before he corrected it. "No, no, Tubso, these are just rain barrels. Milk is kept in these metal vases. I think they're probably all stacked up somewhere in the hayloft?"

"How many clams did you get for a vase of milk?"

"Peanuts."

They set the barrel down in the center of the barn, and Tommy pulled himself up out of the ground, head popping out from the water.

Ranboo fetched the rags they'd borrowed from the Minecrafts and handed one to each of them. Tommy stepped out of the barrel, and they dipped them in and wrung them out.

"What happened to your parents during World War II?" Tubbo asked as they each set their rags on the walls. "They sell the barn?"

Tommy shrugged. "Father went off to war 'n never came back, so my mother sold it. The animals were all dead, so she didn't bring anything with her but her clothes and stuff."

"And then the two broads moved in?" Ranboo asked, mask shifting as he wrinkled his nose at the swatch of dirt that had just covered his cloth. "Do you think they're still alive?"

Tommy rolled his eyes with a scoff. "If they are, then I'd like to know their secret."

"What, for us?" Tubbo swiped the rag over the frame of a window, the glass pooling at the bottom of it. "Oh, for the living... How long do you think they're gonna live?"

"Think they'll become ghosts when they die?" Tommy asked, curious gaze moving between the other two. "... Do you think they'll die peacefully?"

"As long as we're around, they will," Tubbo proudly proclaimed.

Ranboo bobbed his head in agreement. "Mhm, mhm. It'll be their fault if they die outside our territory."

"Imagine dying in a place without us," Tubbo said. "Cringe."

"What losers," Tommy said. "All the people dying outside our farm."

Ranboo moved to dunk his rag back into the water. "Major L moment for them."

(They'll die one day, Tommy found himself thinking idly as he dug his rag-covered nails into a groove to clean out the dirt. All of them are going to die, whether we want them to or not.

He looked over at Tubbo and Ranboo, who were chatting about some cartoon they both used to watch.

I don't want them to die, Tommy thought.

He paused for a moment.

He moved to re-wet his rag.)

"Technooooooooooooo."

"What."

Wilbur flopped onto Techno's bed, propping himself up on his arms to watch Techno play bedwars. "I've made a discovery."

"Have you finally learned that your sandwiches suck?"

"No. Fuck you. Field Kid is buried with his dogs."

Techno hit someone with an e-girl skin off and turned to steal what he could from their generator. "... That doesn't sound very pog."

"No, but get this: he doesn't have a grave, either."

Techno's character actually paused.

"I think you know where I'm going with this, Technoblade."

"You don't even know his name," Techno replied, readying his arrow to shoot someone off.

"What kind of gravestone do you think he'd want?" Wilbur asked. "I'd like one of those fancy, upright ones, but Field Kid said he was happy with just being buried with his dogs, so I think I'll get him one of those building things, you know?"

"I think you should start with his name."

VICTORY! popped up on his screen.

"Good job, Techno, you killed all the orphans."

Techno sniffed. "Child's play."

"Not anymore." Wilbur finally let his arms give out, turning onto his side so he could see the screen without straining his neck. "Y'know, I hope I come back as a ghost, so I can see Field Kid."

Chapter End Notes

okay many things 1: im so sorry this is late i thought it was saturday and i was busy most of the day, so i had to scramble for this

2: ill be editing the last chapter to include slang why didn't anyone tell me i forgot abt that??

3: ZOMBIESITES.COM THE SITE I WAS USING FOR MY 70S SLANG GOT TURNED INTO CLASSICSCIFI.COM WHERE U CAN WATCH OLD MOVIES which is cool but also NOOO I HAVE TO LOOK AT LIKE 4 DIFFERENT SITES NOW FOR RANBOO

4: the original outline had more angst involved in the ending part w wilbur and the coffins but uh. yeah.

30s slang

- Steamer | Someone who is gullible/a fool

40s slang

- Broad | Woman

- Clams | Money

- Peanuts | A small amount (typically in reference to money)

70s slang

- Chill | Relaxed or calm (idk if the adjective form was slang in the 70s, but the verb form was so)

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

i can't show you where your children are buried // cause they're not // they're not buried anymore

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "All the Dead Kids" by AJJ

[cw for discussion of death]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"... *I don't want you to die.*"

Wilbur had tucked himself securely under his blankets upon accepting he wouldn't be seeing Tommy that night. Field Kid. Tommy? Despite *feeling* the eyes on him, Tommy hadn't popped up when Wilbur said hello, so Wilbur decided he'd just fall asleep.

But then...

Half-asleep, Wilbur forced himself to sit up. "Hm?" he mumbled, rubbing sleep from his eyes. He hadn't heard clearly what had been said since he hadn't been listening for it, but it sounded important.

Tommy was quiet for a moment longer. "*I don't want you to die.*"

Where was this when you tried to suffocate me? Wilbur wanted to ask less than he wanted to pretend that never happened. "'M not gonna die, Toms," he said before yawning. "What brought this on?"

"*Everyone else died.*" Tommy paused for a moment. "*We're the only ones left.*"

Oh.

Wilbur... hadn't thought about that.

"I'm not gonna die," Wilbur reassured. "Not for a long time. And I'll figure out how to become a ghost before then, so I won't be gone for long. And you can teach me all the ghost stuff, like how to fly."

"*I can't fly.*"

"... I mean how to go through stuff." Wilbur yawned again. "I thought all ghosts could fly."

"*Can I hug you?*"

(The second the words escaped Tommy's mouth, he slammed a hand over it.)

Wilbur furrowed his brows. "Won't you be really cold? Oh! What if I close my eyes and you turn corporeal for it? You won't be so cold, then... Tommy?"

"... *yeah?*"

"Do you want a hug?"

"... *yeah.*"

Wilbur made a show of shutting his eyes tight and holding his arms out.

A moment passed.

Wilbur felt a little silly.

Should he have stood up? Or moved to the side, so Tommy could stand while he did it? Was this weird? This was probably weird. Should he stop? He'd need Tommy's permission to open his eyes because he didn't want to see him before==

Something settled beside him, making Wilbur's heart race and his breath almost hitch.

Wilbur heard someone swallow before a hand snaked up to curl carefully around his back. He gently pulled the figure forward, hands splaying gently against the thinned cloth on the other's shoulder.

Something cold brushed against his neck, and at first, Wilbur couldn't tell if it was frozen hair or waxy skin, but then it pressed closer and he could feel a shoulder bone prodding into his own, and he decided that it was probably skin.

And then the smell of *farm* invaded his nose==

Giving Tommy time to pull away, Wilbur brought the arm that wasn't already pressed into him down and felt around gently for Tommy's hand.

Something *cold* brushed against his palm, and Wilbur decided that was probably it. It slid against his palm before it curled into the hem of his sleeve, the knuckles frigid against his wrist.

Wilbur felt more than heard Tommy give a sigh of relief and settle against him, his cold cold *cold* face nuzzling itself into the warmth of his neck.

"You're *frigid*," Wilbur muttered with a short chuckle, hoping his teeth wouldn't begin chattering. His smile turned to a frown as he felt around a bit more. "And thin. We'll have to see if we can change that."

The shoulder jerked a little, and Wilbur felt a breath of winter air tickle his collarbone. Perhaps a chuckle?

Wilbur couldn't begin to imagine how cold *Tommy* felt if this was just the outside. Could he be warmed up if he lay outside under the sun? What if he curled up under a blanket with some hot cocoa? If Wilbur lent him one of his fluffy sweaters?

Did ghosts feel temperature?

"*Are you cold?*" Wilbur asked. "Like, do you feel temperature?"

The head against him shook slightly.

Wilbur hummed, cautiously leaning his own against Tommy's. He was met with more chill, as expected, and the scratchy feeling of frozen locks mushing against his temple.

He breathed evenly, distantly recognizing that Tommy wasn't.

Wilbur realized that no, that wasn't *farm* he smelled. Well, maybe, but it was distant like it was clinging to clothes after years, rather than just being unwashed. No, it was just so overpowering because he hadn't smelled it until it was right beneath him.

Instead, he smelt... snow? He smelled dirt and snow and animals, which made him wonder if Tommy was getting his blankets dirty.

Hold on, was he wearing *shoes* on Wilbur's *bed*==?!

"*You're warm,*" came a whisper from an unfamiliar voice before Tommy began pulling away. "*Thank you.*"

Oh, thought Wilbur. Okay. That was Tommy's real voice. Not the creepy, frigid thing he'd been hearing.

...

The weight at his side melted away, a spike of below-zero temperature engulfing his side for just a moment before it moved away, leaving numb skin in its wake.

Wilbur almost opened his eyes. "Can I look now?"

"*Yeah.*"

Wilbur opened his eyes, and the room was empty, save for him, and his bed was as clean as it was when he'd closed them. He let out a breath he hadn't known he'd been holding.

The room was still.

Wilbur wasn't sleeping after *that*.

"Wanna watch YouTube videos?" he asked the air.

"*Sure,*" came the familiar scratchy voice he'd grown to associate with Tommy, which now sounded so very wrong.

"*Why are you up?*"

Phil was, at first, startled. He whipped around in his desk chair to see who'd said it, but relaxed when he realized it was probably just one of the ghosts. "Oh. Hello. I'm just wrapping something up, then I'll go to bed, 'cause I have to be up early tomorrow."

"*For what?*" asked the ghost.

"Dream, Sapnap, and George are supposed to get here," Phil answered disdainfully. "They'll have to get up early to be here, since where they're staying now is so far away. But it feels a bit mean to make them do that. I'd pay for their motel if they just couldn't *afford* to stay away a bit longer."

"*They want to, though. Come here early.*"

"Yeah, I suppose..." Phil sighed. "I'm just trying not to rush them. I don't want to be rude, y'know?"

The ghost hummed. After a moment filled with nothing but Phil's typing, he added: "*You do know they've seen me, right?*"

Phil took a moment to figure out what that meant. "Wait, what?"

"*Went corporeal in front of them.*"

"But not in front of the people who live here?" Phil shook his head and went back to typing. "I'm offended."

"*It's cause you live here,*" emphasized the ghost. "*You're house-stealers.*"

"Well, it's not like you were living in it!" Phil retorted, pressing send on the email. He shut his laptop down and stood, reaching for the melatonin he'd prepared earlier so he wouldn't have to go downstairs. After downing them with a sip of water, he asked, "Accordin' to the reports, it was just you and your dad, right? Did you have friends over often?"

While Phil was plugging in his phone, the ghost answered, almost a bit too quickly, "*I didn't have friends.*"

Phil paused for a moment. "... huh. How did you die again?"

"*Firework. Not with friends. Celebrating July with dad.*"

"Even though you've clearly got an English accent?"

"*Dad was American.*"

Phil took a seat on the bed. "Well, I suppose you're lucky you're not in the US, or July would be hell for you."

"Worse than hell, maybe. Don't think I'd care now, though."

"I think we'd be better off not testing that theory."

"Chicken."

"Why the hell are we up so early?" Sapnap whined as he pulled his shirt over his head.

"Because ghosts," George grumbled, zipping up his suitcase.

"Because *ghosts!* " Dream added more enthusiastically, gathering any perishables out of the fridge. "You wanna see Tubbo, right?"

George yawned. "Dream, you're driving."

Chapter End Notes

sorry this is short but GUESS WHAT the next two chapters r going to be the ones that i deleted bc i needed more time to expand on stuff, which means some of you might get deja vu.

there's so little slang since this isn't very long and focuses mostly on the living. promise i tried tho

1930s

- N/A

1940s

- Chicken | Coward

1970s

- N/A

i went back to the desert.

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "A Big Day for Grimley" by AJJ

[no cws afaik, lmk if i should add any]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Dream gets here tomorrow!" Tubbo announced gleefully as they were finishing off the first barrel, scrubbing at the ceiling carefully while Tommy worked on the floor of the loft. "Isn't that sweet?"

The other two continued working, silent.

Tubbo swallowed and tried again: "I think they're gonna ask us to fake some ghosty stuff for their, uh... thing."

"They're summoning *her*," Tommy reminded monotonously.

Tubbo's grin faltered. It disappeared. "Right," he said after a moment. "I... forgot about that."

Ranboo moved down to rinse his cloth. "We can chill, like, near the edge of the forest," he reminded, voice echoing through the barn. "We don't need to be here for it."

"What if she just..." Tommy kicked aside a crate with a bit more force than necessary. "comes after us?"

Tubbo stopped scrubbing.

Ranboo twisted the cloth to clear it of excess water. "Not much we can do about it, then."

Tommy sent him a glare. "That's not what you're supposed to say, Ranboo. You're supposed to say *Big Man Tommy Innit will scare that cowson off because he is the best and Tubbo and I will forever be in debt and do his bidding for the rest of our afterlives.*"

Ranboo huffed humorlessly through his nose. "Of course, Tommy."

("Wilbur texted me... He says to buy a few bottles of rust remover and cleaner...?")

Dream blinked, glad that they were at a red light so he could take a moment to process this.

Sapnap let out a snore in the passenger's seat.

Dream turned around in his seat, the picture of confusion as he met George's eye. "What?")

"I can't imagine living here before cars were made." Sapnap sniffed, glancing around at the swaying brush and sky-high oaks. "This would take literally forever to walk."

"What, like Field Kid?" George asked from the back, gaze down on his phone.

"Field Kid's probably ripped," Dream said, pushing them slowly forward over the branch and rock-covered path. "This was a farm, right?"

Sapnap chuckled. "Oh, he'd definitely be able to bench press at least two of us. You guys ever tried to pick up a hay bale?"

George delivered a swift kick to the back of Sapnap's seat. "Shut up, Texan."

Sapnap mocked in an over-the-top English accent, " *Shut up, Texan, you're so American.* "

"I'm telling Quackity and Karl you're bullying me."

"Maybe I should help Field Kid restore the farm," Dream suggested. "Get a good workout in."

"Oh my god, no," said Sapnap, turning back to Dream, "don't use your shirt to wipe the sweat from your face, you're so sexy, aha."

"Did you just say *aha* out loud?" Dream managed through light laughter. "You're such an idiot, Sapnap."

"When do you think Field Kid died?" George asked, glancing up. "He said, like... ninety years or something, right? They had cars back then."

"God, that was like... World War I times, right?" Dream eased them over a bump. "He didn't even know anything about World War II other than that it happened. He still called it *The Great War*, didn't he?"

"Tubbo died, like, right after it ended, right?" Sapnap asked.

George turned his phone off and set it to the side. "And his dad was a politician, right? Jonathan Schlatt?" He blanched. "Wait, does he even know how his dad died?"

Dream winced. "Probably...? I mean, someone must have mentioned it. And there was probably tons of media coverage. A house can't stay vacant for two years when a politician lived in it."

"Do you think they can access, like, uh." Sapnap trailed off. "Like some kinda Netherworld? And see other dead people?"

"If they could, I doubt they'd stick around." George glanced outside, moving his head to peek up at the sky. "Do you think they're watching us?"

"What, like, right now?" Dream shrugged. "Maybe. I dunno how far they can go from the house."

"Beloved probably did weed," Sapnap said suddenly. When neither Dream nor George responded, he continued, "He was a teenager in the 70s, his parents did weed, there was no way he didn't do some kinda drugs."

"His parents are still alive, right?" Dream asked. "I forgot to check."

Sapnap shook his head. "Nope. I looked into it, turns out they died of like, organ failure or cancer about twenty years ago. Sources couldn't decide between the two."

The car rocked as they passed over a dip.

Dream suddenly gasped and slowed the car. "Look, there's a rabbit!"

George and Sapnap moved to look out the front of the car.

The house they were heading towards could be seen down the spiraling path, likely once well-worn, but now overtaken by nature. Twigs and stones laid over the path, mostly pushed to the side courtesy of the land's present owners. Bushes lined the sides of the pathway, shadowed by bark that reached for the sun. Grass sprinkled the edge of the path, and nibbling on a piece was a small, brown bunny.

Sapnap 'huh'ed. "Cute. Run it over."

George reached over and shoved him, earning himself a slap on the hand. He pushed him again and Sapnap swatted at him, sending him a challenging look. With a short giggle, George feigned hitting Sapnap's arm, only to retreat while Sapnap blocked a hit that didn't come.

"Dad, he's being mean to me!" Sapnap complained, narrowly missing a punch to George's arm.

"He almost hit me!" George whined.

"You both probably deserved it," Dream said with a shrug, earning himself a light punch to his arm and a kick to the back of the seat.

"Think we should move the TV to the corner so we can see out the window?" Wilbur asked.
"Or maybe rotate everything so we aren't facing the window when we want to watch TV?"

Techno gave a noncommittal grunt, messing with something in his hand.

Phil stretched from where he was sat in an armchair. "I've thought about it, but I dunno if there's room unless we put the couch against the sill. And then there'd be a glare on the screen."

A swift *knock-knock-knock* echoed through the room.

Wilbur moved to turn the volume down while Techno made his way to the door.

He creaked it open, revealing a grinning Dream, Sapnap and George not far behind. All three carried some form of giant bag.

"Hey, Techno," Dream greeted, "you said you needed help with a seance?"

Chapter End Notes

this was the original 23rd chapter so im sure a good portion of you are experiencing deja vu bc uve read the latter half of this

sorry this is so short the original chapter had more but it was piggybacking off what happened in chapter 22, as it should have so i had to write a good portion of this

BTW!! ANOTHER FIC INSPOD BY THIS ONE!! [AHHH](#)

link w/o formatting: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/42520575>

1930s

- Cowson | Son of a bitch

1940s

- Sweet | Excellent or outstanding

1970s

- Chill | To relax/To hang out

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

do with me what you want, but // please don't hurt my family

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Bad Bad Things" by AJJ

[cw for mentioned/implied child abuse, animal death (v minor, just avoid any single lines separated by breaks)]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno blinked at him, features impassive. "How long did it take you to plan that?"

"Too long," George answered, earning himself a not-so-subtle kick.

Techno stepped aside and allowed the three in. "Why do you have so many bags?"

"Filming equipment," Sapnap answered.

"You usually bring all that stuff with you to haunted places?" Phil asked. "You can just set them by the door, if you want. Pizza should be done soon."

Sapnap gave a light 'yes!' as he set the stuff down. "Man, I haven't had pizza in forever."

"Do we have to do the seance at nighttime?" Phil asked.

"Uh..." Dream shrugged. "Depends on how strong the spirit you're trying to contact is. The more power they have, the less likely it is we'll have to wait. Techno mentioned your ex-wife, so it's probably best to wait."

Wilbur and Phil shared a look.

Techno clicked his tongue. "Oh, yeah, forgot to mention, Phil said his wife's, like, the Goddess of Death, or somethin'. So, I doubt it'll matter what time we do it."

The room fell into silence, only broken by the quiet sounds of conversation from the TV.

"Sorry, what?" Dream requested.

Phil shrugged at him.

"Wait, would a seance piss her off==" Sapnap asked, cutting himself off with a nervous laugh. "Like, shouldn't you just be able to contact her regularly, since she's apparently your wife?"

"Mate, do you not think I've tried?" Phil shook his head. "I haven't been able to summon her, she just kinda appears whenever."

George nodded slowly. "Right... well, it'll probably be close to nighttime after dinner anyways, so we can wait until a bit after then. Are the other spirits going to be here for this?"

Wilbur shrugged. "We haven't been able to talk to them recently."

Techno sent Wilbur a pointed glance. "Wonder why."

"Whatever," Dream dismissed. "We'll just start the seance after dinner. Maybe the ghosts'll join." He chuckled.

"Alright," Dream said once the pizza had been consumed and dirty dishes had been rinsed off and left in the sink. "So, I think our easiest method would be to use a ouija board."

Sapnap rolled his eyes.

"I thought we were doing a seance," Wilbur pointed out, furrowing his brows.

"We are," George confirmed while Dream quietly asked Phil if they should move the coffee table to sit on the floor or do it in the dining room. "But seances aren't always joining hands and chanting something."

"I'd say the dining room," Phil said, furrowing his brows at the coffee table, "but it might be easier for us all to reach on the floor... Probably just move the coffee table?"

"Should we do a spirit box first to see if the other three are here?" Sapnap asked. "I know they don't like it, but I wanna know if they're here without having a pillow thrown at us."

George reached into a backpack and rummaged around for a second before tossing some sort of walkie-talkie-looking device to Sapnap.

Sapnap shuffled out of the way so Techno and Dream could move the coffee table and warned everyone to brace themselves.

(Tommy jolted back from where he'd half-hidden in the kitchen. "*For fuck's sake!*")

"They're here," Sapnap chuckled when he heard the broken curse. He flicked it back off and set it on the couch.

Wilbur flicked his gaze around the area before he returned it down to where they were setting up.

"Do we turn the lights off?" Phil asked, grabbing a pillow to sit on.

George shrugged. "I don't think that matters. It's mostly for, y'know, the mood that people do it."

"Phil's eyes are bad cause he's so old," Techno said, "so we should keep them on so he can see."

Phil rolled said eyes.

Dream pulled a board and planchette out of his bag and set it on the ground. Sapnap and George took up spots beside him. "Alright, let's get this over with," he said, popping his knuckles.

Techno and Wilbur slid into place on the sides of George and Sapnap, Phil settling between the two.

"Do we have to leave a place for Kristin?" Phil asked. "So she can reach it?"

Dream shrugged. "Probably not. Anyways, everybody, hand on the planchette. You move it around in a circle three times, and then we ask if anybody's there, alright?"

"We know how a ouija board works," Techno reminded as the planchette started to move.

Sapnap sighed. "I don't get why these are still, like, reputable. Literally any one of us could move it and say it was a ghost."

"Well, don't move it, then," George shot back.

(Tubbo shifted, brows furrowing and lips pulling taut.)

The planchette made a full circle.

(Tommy's hands tightened around the doorframe.)

"Don't take your hands off," George mumbled.

(Ranboo stood ramrod straight, mask steadily rising and falling in turn with his chest.)

The second circle completed.

(Someone's breath hitched as tiny, void-colored particles dotted themselves around the group.)

The third finished, and the planchette lay still.

"Who asks first?" Dream questioned. "Phil?"

Phil shrugged a shoulder, one hand on the planchette. "Is anyone there?"

("We need to go," Tommy managed out, still frozen.)

The planchette didn't move.

(The particles swirled themselves into a frenzy, more and more gathering into a spot looming over Phil, whose back was to the front door.)

"Hello?" Phil glanced around the room.

Somewhere in the forest, a hungry fox caught sight of a rabbit.

Tubbo let out a whimper when the mist collected into a face he would have had nightmares about if he could sleep.

The particles crashed into themselves, bunching up to form a lace-covered dress the color of a moonless sky. The waist adorned itself in shimmering darkness that gleamed when its wearer shifted. Gloves the shade of decay stretched out, revealing fingers that lovingly rested on and contrasted greatly against Phil's wheat-colored hair.

A wide-brimmed hat shielded the head it sat upon, the hat itself a spiral of color that sucked in the world around it. What could only be described as ink tumbled down the lady's shoulders, wire-thin parts wisping into the air before rejoining the mass.

"Hello, Phil," she murmured softly, bright eyes half-lidded as she stared down at the oblivious mortal sat before her. The edges of her lips curled upwards as her hand moved to falsely ruffle Phil's hair. She waved her other hand after removing it from the void that was her skirt and the planchette slowly began to move.

"I swear to god==" Sapnap murmured with an eye roll.

The Lady==because there was no way in hell that *didn't* deserve to be capitalized with the *presence* She had==flicked Her gaze to the side and finally saw the three ghosts, who were quite literally the opposite of Her dress' color.

"Hello, you three," She greeted almost icily, removing her hand from Phil and turning to face them.

The blackest portion of Her dress formed a heart-shaped neckline. A purple-black mesh wound its way up from that and covered the rest of Her chest, slithering up to Her neck and ending in a sort of lacy finish.

The mesh continued across what could be seen of Her shoulders, before being obscured by simple, flowy sleeves that ended at around Her elbow. The ends shone with the same gem-like texture as Her waist, the only distinction between sleeve and glove.

Tubbo practically shook where he stood, hands trembling. He took a step closer to Tommy, away from Kristin.

Tommy gulped audibly.

Ranboo's breath hitched as he cowered from Her, easily stepping back to get closer to the kitchen doorway.

Kristin turned a disapproving gaze on them.

"Kristin?" Phil asked, gaze focused intently on the ouija board, to which She brushed the backs of Her knuckles against his shoulder. He whipped around, eyes unseeing as he stared through the fluff of Kristin's skirt.

Kristin crossed Her arms. In a clear American accent, She said, "You three are the ones that think you can terrorize *my* family and get away with it."

The backs of Tubbo's eyes burned.

Despite the obvious tremor in his voice, Tommy forced out, "Ranboo didn't do anything!"

Kristin quirked an eyebrow at him, glancing up and down his threadbare figure. "Excuse me?"

"Ran==" Tubbo's voice cracked. "Ranboo. He didn't==He didn't==" He sucked in a breath, quaking hands near-frozen at his sides.

Ranboo glanced over at them, hardly willing to take his eyes off Kristin. "Guys==" he tried, only to fall silent again.

Kristin tilted Her head, sharp brim of Her hat cutting easily through air. "How old are you three again?" She waved Her hand again, causing the planchette to resume its movements.

Tommy's hand---shaking worse than a leaf in the wind --reached for Tubbo's sleeve and pulled him closer. His storm-grey eyes were blown wide.

"Seventeen," Ranboo forced out, glancing swiftly over at Tubbo and Tommy. He shuffled closer, nearly putting himself between the two and Kristin. "We're all seventeen. I'm==I'm the oldest."

Kristin blinked.

"Please don't hurt them," he blurted out, the dam that held back his words breaking. "They're sorry. *We're* sorry. We'll never go near any of them again. We==We didn't know you, um==Just==We'll stay in the barn, and=="

"Hold on," She interrupted, holding up a hand. In a stern tone, She asked, "What are you sorry for?"

"I tried to scare Phil," Tubbo got out in a rush, voice quivering, "when you showed up, and Tommy made the kitchen freak out when Wilbur told everyone his ini=in-i-tial. And your mist stuff was there, and=" He cut himself off.

Kristin nodded sagely. "That was incredibly stupid of you three. I mean, really, you don't know how Phil would have reacted when he saw you. What if he hurt himself, or you? And you don't know if he has any history with sleep paralysis, or mental illness in general, and if that would have sent him into some sort of spiral.

"And I know you made Wilbur's nose bleed with that kitchen stunt. You're clearly used to scaring people out, but I don't think either of you accounted for the consequences. What if you'd broken it, instead? And all that falling silverware, too! It could have broken!"

Ranboo tensed up. He moved further between the two and Kristin, only to get shoved back out of the way.

"Fuck off, Ranboo," Tommy hissed, "you didn't do shit."

"I'm not going to let you two get hurt," he snapped back quietly.

"What the fuck do you think that's going to do?!" Tubbo demanded. "You can feel it, can't you?! You're only going to hurt yourself by going against Her."

"Most of my bones are already broken," Ranboo reminded, "so that's already one less way She can hurt me."

"My nerve endings are fucked!" Tubbo gestured vaguely at the scars covering half his face. "And Tommy's are probably frozen! Besides, do you really think she couldn't hurt us if she really wanted to, just because we died a certain way?"

Kristin turned back to the ouija board, resting a hand on Phil's shoulder.

The ghosts stared at Her.

"What is She doing?" Tommy asked, quiet as a mouse.

"She's dragging it out," Ranboo whispered back. "She's, like waiting for us to think She's not mad, so we're comfortable again, y'know? Then She'll hurt us."

"S that what your parents did?" Tubbo asked.

Ranboo shrugged a shoulder. *"Sometimes. Most of the time, they just, like, bottled it up in the name of peace, love, and plants. But when they did do it, I'd be scared to talk to them for days after."*

"Shitty parents," Tommy sneered. His gaze turned back to Kristin. "Should we just get it over with...?"

Tubbo nodded stiffly. *"Yeah. Yeah, let's, uh=="* He swallowed thickly. *"Yeah."*

"You aren't going to suffer alone," Ranboo insisted. *"I'll take some of it, alright?"*

"But you didn't do anything!" Tubbo protested. *"Just shut up and let Her take Her anger out on us two, and you can nurse us back after. If we're all in pain, then who the hell is going to help us? Just leave us and come back a bit later."*

"I==" Ranboo stopped.

His grip on his own suit jacket tightened.

His gaze turned downwards.

"Fine. But I'm not leaving."

Tommy sighed. *"Alright... Tubbo?"*

"Mm?" His voice was strained, panic clear in his tone.

"We're gonna be okay."

"I know, big man." Tubbo took a deep breath. He looked over at Kristin and gave a light call of Her name, voice shaky and trembling.

Kristin glanced over.

"We're ready."

The rabbit let out a shriek as the fox's claws pierced its pelt.

Chapter End Notes

IM SO SORRY THIS TOOK SO LONG I WAS IN THE SHOWER AND THEN AO3 DID THE THING WHERE IT ADDS SPACE AROUND EVERY ITALICS SO I HAD TO FIX THAT AND IT TOOK VERY LONG

anyways **HALLOWEEN SPECIAL!!**. it's right [here](#) and if everything goes right then i should finish on Halloween w 7 chapters (updating twice that day)

link w/o formatting: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/42434097/chapters/106567776>

WOOOO WE GOT KRISTIN HERE AGAIN i hope everyone who read this originally are still excited abt it and everyone who hasn't read this before is even more stoked :D

sorry for the lack of slang, i just couldn't find all that many appropriate words to substitute, esp in such a tense situation

1930s

- N/A

1940s

- N/A

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

be afraid of jesus, be afraid of jesus

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Be Afraid of Jesus" by AJJ

[cw for implied/referenced child abuse]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Kristin blinked. "Ready for what?"

Tommy's fingers tightened around Tubbo's sleeve, going even paler, if that was possible. "For==whatever you're going to do to us. For hurting them."

Kristin blinked again and seemed genuinely confused when She asked, "Huh?"

"You're going to torture us, or something, right?" Tubbo asked haltingly. "Just get it over with. Please."

Kristin let out a laugh. "*Torture* you? For what, scaring Phil and giving Wilbur a bloody nose? It was a bit overboard, yeah, but if I tortured people who did that, over half the living in this room would still be in my realm to this day."

She glanced over at the mortals. "And just between us, I think Wilbur deserved *something* for not knowing how to control his mouth. Not something that drastic, but your powers freaked out a little, there, so I can't hold it completely against you."

"*It's a trick*," Ranboo whispered to them. "*She's trying to lull us into a false sense of security.*"

"*English, Ranboo*," Tommy hissed, "*do you speak it?*"

"*That is English, you elementary school dropout!*"

"Besides," Kristin continued, waving a hand dismissively, "my presence alone is enough to scare any of my subjects into submission. I'd honestly be more surprised if you *weren't* scared."

"Your... subjects...?" Tubbo repeated.

Kristin hummed. "Goddess of Death and all that." She turned back to the living.

The three ghosts stared at Her.

They looked at each other.

They stared at Her some more.

"You're what?" Tommy asked.

"I'm the Goddess of Death," She repeated, sounding disinterested. She chuckled at a question George asked and waved a hand.

The three ghosts glanced at each other.

And they believed Her.

Something deep within their ghostly forms knew this to be the truth. Whether that part was so inherent as to raise no concern, or it was so deeply ingrained as breathing--they knew it to be true on the same level that they knew they were once alive.

"Is there a Goddess of Life, then?" Tubbo asked. "Or==Or a God?"

Kristin fondly rolled Her eyes. "Oh, of course. She's a bit more miserable than me, though." She chuckled. "In fact, She recently reincarnated as well, for the same reason as me. Right in this house, too! Let's see..."

Kristin hummed, placing a hand to Her chin. "She said She married a man whose parents didn't approve of him becoming a farmer... Only had one child that survived past the first birthday. Husband died in WWII, I think? Just before She moved out? Can't remember what happened to the kid..."

Tommy's shoulders raised, eyes widening.

"Said it was the worst thing She'd ever gone through." Kristin waved a hand, lips still curved in a smile. "I tried to tell Her that She just got dealt a bad hand, but She refuses to try it again. Said if She ever sees anyone from Her life again, She'd send them straight to me. I think that's the grief talking, but I'll leave Her for now..."

Kristin shrugged. "Sorry, I'm rambling." She sighed and fixed Her gaze on Phil. "I wish I had the energy to give him a hug..."

"What do you mean?" Ranboo asked.

"Been working on something in my realm!" She proclaimed proudly. "It's taken quite a bit of my energy, but it'll replenish in no time at all."

Tubbo gave a slow nod.

The three of them did not move from the kitchen doorway.

"Are, uh..." Sapnap shrugged, gesturing vaguely with his free hand. "Are the other three still here?"

The planchette inched its way over to yes.

"And Field Kid *still* hasn't attacked Wilbur?" Dream asked. "That's some serious self-restraint."

Wilbur sent him a glare.

"Oh, yeah," Techno said, "can the ghosts, like, switch who's movin' the planchette?" His gaze flicked between Dream, Sapnap, and George. "Or will that, like, mess it up? Just checkin'."

George shrugged a shoulder. "It shouldn't. Why?"

Techno shook his head. "No reason."

("Wait, what did you say earlier about my powers going out of control?" Tommy suddenly asked.)

"I'm about ready to go to bed," Phil said, biting back a yawn.

("Ah, yeah, it happens sometimes, with really strong emotions. Depending on the context, it can strengthen or weaken them." She shrugged.)

"Ha, old," Techno taunted.

("Most ghosts gain the power to interact with the world when they're really angry.")

"It's nearly ten o'clock, mate!"

("And kinda lose it if they're ever really scared. Not that ghosts normally get scared, but, you know what I mean.")

"Alright, for Phil's sake, we'll end it here," Dream said placatingly. "Uh, Kristin, how would Phil==or any of us for that matter==go about contacting you in the future? Without all the..." He waved a hand at the ouija board.

(Kristin paused for a second before waving a hand.

"Wait, so==" Tubbo gasped. "That's why we couldn't use our powers! That's why you guys ran into the walls!"

"You did *what*?" Kristin asked, giggling lightly.)

"Think?" Phil read out. "I've tried that! What, did you have it disabled before?" he joked.

(Kristin rolled her eyes and flicked Phil's ear, making him jump and reach up to soothe the area.)

"Anythin' else you wanna say before we end this?" Techno asked.

The room fell into silence.

The planchette hesitated.

Wilbur cleared his throat.

The planchette slid over to no.

"Alright, well," Dream began, "then we're gonna say goodbye. Move it to the=="

They slid the planchette over the goodbye and removed their hands.

The room fell into silence.

"Well," Phil sighed, "that was fun. Bedtime now."

"You know," Kristin began as they set to putting up the ouija board, "you could join me. I've been working on a nice little place for me and them, when the time comes."

"Join you?" Tubbo repeated, an eyebrow raised.

Tommy crossed his arms and glared at Her. "Hell no. I'm not leaving."

Ranboo stiffened. "*Tommy, I don't think that was a sugges=*"

Kristin put Her hands up in surrender. "It's just a suggestion! But, I'll be leaving now, if that makes you feel better."

No goodbyes were exchanged as the particles began to dissipate, making her appear both blurry and faint before all that was left was plain air.

Ranboo's posture drooped, his shoulders sagging just to the left of a normal placement. He sighed and said, in a half-strained voice:

"She's playing the long game."

Chapter End Notes

jesus christ were on chapter 40 how are we still not done-

shame on you all for thinking kristin would hurt the kids >:[

we are DONE with the already-published chapters and moving back to original content
lets GOOO.

1930s

- N/A

1940s

- N/A

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

i've had a bad day // i am ashamed // and i'm afraid

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Old(y) Tyme(y)" by AJJ

im in constant pain nowadays so be grateful i actually published this

[cw for mentions of child abuse]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"The long game?" Tubbo repeated.

Ranboo nodded shakily. "Mhm. My parents *loved* the long game."

"I don't feel s..." Tommy trailed off. "Let's talk outside."

Once they'd quietly made their way outside and over to their bench, where they could watch all angles of the small clearing, where they could crowd the bench and whisper and not worry about being *watched*.

"Here's the lowdown," Ranboo began when they'd gathered at the bench, Tubbo sat on the back of it while Ranboo stood to demonstrate and Tommy pulled himself into one of the corners, "first, they're nice. You trust them, they're nice to you. They give you treats, they forgive easily, they let you get comfortable.

"And just when you think you're safe..." Ranboo raised his hands in a shrug, head shaking slightly. "Suddenly, they start yelling at you. They stop letting you get away with stuff, even if it's an accident. They make you do things you don't want to, or they'll get mad at you. They make you scared to sleep in your own bed, because they didn't give you permission! But you can't go ask them, because it's already midnight, and you'll just get yelled at if you wake them up, but you can't check if they're actually asleep or if they're smoking, and even though you can't smell weed, you've made that mistake before and gotten dragged out of bed==!"

"*Ranboo*," Tommy spoke.

Ranboo sucked in a breath. He swallowed. "After all that's done, they'll go back to normal. They'll blame it on whatever, and you'll learn to trust them again. We can't make that mistake. We won't."

"But she fucked it up," Tubbo said. At Tommy and Ranboo's inquiring looks, he expanded: "She fucked it up. She scared us."

"You're so right, Tubso," Tommy said, nodding sagely. "She let on too early. The long-game won't work on us."

"My dad used to be like that," Tubbo said. "When I was younger. I don't remember it well, but whenever he got sauced, he'd be all angry, but he'd apologize the next day and be all sad when he saw any bruises he left, even if they didn't hurt all that much."

"Used to?" Ranboo asked.

"Mhm. He started seriously trying to stop when I was, like, 13, and I broke my wrist trying to get the bottles away from him. Almost six years since then when I lit the firework..."

"Does she really think we're gonna fall for that?" Tommy asked, brows furrowing. "I mean, it's obvious, innit? She's not very good at playing this long-game if she already fucked it up."

Tubbo let out a short chuckle. "Yeah. I mean, come on, does she think she can just waltz in here and try to pull that shit? We're not *yucks*."

"Why'd Dream even let her in?" Ranboo spat. "If he really wanted to, he could have summoned her somewhere else and let Phil talk to her there. There's more to this world than our farm."

"Even after we made it quite clear we didn't *want* her here!" Tommy added. "She'll scare us again, and with the new long-game, she might get even angrier when we don't fall for her shit!"

"This would all be a lot easier if the Minecrafts hadn't shown up," Ranboo said. "I mean, *they* brought her here! We were doing fine before. Even if it's been nice to have their company, was it really worth being==being *terrorized* by her?!"

"We've gone all soft cause of them!" Tommy thundered, standing. "We're *ghosts*, dammit, why did we ever try to cuddle up with the *living*?!"

"Why did *we* have to become ghosts?!" Tubbo demanded, also standing, but on the seat of the bench. "It's bad enough we all died in some horrendous manner, but now we have to live knowing we're nix more than invisible corpses!"

Ranboo took a step back, gesturing widely at them. "Why did *we* come back?! Why not whoever else lived here?!"

"And why are we fucking *stuck* here?!" Tommy half-yelled. "If we could just fucking *leave*, none of this would be half the problem it's meant to be! I'd've been able to see what the fuck happened to my mum, you would've been able to follow your dad, and you would've been able to watch your parents go to trial!"

"It's not fucking fair!" Tubbo agreed. "What the hell is keeping us here?! If it's our corpses, then I'll gladly drag mine around if it means I get away from *her*!"

"If it's where we died, then I'd sooner find a way to die for real than stay here with her!" Tommy added.

"If it's some sort of emotional connection, then why the *hell* am I still here?!" Ranboo scoffed. "I lived here for a few *weeks*! I didn't even like you two to start out with! I shouldn't be stuck here! If it was up to me, I'd've left within the week after I died!"

"Being stuck here wouldn't be so bad if *they'd* never shown up!" Tommy whirled around to glare in the direction of the house. "I was fine living on my farm for the rest of however long, but now they've brought her here, and I don't feel safe in my *own house*! "

The three of them paused.

Tommy let out a heavy breath and flopped back into his seat.

Tubbo sat as well, and Ranboo followed suit, taking his place on Tubbo's other side.

After a moment, Tubbo let out a sigh.

"We haven't been that angry in a while," Tubbo said.

Tommy shook his head. "... I don't really mind the Minecrafts living here," he admitted. "I'm pissed that *she* came with, but... I dunno."

"I don't actually want to leave you two," Ranboo said. "I don't know why I said that. I think... I think I just wish I wasn't stuck in a place I didn't even know that well before I died. But I'd rather stay here than leave you two."

"I don't regret becoming a ghost," Tubbo added, scratching lightly at his wrist. "I wish I hadn't died, but I like being around you two."

The three were silent for a moment longer.

"I think..." Tubbo began, trailing off. "I think I miss being angry."

"I think I do, too," Tommy added.

Ranboo hummed in agreement.

A bird took off from a nearby tree.

"What now?" Tommy asked.

"Well," Dream said, "that was fun."

"Bro," Sapnap said, rubbing a hand over his eyes. He didn't continue.

"How're you guys feeling?" Dream asked again.

"Like I wanna go to bed," George said.

"Well, you should eat something first." Phil heaved himself to his feet and sighed, waddling into the kitchen. "I'm sure we've still got some leftovers."

"Like I just went through a seance," Wilbur answered.

"Can we watch somethin' and go to bed?" Sapnap asked. "Like, uh... what would the ghosts have watched? Looney Tunes?"

"Ccordin' to Beloved," Techno began, "they watched Looney Tunes and Betty Boop. Merrie Melodies ran around the same time, so that might also work."

"Hey, ghosts," Sapnap called, "which one do you wanna watch?"

They waited for a response.

Phil closed the fridge and opened the microwave.

George sniffed.

"Ghosts?" Dream asked.

The air lay quiet.

"... Huh," Wilbur said. "Maybe they're... out?"

Techno shrugged. "Maybe they left when we started the seance."

Dream furrowed his brows. "You don't think that when we closed the seance, something happened to them?"

"... No," George said hesitantly. "Probably not. Hopefully."

("Why is there a strange alien on the screen?"

Tommy stared at the screen, where the man with the blue face and giant forehead spoke to a lady in red, who was sat in a chair. A fish thing in a bowl attached to a powersuit stood nearby, watching a bar fill up steadily. "I don't know, Tubbo. I don't know.")

Chapter End Notes

i had a shit week for the past 5ish days a tooth that i need a root canal on has been giving me hell and tmrw im going in for a root canal consultation (even tho we can barely fucking afford it and the only place that MIGHT take our insurance has like a

month-long wait list just to get a call in). ill prob get the root canal next week, bc that's when thanksgiving break is, so if i don't update next week it's because im bedridden. if i am i expect someone to screenshot my apology note and submit it to the tumblr collection of ao3 author notes

my head really hurts and looking at a screen makes it worse so everyone be thankful please

1930s

- Nix | Nothing

1940s

- Sauced | Drunk

- Yuck | Foolish or stupid person

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

- (The) lowdown | An overview of the facts

i fed myself! when i had to!

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Distance" by AJJ

switched chapter 29 and this ones' titles bc i feel like feedbags line is more impactful, but the food in this chapter is just. food.

[cw for food]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Ooh, breakfast," Tubbo said as Techno plugged in a four-slice toaster. "Think we could sneak some?"

Ranboo glanced out at the living room, where everyone but Phil and Techno were asleep. "Natch." He cleared his throat and, a moment later, he spoke, his voice loud and deep, with reverb: "***Sandwich.***"

Techno jolted and whipped around so fast Tommy thought he'd get whiplash.

"Uh," Techno said, "Ranboo, could you explain why I just heard God ask for a sandwich?"

"***Sandwich.***"

"Oh my god, I'm not makin' you a sandwich. You can have toast, like everyone else."

"***Half a sandwich.***"

"Yes, yes, it's half a sandwich. Well, more like a third, maybe. No one else heard you right?"

"***No one is worthy to hear the sandwich calls.***"

"I think I'm startin' to regret showing you the internet." Techno popped a few pieces of toast in the toaster and set them to cook, sniffing before he moved on to fry up some eggs.

"We're getting toast," Ranboo reported diligently to Tommy and Tubbo.

"I'm so confused," Tommy admitted.

"Do we get regular toast or cinnamon?" Tubbo asked.

Ranboo shrugged. "We can split it into three and put our own stuff on, or we could just have plain butter."

"What do you mean *just*?" Tommy asked, eyes narrowed suspiciously at him.

"Well, toast by itself is disgusting," Ranboo said like it was a fact.

Tommy let out a bark of laughter. "Ranboo, I have not had buttered toast since I was fifteen, and toast in general for *months* before I died."

Tubbo sighed and shook his head mournfully, one hand laying itself on Tommy's shoulder. "You lived a sad, sad life."

The toaster dinged. Techno set three pieces of toast aside on a paper towel and put the fourth one over by where he was cooking eggs. "Those three are for all of you," Techno said to the empty space behind him. "I won't look. Butter's right there." He pointed his spatula at a small tub with a butterknife balanced on top.

"Wait, we each get one?" Tubbo asked as Ranboo opened the butter and began smearing some on one of the slices.

Ranboo finished quickly and held out the knife for Tubbo.

"Is it salted?" Tommy asked while Tubbo picked up and buttered his own. He took his next and hesitantly put a small bit of butter on it, conservative compared to the other two's helpings. He retreated behind Techno, placing the table between him and the door.

Ranboo nodded affirmatively before he moved to join Tommy at the table, back to the door. Tubbo moved to place his back to Techno, stood at the chair facing the wall. Tommy kept glancing between Techno and the door.

In a swift movement, Ranboo took down his mask and bit into the toast. Tubbo followed and let out a short *mm* of satisfaction.

Hesitantly, Tommy allowed himself to solidify, a feeling that traveled from his spine to the tips of his fingers and shot through his legs.

Cold-hardened muscle piled onto that, stiffening and threatening to curl like he was still laid above his dogs.

What felt like ice began to wrap around him as he shivered. His hair fell in front of his eyes, clothes weighing onto him as he was finally corporeal.

He'd... done this before. So why did it feel so...

Tommy put that thought behind him and, with his eyes on Techno, bit into his toast.

A soft sigh left him, taste buds being met with the crumbly texture of toasted bread. He could smell the butter, the breakfast-y scent of crumbly wheat. The taste of it exploded onto his tongue, threatening to overwhelm after years of wind pudding and sinew.

Tommy chewed slowly, wanting to savor it.

Then he swallowed.

And he realized he was *ravenous*.

Tommy bit quickly into the toast, scarfing down the next bite. He licked his lips and shoved half of what was left into his mouth, barely chewing before it he was swallowing and shoveling the rest of it into his mouth.

It reminded him of breakfast back home.

(*I am home*, Tommy told himself as he relaxed into himself, sucking his fingers into his mouth to clean the crumbs and simultaneously wiping them from his mouth.)

"Thank you, Techno," Tubbo said, voice slightly muffled.

Ranboo let out a hum and swallowed, tongue darting out to lick his lips. "Thanks, Techno." He looked to Tommy.

Tommy hesitated for a moment before he, cautiously, gave a thumbs up.

"Field Kid gave you a thumbs up," Ranboo reported.

"Nice," Techno said as he placed an egg onto a plate with toast. The toaster dinged again, and he carefully pulled the next four slices out.

Tubbo finished off his toast first and licked his fingers clean while Ranboo chewed his way through the last few bits.

Tommy opened his mouth to say something, but shut himself up real quick. He let himself melt away from the land of the living before he mentioned that the toast reminded him of when he was alive. "We didn't have a toaster."

"Really?" Tubbo asked. "When was the first toaster invented? They had them in the 30s, right?"

"Well, yeah," Tommy acquiesced, "but my mum did it by putting it in the oven for about a minute, or we held 'em over a fire outside with a... a thing."

"Why didn't you have a toaster?" Ranboo asked.

"No electricity," Tommy answered simply. "My friends had one, though."

"Who were your friends?" Tubbo asked. "They live out in the sticks, too?"

Tommy opened his mouth to answer.

He closed it.

He opened it again.

"None of your business."

Ranboo put his mask up. "Techno, you can look now."

Techno finished placing a few strips of bacon on the pan, the room filled with a sizzling sound. He looked over his shoulder and glanced between Tubbo and Ranboo. "I might be able to make you guys a full breakfast," he said. "We'll be eatin' in the dinin' room we never use, so you guys can chill here. I'll just tell 'em not to come in here without announcin' themselves."

"Honestly," Ranboo began, "I'm past the point of caring about who sees me. I *like* being corporeal."

Tubbo nodded his agreement. "Yeah, I mean, it's just Wilbur and Phil who haven't seen me. Nothin' I can't handle."

Techno hummed and turned back to the bacon. "Sounds reasonable. How 'bout you, Field Kid?"

"Fuck no," was Tommy's instinctual response.

Tubbo relayed that to Techno, who bobbed his head once. "Fair enough. Tubbo, Ranboo, can you go wake everyone up?"

Tubbo and Ranboo filed out of the kitchen, and a moment later, there were a few irritated groans and the sounds of the two telling people to wake up.

Tommy found himself walking away from the table and over to Techno. He started slow, with only a single step and leaning forward to see what he was doing. Then he took another, and another, until he was stood beside Techno and overlooking the pan.

Techno shuddered. "Bro, why are you so cold? Ranboo's much warmer, even though he's also a ghost. Did you freeze to death, or somethin'?"

Tommy stepped away and, after a moment, stepped through the sink to watch what Techno was doing without being in his way.

Techno sniffed and transferred the heap of bacon onto a small plate to the side, carefully ensuring that the food didn't fall as he did so. Once he was done, he moved to set the pan and spatula to the side, reaching into the sink for the faucet handle==

With a muted gasp, Techno jerked his hand away from where it had passed through Tommy, his arm shivering as he grabbed at it with his other hand. He moved to the table and bent himself over the back of a chair, forehead pressing into the table.

"They're up!" Tubbo chirped, re-entering with Ranboo. "Techno?"

Teeth chattering, Techno managed to force out: "*Cold.*"

When two sets of accusatory eyes turned to him, all Tommy could think to say was, "Oops."

("Imagine almost getting frostbite 'cause you reached through a ghost, L."

"Why have you done this to me, Wilbur. I feel so betrayed. You don't get breakfast now."

"But *Technooooo*==")

When Wilbur saw Tubbo==for real, not through the sleepy haze he'd been in==he...

"Woah, dude," Sapnap said as his gaze flicked between Ranboo and Tubbo, "you two look cool."

"Cool?" Tubbo repeated, the mangled tissue on his face pulling with each movement.
"Uh... I dunno about that one, big man."

"It's easier to see you now," George added, partially in awe.

"So, *Ranboo*," Dream said, testing the name, "your neck looks painful."

Wilbur forced himself not to hide behind Techno as he filed into the dining room, taking a seat and forcing himself to *breathe*.

Why couldn't he remember his friends...?

He could recall their faces, their voices, their personalities...

Or... could he...?

Tommy tried not to let the fear show on his face while Tubbo and Ranboo tucked into their third of an egg, already having shoveled his two strips of bacon and last bit of egg down his gullet, and gone incorporeal again.

Chapter End Notes

OKAY SO! i ended up NOT getting the root canal, bc the tooth would have fallen apart or something so INSTEAD i got the tooth and the wisdom tooth next to it removed and omfg i thought it would be so painful but nah no pain since. the sutures poke a bit like the wire of my braces wasn't cut properly but its cool
the nurse who was putting the iv in my arm fucked it up and that hurt like SHIT tho i

hate ivs so much and she had to redo it bc for some reason she tried to stick me like wayy too far to the side and that was soo painful i have a pic in the dc if u wanna look i hated that.

i got a few days off school and i don't have to participate in gym for a bit tho so this situations kind of a W for me ngl

tfw u come up with an idea relating to the slang that means u don't have to spend so much time looking shit up every time u gotta update but cant say anything abt it bc fuck you figure it out urself

ALSO JOIN THE DC FOR THE SECOND WHOS MOST LIKELY TO i forgot to announce the first one last week bc i was in pain

1930s

- (To eat) wind pudding | (To eat) nothing

1940s

- Natch | Of course/Certainly

- In the sticks | In the middle of nowhere

1970s

- Like/Y'know | Filler words

shoot him again, i can see his soul daaancin'

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Coffin Dance" by AJJ

[no cws]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's eyes narrowed as they walked into the barn, which looked... yes, significantly better than it had been the first time, but still...

"I think they've been trying to clean up," Wilbur said, a mask on his face to protect from any dust in the air. "We have soap and rust remover, which I gave them. Dunno where they put it, though..."

Phil and Techno entered, the former propping open one of the doors with a bucket.

Sapnap angled the camera up and around while George set the bags of sound and light equipment on the floor with a groan. "It looks nice in the day," he said to George.

George glared at him. "It would look nicer if it wasn't so damn hot."

Dream scoffed. "It's not even eighty outside, you Brit."

"Shut up, *American*."

Sapnap stopped recording and, after a second of staring at the board propped on an empty crate on the loft, took the camera off his shoulder to check the footage. A heartbeat passed before he furrowed his brows. "Hey, Dream... George..."

"What?" George turned to him while Dream stepped over with an inquisitive hum.

Sapnap replayed the video.

Dream paused it. He rewound it a bit and pointed at something.

George glanced at the chess board before looking back down at the screen.

"*What?*" Dream asked, pulling it up closer to their faces.

Wilbur scoffed and crossed his arms, striding over. "Are you recording sound clips?" He nudged himself into place beside George.

Sapnap angled the camera so Wilbur could see better, slowly playing the footage back and forth.

The footage from the camera was that of a sweep of the loft, light filtering through the windows to highlight disturbed dust. It passed slowly over the chess setup and stalled.

What astounded Wilbur was the rest of it.

Dotted about the loft were a handful of black smudges, all gathered about the crate, their outlines ever-shifting. As the video rewound, one of the figures shuttered and shook, moving erratically before it blinked out of existence. It reappeared a moment later, one of the other ones flickering before it solidified and curled over itself.

The video glitched throughout the viewing, freezing for milliseconds and showcasing glitched aftershocks of various objects before disappearing.

And oh, the *sound*.

Now that Wilbur was closer, he could hear it. First in reverse, then forwards as the video played==

Sapnap started at the left side of the loft, video freezing just as he panned it sideways. The tallest of the three figures==Ranboo, probably==suddenly gave a scream that peaked the mic and drowned out one of their voices, crunching in on himself and flickering.

He returned to normal as Sapnap continued panning.

The second tallest==which Wilbur had to assume was Tommy, since Tubbo was obviously the shortest across from him==began *freaking out*, vibrating and contorting and pulling at himself==

Some mixture of sounds echoed distantly as he corrected himself.

The video ended, and Sapnap rewound it again.

"What the fuck," Wilbur said.

They showed Techno and Phil the video, and then collectively agreed to record more.

Sapnap put the camera back up on his shoulder, leaning back slightly and pointing it at the loft.

He held it there.

"When do I stop?" Sapnap asked quietly, gaze flicking between the viewfinder and the loft, which showed vastly different pictures.

Dream shrugged. "Now?"

Sapnap pressed the button to stop the recording.

The others crowded around the camera, squinting down at the screen while he pulled up the video.

Sanpap pressed play.

The video was angled at the chess board balanced safely atop a barrel. The edges of the video occasionally went fuzzy, colors playing across the screen like silhouettes of whatever moved. The three figures were there again, the shortest on the right midway through stretching out and growling.

It disappeared for a moment, the other two going transparent before they all corrected themselves.

The tallest and middle one's hand shot out, waving viciously at the board like it meant to knock it over. It stood simultaneously, moving through the barrel and jerking its head to the side. It suddenly appeared back in its sitting position, calm.

A harsh, echoey shout came through the camera: "*get oUT==!* "

The three remained still for a moment longer, outlines wisping off each other.

For a mere instant, part of the screen turned a saturated pink color, with greens and blues around the edges, accompanied by that *RRRRRRRR* sound that came from a sound catching in audio.

When it returned, nothing much had changed.

The tallest figure blinked out of existence, appearing a few feet away, standing, hunched over something, facing away from the board. What had to be an arm shot out==

"==*placeable to yo==*"

==and then it was back where it belonged.

"*When do I stop?*"

"*No==*" the audio caught into an *uhhhhhhhh* as the image froze.

The video ended.

"Well," Techno spoke.

"Well," Phil agreed.

"I, uh," Sapnap said. He cleared his throat. "I don't think it'll be a good idea to film in here. Uh, the camera..."

"It's all glitchy," George said, grabbing at all their bags to heft them onto his arms, Dream scrambling to sling one over his shoulder. "Can't film in here."

"Didn't you see... those things last time?" Wilbur asked. "I mean, they're probably not new."

"Must've been too dark," Sapnap said. "Or the glitches weren't powerful enough for us to notice them." He grabbed the bag he'd set down with a small light in it and made for the exit.

"Think it's the ghosts messing with us?" Techno tried, waiting by the door to kick the bucket out from where it was propping up the door. Wilbur and Phil filed out, followed closely by George and Dream and Sapnap.

Techno delivered a sharp kick to the bucket and was out the door before it had clattered to the ground.

The flat plank of a door swung shut behind him.

"Much better," Phil said in reference to the cameras propped up across from their couch.

Dream finished angling leftmost camera down at the couch. "Definitely. Uh, Phil, d'you wanna go first?"

George pulled out his phone and, after a moment, showed it to the Minecrafts, who leaned in to check. "These are the questions we'll be asking, if you wanna make a script beforehand."

Phil squinted at the screen, moving his face a bit closer. "Uh... no, I think..." He let out a huff of laughter. *"Have you ever seen a giant, floating, green, slimy thing with an ugly face?"*

"Slimer is nothing to laugh at, Phil," Sapnap said gravely.

"A soft-spoken, pale apparition with no legs?" Wilbur read out. "Isn't that Casper?"

"Or literally any other ghost," Dream added. "It's a lead-in question, and usually when we show it to them beforehand, we can modify it. Maybe it didn't speak, maybe it wasn't white... y'know."

"Mysterious blue stains and sheep sounds?" Techno asked, quirking a brow up at them.

George shrugged. "Maybe they hear animal noises."

"Blue stains?"

"Ectoplasm."

"... 'kay."

"Will you need us to do anything during this?" Tubbo asked from the kitchen doorway, Ranboo looming behind him.

Dream narrowed his eyes at the couch. "Uh... no? Maybe, actually, but we can record soundbites to edit in after. It's probably best you guys not be near this, cause the cameras might pick you up. We wanna avoid that until the hunt."

"Wouldn't that help your video?" Ranboo asked.

"Well, yeah," George answered, "but we wanna make it look like this house *isn't* haunted, to stop people from trespassing."

"Isn't that bad for business?" Techno asked.

Sapnap quirked a brow at him. "Do you *want* a bunch of strangers to hang out in the forest near your house?"

"Well, you heard what they said." Tubbo reached his arms around his head, feet lifting off the ground as he stretched. "We gotta stay away. What should we do in the meantime?"

Tommy poked his head around the corner of the kitchen doorway. "We could, uh..."

"We could go play chess," Ranboo suggested.

The three fell silent, gazes almost pointedly avoiding looking at the other two.

"We could..." Tommy scratched at his nose and gestured vaguely. "We could do... a friendship quiz."

Tubbo tilted his head and quirked a brow. "A friendship quiz," he repeated, unamused.

"Yeah!" Tommy gave a swift nod. "Like, we could ask questions about ourselves and the other two give the answer, y'know?"

Ranboo chuckled. "What, scared we'd forget you?"

Tommy crossed his arms. "You could never forget *me*! I'm just making sure you two are performing your friendly duties of knowing anything and everything about everyone."

"You're on, big man," Tubbo challenged. "To the bench! Winner gets to choose what we eat next!"

Chapter End Notes

im out of prewritten chapters again which means i have to bulk write more ugh i cant wait for this fic to be over

1930s

- N/A

1940s

- N/A

1970s

- Like/Y'know

HEY EVERYTHING, FUCK YOU // I HATE EVERYTHING THAT YOU DO

Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Little Prince" by AJJ

that title would be such a cute nickname so if my future partner's reading this you know what to do /hj

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

EDIT FROM THE FUTURE AT BEGINNING AND END OF CHAPTER YES YOU CAN USE THESE NOTES AS INSPIRATION FOR YOUR OWN SEPARATE FICS OR TO REWRITE DEATHLESSNESS IDC IDC JUST TOSS IN A CREDIT IF ITS SIMILAR ENOUGH YOU CAN WRITE WHATEVER YOU WANT I DON'T OWN YOU OR YOUR MIND

bestie i lichrelly cannot do this anymore so rip to deathlessness enjoyers but if i have to write one more chapter for this fic i will spontaneously combust <3

uh but yeah fuck this fic im so happy it's gone but **IF YOU WANT MORE OF MY WRITING skip to the line break wayyy below ill let u know some more stuff u can read**

okay so basically writing this fic is becoming a chore, im not part of the dsmp fandom anymore (bless your hearts bc god certainly won't), and ive got far too many chapter ideas left to just power thru it. i am so close to just saying bye and closing this a/n bc im THAT averse to this fic.

anyways ill be putting the rest of the outline i had here for those who want the end of the story or if anyone wants to try their hand at writing it for themselves (ether, vi, istg if u write a fic abt wilbur falling down the stairs im suing you /j) **ask questions abt the plot in the comments or in the server if u want**, but check if its already been answered first yeah

the server will still be up and ill be active on there and u can talk abt deathlessness all u want, or abt my other fics regardless of if they get their own server in the future.

ANYWAYS HERE'S ALL MY NOTES if i knew how id have a hyperlink for u to just autoscroll thru everything but idk how to do that so ill separate them into bulletpoints and bolded titles

general notes

- Tommy D. K. Innit- 1937, froze during winter Great Depression/committed suicide after eating his dogs, had to eat Betty and Walter before he and his parents starved :([No shoes, Dirty light brown past-the-knee shorts, White button-up, Dirty red jacket, Green bandanna] {PLANTS, TEMPERATURE}
- Tubbo U. Schlatt - 1953, exploded due to faulty fireworks in the fields, alcoholic! Schlatt died of a heart attack in a bar somewhere after Tubbo, was really excited about first English nuclear weapons test, Loved the bees that had taken residence in the forest of the farm [Gray shoes, Blue trousers, Green button-up shirt, Brown jacket] {FLIGHT, PHYSICAL HARM}
- Ranboo M. Beloved - 1975, fell off the roof on LSD from his parents, lived in America until 1970, when he was 12, injury that gave him memory issues (fell off a hill), was returning from a meeting with his grandparents who made him dress up while he was with them (hence the suit) when his parents offered him LSD. (he had a bad trip and committed suicide), suffers from aquagenic pruritus, his parents think of him more as a housemate than a son [Black suit, Black dress shoes, Red tie, White button-up] {ILLUSIONS, DREAMS}
- Dream Team (Sapnap Halo, Dream W. Taken, George N. Found) - Alive, frequently visit the house (Dream's mom Puffy is ex-Coast Guard, her wife Niki Nihachu is a baker, his brother Purpled is there), sometimes joined by Fundy/Quackity/Karl Jacobs, can only see the ghosts if they want to be seen, Sapnap is the son of Skeppy Halo and Bad B. Halo
- SBI (Philza "Phil" Minecraft, Wilbur Soot-Watson, Techno "Technoblade" Blade-Minecraft) - Alive, Techno and Wilbur are adopted and adults (Wilbur first), Wilbur typically jokes that Fundy is his son, Wilbur gets Tommy's room and Techno gets Ranboo's and Phil gets Tubbo's, friends with the DT (for the most part), Techno has a therapy dog (Steve) after his old dog Floof died of old age, Phil owns a company. idk. he's rich, DT intros 2/4 SBI to ghosts while Phil is out

fav songs/cartoons

- Tommy: Used to watch cartoons whenever he went to his grandparents. They loved Betty Boop so he did, too. His favorite genre before Wilbur (punk rock) was swing jazz. Favorite song was from the beginning of the Swing Era. Then Wilbur showed him the song demos from Lovejoy (used to do online meetings, will meet up with them in the epilogue-ish)
- Tubbo: Rich enough to afford a TV and his own radio. He wasn't a big fan of TV shows, much preferring music. His favorite song was We'll Meet Again by Vera Lynn 1943 before being introduced to Queen and South Park

- Ranboo: He was the only one with VHS tapes. He loved Betty Boop even tho he never watched any in the new house. Favorite song was The Sound of Silence by Simon and Garfunkle because his parents didn't care for it. Then Wilbur showed him Lemon Demon.

Title Ideas

- dream sweet in sea major [Dream Sweet in Sea Major by Miracle Musical] - doesn't fit the theme. also, gonna use the first line as the tommy chapter title
- ~~what kind of mercy // exists in Deathlessness? [Deathlessness by AJJ] - too angsty. save it for the mental breakdown tommy might have at the realization that People Get Old~~
- Your Dead Best Friend is Walking Up the Stairs [Best Friend by AJJ] - might save that for the tubbo chapter
- Shoot Him Again, I Can See His Soul Dancin' [Coffin Dance by AJJ] - implies they were murdered
- When I'm a Dead Boy / Burn My Body [When I'm a Dead Boy by AJJ] - implies either planned on dying
- ~~i'm so sorry that you have to have a body [Body Terror Song by AJJ] - maybe save this for another angsty chapter~~
- ~~i took it as a taunt. [Taunt by Lovejoy] - maybe wilbur mentions to tech and Phil that he thinks tommy's starting to trust him and tommy takes this as wilbur making fun of him so he doubles down and actually hurts wilbur cause Communication? In My Angsty Ghost Fic? It's Less Likely Than You Think~~
- ~~i wish that i was someone closer to you [Distance by AJJ]~~
- i'm gonna fuck the devil in his mouth [Fucc the Devil by AJJ] - Someone intentionally pisses off Bench Trio and pays the price
- im gonna fuck the devil in his mouth :D [Fucc the Devil] - Benchtrio say fuck it
- ~~I came all this way to see your grave // To see your life as writ in paraphrase [Candy Jail by AJJ] - Perhaps Bench trio's graves are cleaned up?~~
- ~~We should be a happy family // Or a traveling travesty, at least [Love Will Fuck Us Apart] - Rift?~~
- Who are you? // And where did you go? // And where are you from? // And what do you know?
- ~~I walked! into! a roooooom full of corpses! [Do Re Mi]~~
- There's something big and powerful and wise [Temple Grandin]
- There will come a day when our cells won't regenerate // and everyone you know will rot away, rot away // Your friends and enemies and all your family // we will all be buried in the ground, in the ground [Jesus Saves]
- And I can't show you where your children are buried, 'cause they're not. They're not buried anymore. [All the Dead Kids]
- what makes me think i can be so hurtful? what makes me think i can be so mean? [Fly My Ass]
- ~~We're controlling it, // We've got it handled, // Thanks for your concern [Forest Fire]~~
- Darkest Heart by AJJ
- And I give thanks to all of you for listening // To the story of how we learned how to survive [Survival Song]

- I've had a bad day // I am ashamed // And I'm afraid [Old(y) Tyme(y)]

how ghosts work in this fic

- directly or indirectly cause your death (lying in the snow, lighting the firework, walking out the window) to become a ghost, or be related to the goddess of life
- the first emotion you feel properly after death is what both condemns you and gives you powers (tommy was mostly in a state of shock until he felt anger, tubbo's sorrow and confusion was more numbness, ranboo also felt confusion and denial but his anger was too powerful)
- the emotion usually chains itself to an object you interact with a lot (the chessboard/the barn)
- when you let go of that emotion you move on, slowly forgetting the main details of your life and afterlife moreso than you would just forgetting thru time, and the most volatile of emotions you were keeping stick around in the form of phantoms (ex: if u look close enough at the dialogue, u can see ranboo's phantom reenacting the part where he shouts at his dad and hits the cup away)
 - in the friendship quiz in the next chapter, it was supposed to be subtly revealed that ranboo and tubbo were also forgetting things, with ranboo specifically asking what he did to his dad. tommy and tubbo remember he smacked the cup out of his hand, but ranboo can't remember it outside him getting really angry
- when the ghosts finally move on, then they are either put in a mental stasis of a world they deserve or if they were a terrible person they stop existing, bc in my mind, nothing's more horrible than the death of your very being at its most basic level, which is your consciousness.
- kristin doesn't control who disappears or who gets a paradise or who becomes a ghost, she's more there to keep a handle on them to make sure the ghosts dont get too powerful. the goddess of life's job is to try to keep an equality between the species, and her job's kind of fucked, so she can't spend time seeing tommy. it took a long time for kristin to convince her to visit the human world in the form of a human, and she'll never do it again, and she doesn't want a reminder of what happened.

outline (dont hold anything in here against me i wrote it months ago and i dont remember what i put here. some of it was gonna end up different, like how wilbur died)

- Tommy dies to Great Depression (Betty and Walter, frozen)
- Tubbo dies to firework (Schlatt)
- Ranboo dies to LSD jump (shit parents, hippie)
- Dteam show up. Benchtrio plan to use them to test their visibility. Tommy shows up and gets named Field Kid. Ranboo does his door thing. Dteam leave.
- 5 Dteam come back, Benchtrio are confused. What makes a ghost? Dteam sees graves and ghosts. Staircase fun. They leave, but promise to come back.
- Dteam Benchtrio bonding pog. Hearable voices pog. Friendship pog. Pog.
- More Dteam-Benchtrio bonding. **Tubbo reveal to Dteam.** SBI foreshadowing.

- SBI arrive and stuff. Dteam stops by. Faked ghosty stuff.
- Fake ghosty stuff part 2. Benchtrio go too far. Dream admonishes them. Spray bottle.
- 10 Wilbur has a mental breakdown. He goes to Techno, who is playing Uno with Ranboo. Ranboo envies cuddles. Tubbo plans sleep paralysis.
- Moving truck arrives. Scare the movers. Tommy tucks a wrench into Techno's hair. Scare Phil 1.
- Benchtrio meetings start. Benchtrio come up with name Benchtrio. More sleep paralysis planning. Techno vs Ranboo cheating Uno. Wow internet. Tommy tries to kill Wilbur.
- Aftermath. Tommy apologizes.
- Tubbo sleep paralysis Phil.
- 15 Flashback to Wilbur and making up. Techno n Ranboo bonding pogchamp. Kristin aftermath stuff with Tubbo. SBI have movie night.
- Phil explains Kristin while Benchtrio argue.
- Pillow fight.
- **Ranboo reveals his name to Techno.** Ranboo learns to fly.
- Tubbo trauma time. Ranboo Tubbo Techno bonding pog. Tubbo says I'm allowed to kill you.
- 20 Techno Disapproves Of Wilbur's Decisions. Phil tries to make well with Tubbo, but he's not there. Advantage. Zombie.
- **Tommy reveals his name to Wilbur.**
- i took it as a taunt.
- Wounds stuff. Chess. Techno barn cliffhanger.
- He didnt see them fully, but theyre still pissed. They bully him out of the room. Cut to Ranboo trying to convince them not to kill Techno.
- 25 Techno admits to the rest of SBI that he went looking for the ghosts, but didn't find anything. Phil jokes about Kristin driving them out of the house, but Wilbur scoffs at that. Cut to Tommy being mad that Kristin chased them out of the house. ~~They can't think of a plan and that makes them sad :(~~
- Another night passes without the ghosts. Wilbur's been sleeping better since he's not staying up with Tommy all night. Techno hesitantly heads back to the barn that night to talk to Ranboo and asks why they haven't returned. Evil atmosphere ooo. Tommy guides Ranboo into making some kind of excuse (Ranboo whispers to Techno a better "excuse", which is that Tommy feels guilty abt hurting Wilbur). ~~Techno debates relaying this to Wilbur, but decides to instead not mention he even saw them again.~~
- BT decide the next day that they're going to ease their way back into the house. Maybe Mumza only gets upset when they scare them? So they should be fine if they,,, *don't* scare them? right?? So they head inside and there's a tense few moments where someone swears they see particles but,,, they're fine!!!! LET'S GOOOOO!!!! ~~Tubbo passes Phil's door again and freezes when he sees it open, but quickly heads to Techno's room instead. Wilbur apologizes.~~
- Wilbur keeps his mouth shut abt Tommy this time, but mentions that the ghosts might be back soon. Phil mentions he still regretfully hasn't talked to Tubbo yet. Techno says that might be cause of Kristin, but there's not much they can do. BenchTrio is watching around them, still obviously tense. Tubbo scoffs at the notion he'd ever talk to Phil, but Ranboo suggests that perhaps he can make friends and call off the guard dog. Tubbo rejects it but secretly thinks on it, and later nopes out of playing chess when approaching the barn. Tommy and Ranboo try to play chess, but both are kinda

uncomfy w the atmosphere in the barn. Tubbo discreetly follows Phil around the day, who takes a phone call on Techno's computer. There's tech jargon Tubbo doesn't understand, but Phil goes to Techno saying that he's gotta head out for some meeting. Techno asks why he didn't mention it earlier and Phil said he'd forgotten until now. After he leaves Wilbur's like "looks like ur computer's here techno" and technos like "no way impossible Phil would nevet lie /s" and they agree to just chill downstairs together for when phil got back to help. ~~Tubbo doesn't tell what he said to tommy and ranboo and instead hurries to his bees, which was his excuse that he didn't have to join Tommy and Ranboo in growing alliums~~

- Phil arrives with the computer and Techno pretends to be surprised. Techno sets it up and Wilbur talks to him about possibly checking the graves and cleaning them off. Skip to night where Ranboo and Techno have a chat. **Ranboo decides to reveal himself to Techno** and he mentions that Tommy and Tubbo are too scared to enter. OH NO. HIS NECK. IT'S BROKEN. Techno introduces Ranboo to his namesake, which Phil helped create back in college before taking over the business. (Phil still calls it Cave Game.) After a bit Ranboo mentions that it feels *good* to be corporeal! Hell yeah! He feels--He feels alive again! Holy shit! ~~Techno and him celebrate a bit and Techno asks if he wants to see if he can eat. Ranboo's all like "pogchamp! :D" and they head downstairs.~~
- 30 Wake Wilbur up to squeaking. Tommy still isn't there, which makes Wilby sad. Wilbur realizes he needs to get a drink of water, so he heads down to the kitchen and pauses when he hears..... Techno talking to someone? He brushes it off as him on the phone with Dream or something. He enters the kitchen and is at first confused, before **he becomes terrified at the 6'6 stranger in the room**. Techno and Ranboo calm him down and Ranboo says he hasn't been corporeal for that long in a *while* and he feels,,, alive again! Haha! This is epic! Wilbur begins getting along with Ranboo, but is still very hesitant. Techno hands Ranboo half of his sandwich, and Ranboo eats it. Angst about forgetting humanity as ghosts. End the night with Wilbur making a joke about Ranboo being a coat rack. ~~(Wilbur at first assumes Beloved is Schlatt, cause of the suit, but that doesn't make sense.)~~
- Phil is awake and confused as to why neither Techno nor Wilbur are in their beds. He heads downstairs and finds them asleep on the couch with a blanket tucked over them in a way neither of them could have managed if they were awake. Phil gets the ice pack Wilbur was using and puts it back in the freezer. He makes himself some coffee to wake himself up and preps some for Techno (not cause it helps him wake up but because Techno likes the taste). He takes a moment to look out over the field, and the soap falls into the sink. Phil mutters about "oh not this again" and doesn't even bother to pick it up. A terrified Tubbo is standing in the kitchen with Tommy, both hissing to Ranboo to not move it. Ranboo knocks it again and Phil just chuckles. ~~Ranboo tells Tommy and Tubbo that he's pretty sure that unless they actively scare them again, then they'll be fine. Probably.~~
- Techno and Wilbur wake up and are greeted to Phil. Phil gives them breakfast. SBI bonding pog. Techno says that he'll prob do some Skywars games to warm up before he officially comes off hiatus and Wilbur and Phil ask if he can do it in the living room so they can watch while Phil does work stuff. Techno says he'll just hook up his laptop, since the whole monitor is a bit much. Techno laments about his wrists and Phil says fine theyll just head up to his room. ~~SBI bonding and confused BenchTrio wondering wtf a computer is as they watch from the doorway.~~

- Tubbo that night decides to visit Phil but is v hesitant. Phil is hyped up on coffee cause he wanted to spend the night answering emails and double checking development and stuff but doesn't tell Tubbo cause he doesn't know if Tubbo would feel guilty. (Insert side scene of Tommy and Ranboo being hesitant to enter the barn, but Tommy doesn't want to appear weak so he goes in and stuff.) Phil and Tubbo bond and near about 2 in the morning (they headed downstairs so Phil could get more coffee before returning up when it was empty) when Phil's finally crashing, Tubbo physically talks and says Phil reminds him of his dad. ~~Phil asks him what his dad was like and Tubbo sums it up as "very pog souse" and Phil chuckles saying that his alcohol was work.~~
- There will come a day when our cells won't regenerate // and everyone you know will rot away, rot away || Next day is marked by Phil asking Tubbo in the morning if he can tell Wilbur n Tech abt him. Tubbo isn't there so Phil keeps quiet. Tommy's bitching abt how Wilbur kept himself up last night trying to write a song. Ranboo says Tommy should have helped and Tommy scoffs but later that night Tommy settles in with Wilby and they bond. **Tommy asks Wilbur why he forgave him and Wilbur tries to deflect but eventually tells the truth.** Tommy goes somber and he in turn talks about his parents. ~~Wilby moment.~~
- 35 Phil sleeps in late which Wilbur and Techno chok it up to him wanting to finally get stuff done. Ranboo is chilling downstairs and welcomes them, saying Tubbo kept Phil up last night. Ranboo gets hits with a pillow. Wilbur is still kinda wary. Tommy tries to get Ranboo to tell Wilbur that he's a bitch but Ranboo refuses. Wilbur asks Ranboo if there's any remnants of their deaths and Ranboo shows him his funky neck thing, along with taking off his jacket partway to show his dislocated shoulder. He mentions, with permission, that Tubbo has burn scars and charred clothing, and that Tommy's pale as a sheet with frostbitten fingers. Ranboo refuses to hype Tommy up as really scary-looking. Wilbur asks if Tommy's nose is frostbitten, too, but it isn't cause I didn't realize noses got frostbite too. Ranboo talks a bit about what life was like back in the USA and stuff and gets kinda iffy when talking about his parents. He pretends the other ghosts need him and leave, leaving Wilbur and Techno alone. Phil finally wakes up and is appalled at what time it is. ~~He mourns the fact that he won't sleep that night and decides he'll just lay in bed anyways.~~
- Phil gets in bed. He lays for a minute. He gets up to have a movie night. Techno joins him because he doesn't fucking sleep. BenchTrio join them downstairs. Ranboo is feeling brave and is like "im just gonna sit on the couch and wait for Phil to notice me". BT are heavily against this but can't really stop him. Tommy and Tubbo are very very nervous but Ranboo Wants To Be Fucking Corporeal. Phil notices him out of the corner of his eye and Tommy and Tubbo panic, leading Ranboo to going invisible again. ~~Phil doesn't mention it.~~
- BT are panicking waiting for Kristin to show up. Humor moment. Ranboo calms them down saying that there are no particles. They're fine. They're okay. Tubbo is still more nervous than Tommy, and doesn't trust that Kristin is leaving them alone. Ranboo promises that he'll be careful and Tubbo hesitates before saying he trusts him. BT bonding as they watch the movie, which is Who Framed Roger Rabbit. Tubbo is sorta familiar with some of the concepts, and remembers watching some Looney Tunes (1930-69) even tho he preferred music to TV, but never thought they could be combined, and Ranboo agrees. Tommy says he watched Betty Boop and read Felix the Cat cartoons, and Ranboo says his parents had shown him Betty Boop cartoons. Tubbo

remembers his dad mentioning her, but he never really saw anything since he was so busy. Roger Rabbit references. ~~Phil mentions to Techno bringing DTeam back.~~

- BenchTrio are listening in as Phil talks to Techno abt the DTeam. Techno says that Dream's been bothering him abt letting them come back to see about contacting Kristin. BT's like "whomst". Phil and Techno talk a bit, and phil agrees that they can stage a little ghost hunting in their house, on the condition that they help contact Kristin. BT figure that they can use this to get info on Kristin, so they listen in and learn that Phil and Kristin had a prior relationship, and that Techno and Wilbur haven't met her. They peace out when the two fall asleep and talk about her. they decide to call her Mumza. insert that scene. ~~Wilbur wakes up with an idea.~~
- Wilbur finds Techno and Phil asleep, and wakes them up. They are upset, but force themselves up while Wilbur makes everyone toast and eggs. Phil and Techno manage to wake themselves up (Phil with a bit of coffee) and discuss calling the DTeam over. After Techno messages Dream, they finish breakfast. Cut to BenchTrio hanging around the bench. Tubbo is excited for DTeam to come back. Ranboo realizes they aren't spending as much time in the barn anymore. The group goes quiet, not wanting to admit the truth. Tubbo is the first to crack, saying that he feels *bad* when he goes near it, and tenses as he prepares for Tommy to shout in defense. Ranboo admits the same, having not wanted to be the first to say something's wrong with it. Tommy's quiet for a moment, but catches himself and tries to seem like the tough one of the group, but in turn is the first one to mention that the barn feels *angry*. Tommy gets defensive cause that's *his fucking barn*, but the rest of BT don't want to go near it. ~~Hopeful ending where they vow to find a way to fix the barn.~~
- We're controlling it, // We've got it handled, // Thanks for your concern | 40 BenchTrio have already given up kinda. They're complaining that the barn is fucking *mad* and they don't know how to fix it. Tubbo and Ranboo want to ask the DTeam for help, and Tommy is initially onboard, but then realizes that the DTeam might want it torn down, so he says he'll double down on fixing it. Tubbo and Ranboo leave him to it and head inside. Ranboo's corporeal immediately, cause he doesn't care anymore. Tubbo chills downstairs with him, and they're cool. Tommy is seen shouting at the house. Cut to night, when Tommy is pouting in Wilbur's room. Tommy lies to Wilbur and says Ranboo insulted him. Wilbur talks to Tommy about Ranboo showing up and asks tenaciously about the graves around the property. Tommy says to ask Ranboo and Tubbo, just cause he doesn't know what's written on them. Wilbur asks where Tommy's is and when he died and stuff, and Tommy says he doesn't have one, but that he's buried near the barn with his dogs, Betty and Walter. Wilbur asks Tommy what other animals he had, if he doesn't mind sharing. ~~Crime boys :(/pos~~
- Tubbo and Ranboo are talking while Techno plays Minecraft. Tubbo is like "damn i miss the dteam at least i was allowed to be corporeal with them". ranboo's like "do you trust techno", tubbo's like "yuh he's got older brother energy", ranboo's like "why cant you reveal to him then", tubbo's like ",,, HEY YEAH-". **TUBBO REVEAL TO TECHNO!!** Tubbo had no friends when he was alive that's why he's so quick to trust. Techno's a little surprised but is p cool. Tubbo gets a little sad about his burn scars, but Techno cheers him up by teaching him and Ranboo Minecraft. Tubbo talks a bit about his life being the son of a politician and compares it to Techno's, who is the son of a popular figure but not as public. ~~Huff :]~~
- what makes me think i can be so hurtful? what makes me think i can be so mean? | Tubbo and Ranboo tell Tommy about the reveal to Techno. Tommy's like "bruh you

trust too easily", Tubbo's like "fuck you", Tommy's like "fair enough" and they drop it. Tommy is goaded into heading back to the barn, and he sets to work. The chapter revolves around him reminiscing and stuff and realizing oh. people die. ~~it this seems short but there's a lot of angst potential.~~

- Tommy talks to Wilbur after his revelation and is like "my name's tommy and i trust you and i don't want you to die :(" Wilbur is very confused like "im not gonna die, toms???" Tommy's like "everyone else has. only three of us are still here." Wilbur offers him comfort and Tommy's hesitant but Wilbur promises to close his eyes and he gets a ghost hug :D so cute. Tommy says something to him before he goes back to being incorporeal, but Wilbur doesn't open his eyes until Tommy says it's okay. Tommy seriously debates revealing himself to Wilbur, but decides against it ultimately. Wilbur plays some Lovejoy songs and fade to black. ~~Kristin particle angst.~~
- That night, Tubbo is also talking to Phil and Tubbo mentions how he revealed to the DTeam immediately. Phil fakes being jealous and Tubbo explains that he didn't really have friends cause he was homeschooled, but that he's happy he's got friends now, even though he had to suffer for it. Phil asks what happened to him and Tubbo dismissively explains that a firework blew up. Phil jokes that he's lucky he's not in America and Tubbo agrees. Cut to tomorrow where Phil is genuinely talking about getting the DTeam over. Techno says they'll be by tomorrow. Tubbo is talking to Tommy and Ranboo about what Phil and Death Lady's motive is. They debate over what *exactly* Death Lady's done other than scare them, but eventually decide that she's just been going on easy on them. ~~Conclude with Tommy getting defensive over the barn.~~
- 45 DTeam insert. Chapter already exists.
- Edit this one? Kristin reveal.
- BenchTrio are straight up not having a good time. They're scared, and they turn it into anger. They bitch about her waltzing in like she hasn't been the most fucked up thing in their unives for the past few weeks, they bitch about the Dream Team inviting her in, they bitch about SBI, they bitch about the damn barn, they bitch about being ghosts, they bitch about not being dead, they bitch about being stuck in this goddamn farm. They all flop on the bench and take a moment to recover from the bitching. They muse that that felt good to yell abt. They all get up and try to figure out what their next course of action is. They eventually decide to just head inside and deal with everything as it comes cause they don't know what they're doing and everything's confusing.
- Wilbur learns that he's the only one Tubbo hasn't revealed to yet, only for **Tubbo and Ranboo just pop out of nowhere** and ask what they're doing. There's a bit of confusion, and Ranboo and Tubbo both hint that they're not all doing that well, but they're just gonna roll with the punches. Tubbo mourns that he can't fly while corporeal, but admits being corporeal is very grounding. Wilbur gets the idea to watch something from everyone's eras and DTeam and Techno are really excited. Ranboo suggests Looney Tunes, and Tubbo seconds it and they watch a couple. Tommy mentions the Felix the Cat movie, but Tubbo and Ranboo veto it when Tommy tells them what it's about, so they watch Betty Boop instead. After, they watch Megamind and Tubbo and Ranboo are in awe of the CGI. Tommy comments from invisible land asking what Superman is when DTeam explain the premise of the movie and he gets called old. After ghosts leave, DTeam express concerns that the ghosts are,,, not doing okay? Techno and Wilbur agree, but they can't do much. DTeam asks if Phil's seen them, and

it's explained that they don't even know if they've talked to Phil. They don't know why. They debate over summoning Mumza again, but decide to just go to sleep.

- Tommy is working on the barn, and is attempting to reminisce on what his life was like before ghostly times. He remembers vaguely everything that happened, but his first clear memory was of terrorizing the two women. Tommy realizes he's forgotten his dogs and his parents, he doesn't remember the names of all his schoolmates, he doesn't even remember what anyone sounded like or looked like. He had a cow, right? Right?! Cut to Tommy rounding up Ranboo and Tubbo for a best friend quiz. They're confused, but Tommy explains that if they take a minute to think about logical things, it might be easier to think of a logical step forward. They agree and there's questions and Tubbo and Ranboo subtly ask about things they forgot as well. Tommy is outed as a souse.
- 50 DTeam begin reshooting their ghost video. They try to use the barn, but the test shot comes out glitched and very bad. They see wisps of the ghosts and decide to nope out of there. As they're setting up at the kitchen table, someone hints that they're really glad they don't have to go to the barn and make up that their battery ran out and some of it got corrupted. There's some teasing, but silent agreement. They run through the questions and start. They agree to go through each interview and look for any ghostly interruptions before moving on. Dream says he'll do most of the narration at home, so they really only need raw footage. Ad lib some ghost stuff. Tommy is pouting over being called a spouse and the others are freaking out wondering what else Tommy's life was like. Tubbo realizes that as much as Tommy shits on Ranboo for being a druggie, Tubbo's the only one who is undeserving of his scorn. Tommy says he's a souse by partnership. Tubbo tries to claim that's not fair, but he gets shut down.
- what kind of mercy // exists in Deathlessness? | Come that night, Kristin makes a reappearance. BenchTrio, who were watching over DTeam hide and watch. Kristin clears curses from DTeam and their equipment before addressing BenchTrio. They talk a bit and Kristin earns their trust and talks about why they're ghosts and stuff and Life and Tommy's dad. Tommy then realizes it's his fault that Ranboo's dead, bc Tubbo wanted to stop him from jumping. BT converse in the kitchen over whether or not to tell Kristin abt the barn, but they eventually decide to do it. Kristin is upset at the amount of hatred stewed in the barn and pinpoints it to the chess board. She explains that it's the anchor and that she can clear the anger, but in order to save the barn she'd have to let it seep out. So, she takes the chessboard with her when she leaves after explaining that the ghosts' anchor was anger and now that they've let go of it, they'll only be around for a short while longer before Transferring.
- BT digest the news. They're like "holy shit". Tommy doesn't want to die again and he has a panic attack remembering what it was like realizing that dying was *scary*. Ranboo and Tubbo try to calm him down, but they can't do much to stop him from spiraling. They're Not Okay™ :D. DTeam are eating breakfast with SBI in the dining room. They're pretty pog. Wilbur has an idea.
- DTeam are pogchamping their way through a tour of the house before finishing up interviews. BT show up while Phil's doing his and Wilbur meets them outside. Wilbur talks to them a bit and casually asks Tommy where he died and what his name is. Tommy has a brief convo with Tubbo and Ranboo and it boils down to "well im gonna fuckin die anyways might as well tell him" "but do you trust him?" " ,,,, yes-". Tommy tells him of Betty and Walter and of Tommy Danger Kraken Innit and how his birth certificate is probably still in the attic. Wilbur heads back inside shortly after, a bit

unnerved by Tommy's sudden openness. He texts Phil what he learned and asks the DTeam if they can check the attic for old documents in the attic.

- SBI decide to spend some time outside just chillin'. Phil goes out to get McDonalds while Wilbur and Techno sit on a blanket. They're talking to the ghosts while the DTeam scout about inside. Phil arrives after a bit with Food and Phil promises to turn around if the ghosts want some, but they decide not to, unsure if they'll be able to compose themselves long enough to eat knowing they'll be dead soon. Inside, Sapnap is talking more about WWII and of the two women that lived there, one of them a trans woman and how it's suspected they were going to build houses for refugees in the fields. Explains why Tommy never saw the man who bought it again. They're unnamed but we stan. They search the attic and find the crate. Anyways the sun goes down and they call SBI back in to join them on their ghost hunt.
- 55 They have an uneventful hunt. DTeam tells Phil abt the crate.
- They all head down to eat a bit (DTeam getting a TV dinner per person while SBI just get one to share). Ghosts are gone, so Dream says the thing Phil wanted is now by the entrance to the attic. Techno fetches it after dinner and hands it off to Phil while DTeam are setting up with Tubbo and Ranboo, Tommy is incorporeal but still there. Phil orders a gravestone and it says it'll be ready for pickup in a few days. BT are tiptoeing around DT and DT are realizing it. They're not okay and DT figured that out, now what the hell happened? BT get defensive claiming it's none of DT's fucking business. DT concede and there's a split as they settle down to watch Tom and Jerry. Tubbo recognizes Tom as Jasper, but admits he didn't watch it.
- Next day BT are trying to figure out the barn. Tommy gets impatient with the anger seep saying he wants his barn back before he vanishes indefinitely. Ranboo and Tubbo talk him down from another panic attack, and are interrupted when DTeam come out of the house to get some Broll. As they're getting B-roll Ranboo asks if they need help with weather. DTeam say it'd be great if it was a bit more gloomy for the ambiance. Ranboo does that and, when DTeam say they don't need the audio, Tubbo gets them to explain their filming process to help calm down Tommy. Sapnap gets confused when filming the barn makes the camera glitch, but BT brush it off as a glitch. They decide fuck it they'll head inside and BT asks if they're uncomfy being in there. DTeam say its just bc the building's unstable. They get Ranboo to make a shadow person looking out the window and go outside to record more B-roll, this time with shadow man. "They think it's the building," Tommy says, voice quiet as he peers out the window. He looks to Tubbo and Ranboo, who share the same I-don't-know-how-to-feel-about-this-please-help face. He repeats, "They think it's just the building."
- There's one more night of filming, which is dedicated to reshooting shots and getting the ghosts to fuck with stuff just enough to be clickbait. DTeam decide after a bit to head outside, and record there. They ask BT if there's anything they should look out for. They decide there's no harm in telling them abt the bench, and Tommy says there used to be a giant tree-bridge, but it might have rotted over. Explore for the tree bridge. OTGW refs? End with Phil saying he'll be heading out for the gravestone tomorrow.
- i came all this way to see your graaave // to see your life as writ in paraphrase | DTeam leave and Phil does too shortly after with the excuse that he needs to get some stuff from the shops. BT aren't very sus, but Ranboo and Tubbo fly-follow him to the barrier. Tommy tries to warn them abt he barrier, but they slam head-first into it. Wilbur and Techno share a look when Phil texts them a picture of a gravestone captioned with "shit's heavy get the dteam back". Phil arrives a bit later and heads inside, asking where

the ghosts are. Wilbur comments they should really find a way to contact them. They head outside and start calling for the ghosts, who were actually in the attic trying to figure out why Tommy's crate was moved. Anyways, Tubbo sees the living through the glass and they head down where Techno is bullying Wilbur bc he's the singer and could probably yell louder than all of them. They fight a bit until Tommy tugs at Wilbur's sleeve and they're like ":D surprise time :D" and they unveil the gravestone. Tommy is frozen.

- 60And I can't show you where your children are buried, 'cause they're not. They're not buried anymore. And I can't show you where your children are buried, 'cause they're not. They're not buried anymore. || There's a moment of silence where Phil is nervous before a teary-eyed Tommy appears and Phil asks if he can hug him. Fluff where Tommy finally *breaks. the fuck. down.* Phil is used to it and Wilbur hesitates, but joins the hug. Ranboo and Tubbo both appear and Techno asks if Tommy crying is common. Cut back to Tommy, who is getting his first hug from a human in almost a century. Short chapter of hurt/comfort.
- i'm so sorry that you have to have a body | Tommy murmurs to Phil that they're gonna die. He explains everything that Kristin told them while Phil looks over all three of them. They instate the gravestone before Phil takes them all inside. He asks about Tommy's shoes and Wilbur and Techno join in asking where his shoes are. Tommy gets pissy and Tubbo cracks at him dropping out of third grade and Tommy shoots back that at least he doesn't smoke weed and Ranboo cuts back with him instead being a souse and Phil's like "yep those are my kids". They all sit down in the living room and Phil eventually decides "well, there's not much we can do to stop you from disappearing, so we'll just have to make the most of the time we have." everyone agrees. Phil turns back to the kids. "Now, what the hell were you talking about earlier when you said you were getting drunk and smoking weed?"
- We should be a happy family // Or a traveling travesty, at least | Epilogue is Kristin welcoming the ghost boys. Then Wilbur shows up (car crash, HES GOT A BUS HES GOT A BIIIKE), then Techno (murder by orphans, though he claims he instead chose to ascend and never died bc technoblade never dies), Phil (died to spider poison on Halloween, but "Long story short, I died to a baby zombie."). Wilbur bursts open the door, interrupting Tommy's memories and the chess game BT have going. Wilbur says they finally managed to set up Mario Kart on the Switches. Tommy asks if Phil's letting him have alcohol yet. Wilbur says no. Tommy gets mad that Ranboo gets weed, but he doesn't get alcohol--and here he sinks into the wood and reappears out the pillar while Ranboo and Tubbo float down--and here he starts going on about respecting your elders and such--and Tommy gets called old while they start to head inside. Kristin and Phil are doing a practice round while Techno roots for whoever's winning. Tubbo asks Kristin if they can get the DTeam here, too, and Tommy is the one who suggests making a new house, since theirs is out of bedrooms. Kristin says if she wins she'll let them in. Cue fluff where they sabotage Phil, who is eventually foiled by Ranboo blue shelling him in real life. Fluff. End

the actual deaths in depth (and in order) are

- wilbur probably had something to do with his asthma, perhaps fell down the stair and hurt himself so he couldn't reach his inhaler or escape
- techno got mugged by some orphans and shivved before dying
- phil attended a halloween event of sorts and a child dressed as a zombie showed up a poisonous spider. somehow, phil died from an allergic reaction to the poison or something.

any questions abt the plot ill probably answer in the comments but ik alistair from the dc had one and no alistair it was never gonna be addressed bc tommy might blame himself for living on due to his relation to the goddess of life, but theres also that he blames himself for making them feel angry (after kristin visits and tells him the anger is whats chaining them), and he might be feeling secondhand rejection from her bc kristin mentioned that she hated her life. no clue, someone write the second half of the story and see what happens, the ghosts deserve their story told but god i cannot be the one to write it

OTHER FICS BY ME!!!

voltron legendary defender x tokyo ghoul oc insert named "Lineage" is on both quotev (my @'s OldeScratch) and ao3 and has a dc with 7 people and a very talented cosplayer of a co-admin

ive got more oc inserts on quotev that i don't care enough abt to talk about but heres some fics ive got planned that im excited for

- Saiki K x Assassination Classroom oc insert ill put on quotev about a government assassin who was trained to go against a psychic and take in saiki to either get him on their side or kill him. working title is "LiPSIence to Die"
- Saiki K x Junji Ito crossover about Souichi Tsujii thatll be on ao3 who moved to Hidarki Wakibara after being attacked by Fuchi. i dont have a title yet and i dont think itd get much traction on tumblr w/o any visuals (also some people on the internet are..... not normal about souichi's existence in a /neg way even tho hes canonically 11.) and no one ik is into both saiki k and junji ito so i haven't talked abt it much. no wip title

dk when theyll be out, but hopefully soon, bc im really excited! oc inserts arent generally recieved well on ao3 from what ive seen but i might consider posting the oc one to ao3 if enough people are interested! ive been thinking abt the oc nonstop for a long while and im so normal /pos about him. join the dc if u want more info abt either fic bc so far no ones shown interest and im so excited

i hope this is the longest most drawn-out a/n youve ever read to basically tell you i hate this fic and will probably never come back <3 bye

(also theres a comment on the last chapter that is so /pos and it almost made me reconsider ending it and i thought id mention it)

EDIT FROM THE FUTURE AT BEGINNING AND END OF CHAPTER YES YOU CAN USE THESE NOTES AS INSPIRATION FOR YOUR OWN SEPARATE FICS OR TO REWRITE DEATHLESSNESS IDC IDC JUST TOSS IN A CREDIT IF ITS SIMILAR ENOUGH YOU CAN WRITE WHATEVER YOU WANT I DON'T OWN YOU OR YOUR MIND

Chapter End Notes

I'M FREE

End Notes

i'll mostly only be replying to longer/more complex comments, or comments with questions in them, otherwise the comment section is just going to be a bunch of me saying thank you. i still appreciate the comments! i'm just not going to respond to the shorter ones.

DISCORD

link w/o formatting: N/A

APRIL 14TH 2025 i've removed the discord link. if you still wish to join, hmu on tumblr, but having a public link has done us no good recently

[chapter-specific cws at the beginning notes of each chapter. will be re-edited/taken down if any ccs express discomfort about anything featured in this fanfic.]

i update on sundays! join the discord to get a ping, and i update around the same time each week!

YOU CAN WRITE WHATEVER YOU WANT W THE NOTES IM NOT TOUCHING THEM YOU HAVE FUN

Works inspired by this one

[Restricted Work] by [MadHare0512](#), [MidnightMarie](#)

[echoing where my ghosts all used to be](#) by [Careecent \(orphan_account\)](#)

[a shot in the heart\(doesn't make it un-break\)](#) by [BlackPlasticRoses](#)

[one year with a ghost](#) by [21914MC \(orphan_account\)](#)

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